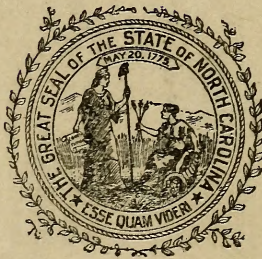




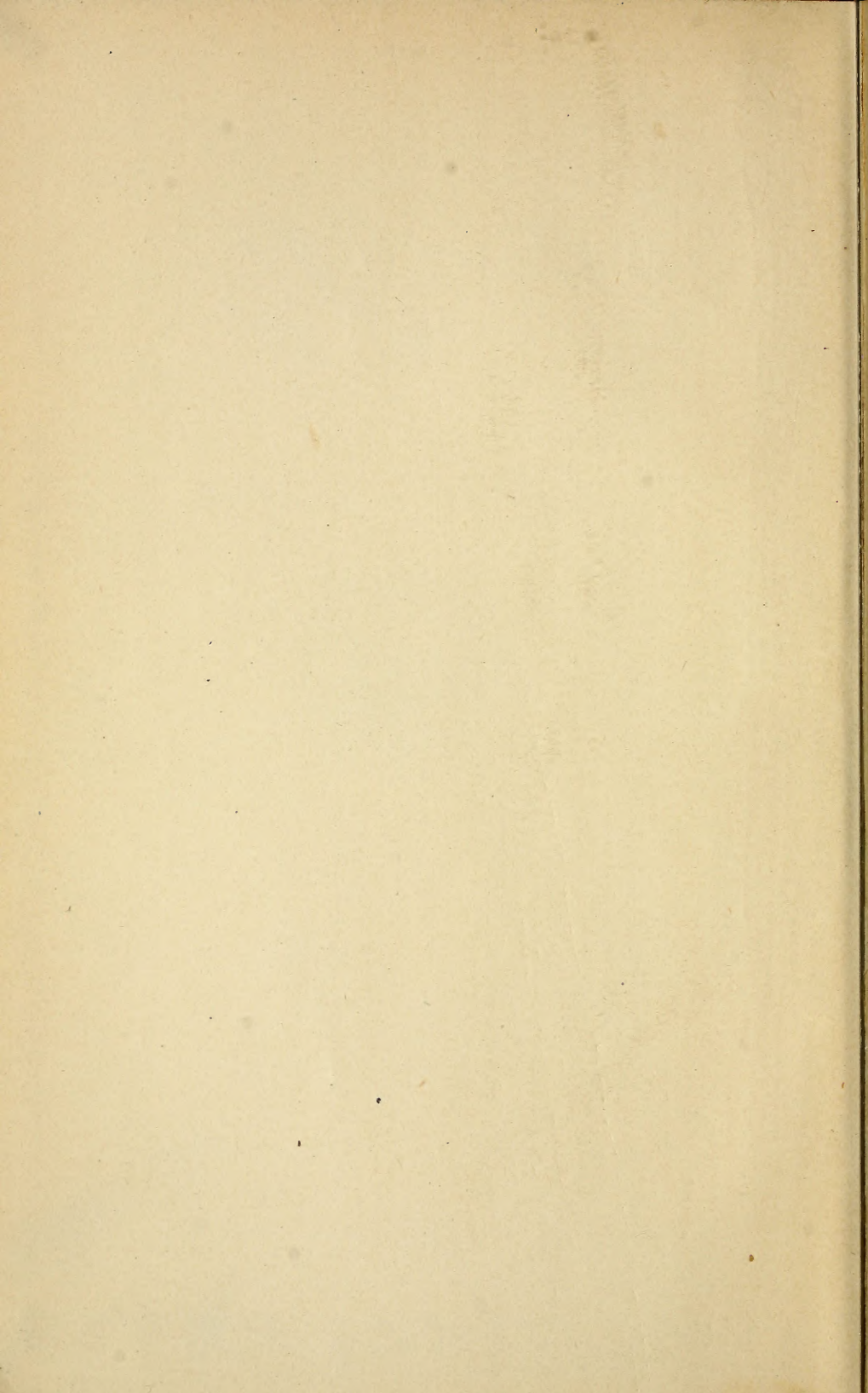
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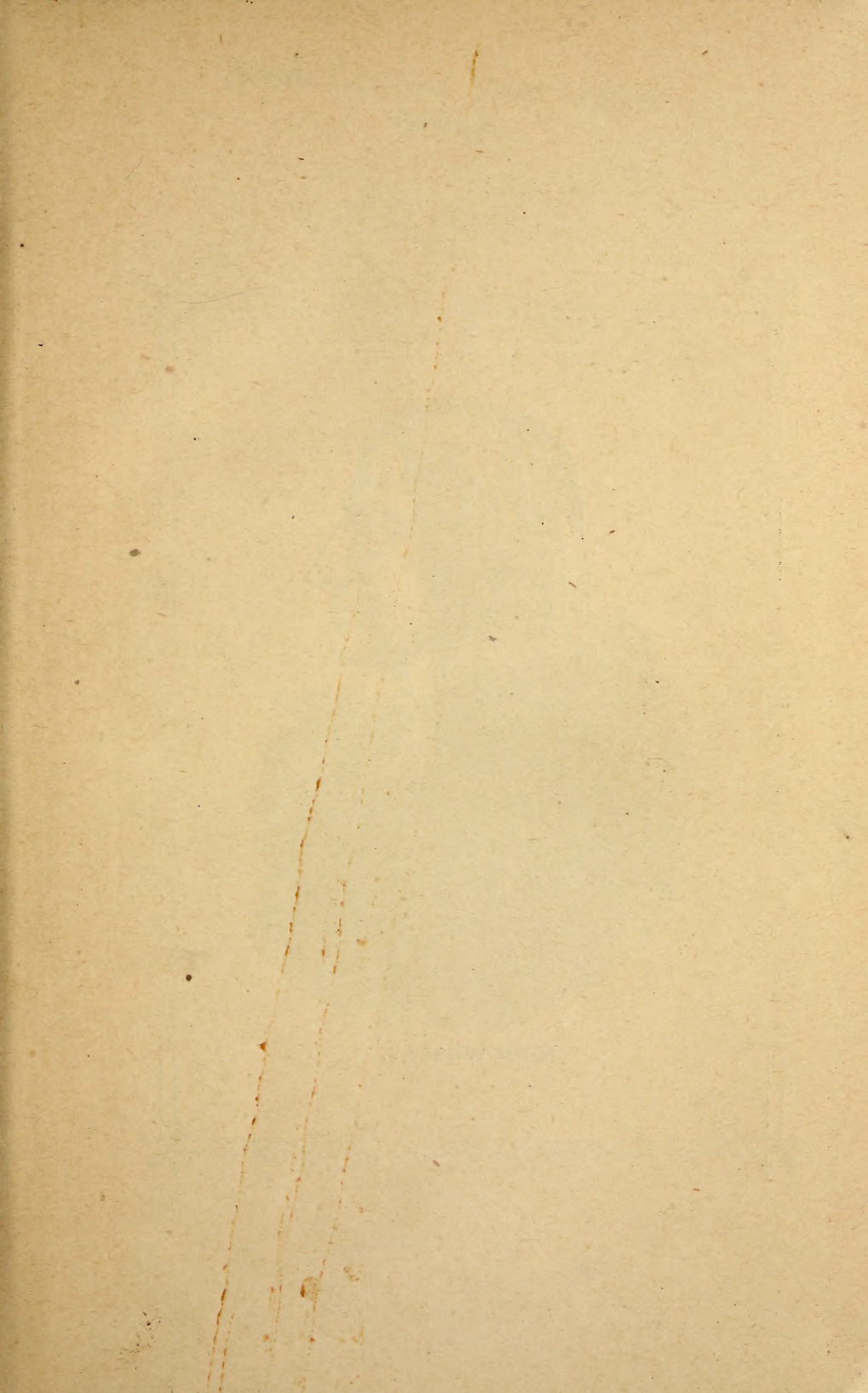
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Feb 1907.







JOHN WESLEY.

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CENTENARY
CAMEOS.

BY O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D.,

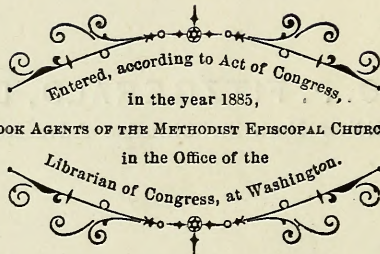
Editor Nashville Christian Advocate.



NASHVILLE, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.
1892.

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A Word.

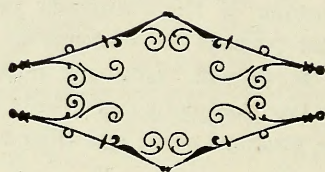
I HAD no thought of making a book when these "Centenary Cameos" were begun. They are now printed in this form because so many have asked that it be done.

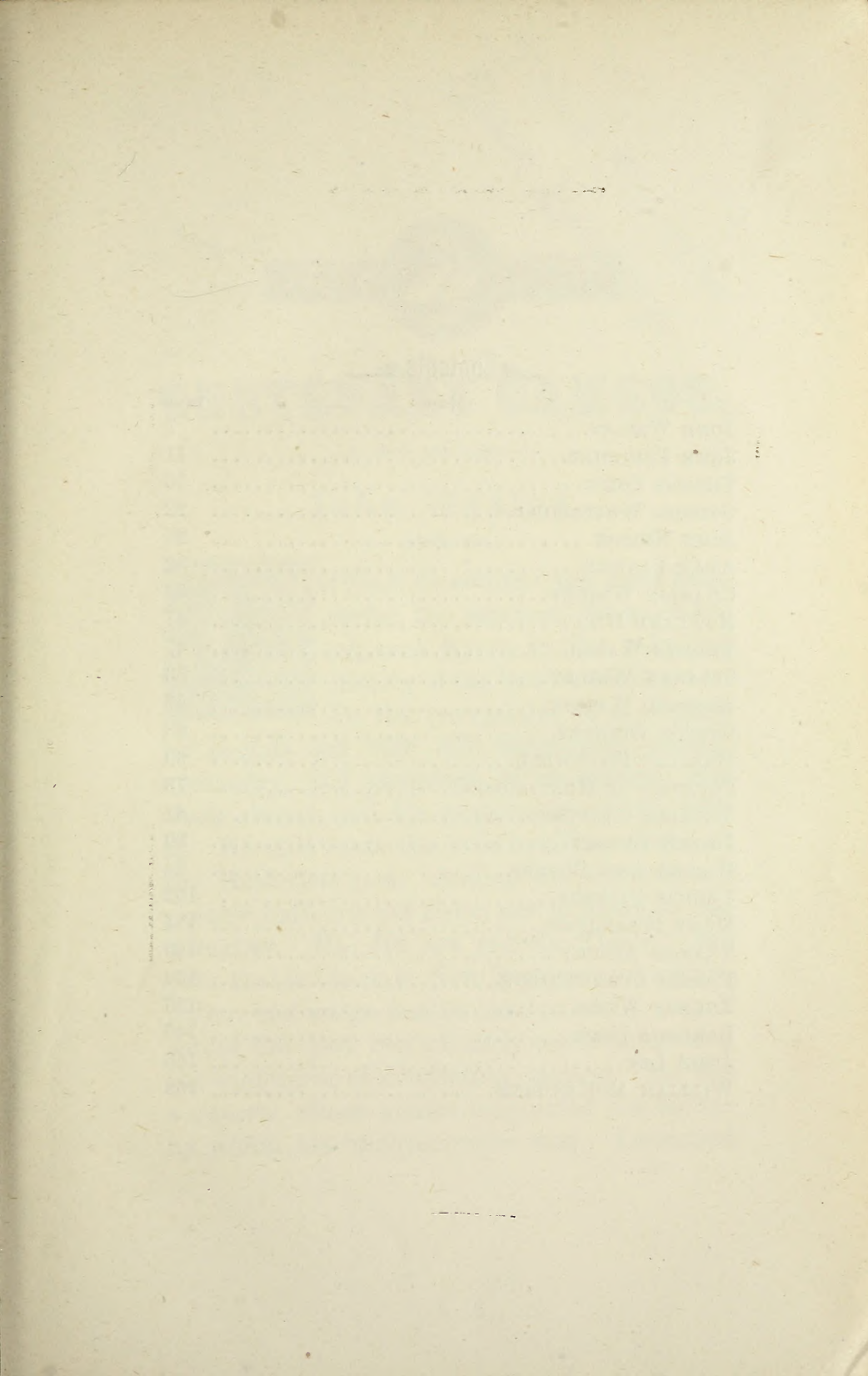
At the beginning of the Centenary year the thought came to me that perhaps the best way to put the spirit of the Methodist movement before my readers would be to show first what God had done *in* the holy men and women who led in the gracious work, and then what it had done *by* them.

The writing of these Cameos has been a means of grace to me. My own heart has glowed while keeping company with our heroic and saintly spiritual ancestry. May the Lord bless the book to the reader!

O. P. FITZGERALD.

Nashville, April, 1885.





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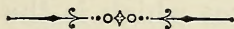
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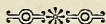
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CENTENARY CAMEOS.



John Wesley.



HERE he stands—the most masterful, the serenest, the most benignant figure in the religious history of the last hundred years. In the perspective of a century he rounds out with still increasing beauty, symmetry, and grandeur of character. His work abides, and his personality abides with it. He still leads the ever-swelling ranks of the Methodist host. Among his successors, a greater hath not yet risen, nor is likely to rise hereafter. He did not merely “blaze” the path that led back to New Testament doctrine, polity, and usage, but he conducted the march across the Red Sea of early persecution and the wilderness of conflicting opinion. He was a general whose genius originated the tactics by which his victories were won. Launched

upon stormy waters, he held the rudder with a hand always steady, a vision always clear, a heart always brave, a faith always strong.

There he stands—a marvel of energy and patience, moving with directness of aim and the momentum of a mighty will, and yet with that reserve force which is the mark of highest greatness. He was not a comet sweeping through the heavens, leaving a transient trail of fire, but a star that swings and shines in its orbit unchanged through the circling years. Power and repose, velocity and steadiness of movement, intensity and equipoise, are commingled wonderfully in this man with a mission from God.

There he stands—a preacher whose words stirred vast masses of men and women as the winds stir the ocean, but who is himself calm, ruling the storm he has raised. His words send a thrill of new life into the heart of a kingdom, and rouse the wrath of a sleeping hierarchy, but they are words wisely weighed, hitting the mark, with no rebound. Illuminated, called, commissioned, anointed from on high, he speaks as the oracles of God; not as the ecclesiastical scribes of his day, but like his Master—as one having authority. A scholar, with the ancient and modern learning at

his command, he preaches to the common people in language so simple that they hear him gladly, and yet with a diction so pure and classic that his printed sermons are to this day the envy and admiration of the learned.

There he stands—the most prolific writer of his generation; whose busy brain and tireless pen sowed the British kingdom broadcast with Christian reading adapted to the wants of mankind, and leaving behind him a body of theological literature making a library in itself—books that are among the recognized standards of belief for millions of Christian men and women in all parts of the world.

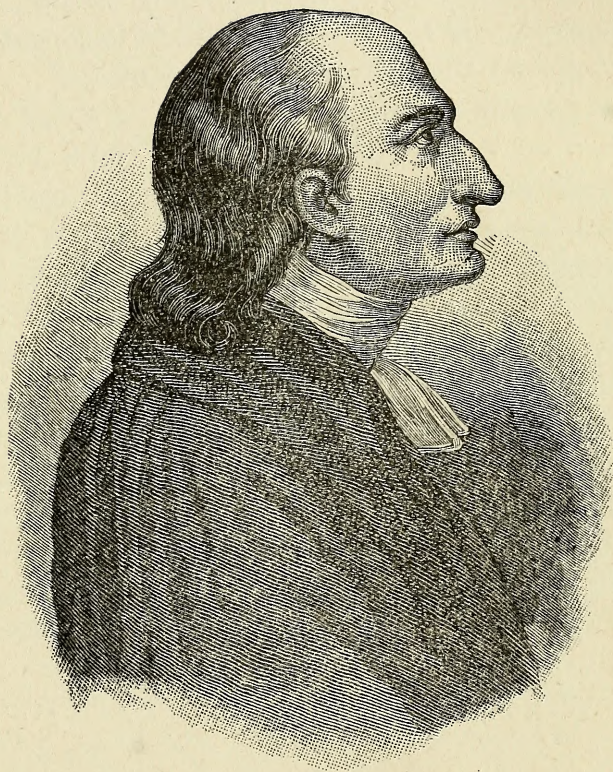
There he stands—a traveler who felt within him the spring of perpetual motion, love for souls he longed to save; whose parish was the world. When we read of the number of miles he rode, in connection with the number of books he wrote, the record seems almost miraculous, if not incredible.

There he stands—a living embodiment of positive conviction and catholicity of spirit, contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and yet ready to clasp hands with every man who loves truth and follows Christ. A stickler for order, a man of method, an organizer of first quality, he broke through

all conventionalities that stood in the way of the work of saving souls. All Christendom claims kinship with him now, and the Church that thrust him forth from her pulpits fondly insists that he lived and died in her communion. In contact with him all devout souls feel the throb of a heart that loved every saint and pitied every sinner on earth.

There he stands—a compact, erect figure, with a face ruddy and clear in complexion, aquiline nose, eyes clear blue and penetrating, mouth firm yet persuasive, a positive chin hinting power and tenacity, forehead sloping gently upward until it touches the white hair that crowns a noble head, and falling back behind his ears heightens the impression of apostolic simplicity, dignity, power, gentleness, and sanctity. This is John Wesley, the chosen instrument of the Lord for the revival of New Testament Christianity.

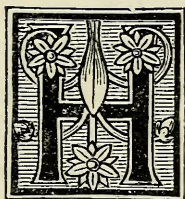




JOHN FLETCHER.

John Fletcher.

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HE came upon the scene in 1757. He came when he was wanted, sent of God. He was a burning and a shining light, and blazes like a ball of fire in the religious heavens unto this hour.

Born and bred in Switzerland, under Calvinistic influence and teaching, he left the University of Geneva, where he ranked high as a scholar, an Arminian in belief. Providentially turned away from the military career which he had chosen, he went to London, where he fell in with the Methodists, and was converted to God—converted with a clearness and power characteristic of those days when the fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit gave extraordinary power to the Word, and a peculiar vividness to religious experience. His mental constitution made him a Methodist, the grace of God made him a saint. His keen and cultured intellect, that had recoiled from the sterner theology of his fathers, reveled with unspeakable delight in the new world of thought now fully opened

to him. His ardent soul exulted with holy joy in a realization of pardon, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Taking holy orders, he lost no time in beginning the work of the ministry. He declined a parish, with light labor and good income, saying it afforded "too much money and too little work." He went to Madeley, where he found work enough, and where he exercised a ministry so full of toil, self-denial, and saintliness, that it has made the place fragrant with sacred associations to millions of Christian men and women.

His providential function in the development of the new movement was twofold. It was as if an Augustine and an á Kempis were combined in one and the same person. He was the exponent and defender of the doctrines of Methodism. Confronting the assailants that rose up against it on all sides, he received on his broad shield the arrows that flew thick and fast, and advancing upon the enemies of the truth as held by him and his colaborers, put them to rout. The logic he learned at Geneva was turned irresistibly against its dogmas. His "Checks" remain to this hour an effective warning against insidious error, a fortification behind which the champions of evangelical

truth have felt themselves secure against all assailants. He helped to save Methodism from the folly of fanatical adherents, and from the misrepresentations of open foes. He knew no man after the flesh when called upon to defend the truth; whether in his own camp or outside of it, the propagator of error was detected by his keen and watchful eye, and beaten down by his swift and well-directed blows. To him belongs the immortal honor of being the instrument, under God, of keeping the theology of Methodism in the middle current between the extreme of a rigid Augustinianism on the one side and a loose and ruinous Antinomianism on the other.

He was also the exemplar of what the doctrines of grace, as held and taught by Methodists, can do for one who translates them into experience. He was a living epistle in whom all could read the proofs of the power of the gospel to refine and exalt human nature. In the pulpit he was mighty; his sermons glowed with spiritual fervor, were models of the purest English, and were delivered with wonderful energy. He went from house to house ministering to the poor and the sick, comforting the sorrowing, and admonishing the wicked, exercising the utmost self-denial in his apparel

and mode of living that he might help the needy. His growth in grace was rapid and continuous. His presence was a benediction. In his devotions he seemed to enter the holiest of holies; his face shone like that of Moses when he came down from the mount where he had talked with God. In contact with him "every heart caught fire from the flame that burned in his soul." In his daily living he did not fall below the high standard presented in his writings. Christian perfection was more persuasively presented in such a life than it could be in any book. A great company of believing souls in the generation just passed have turned their faces and their steps to the sun-lit heights where he stands and beckons to them; and many who will read these lines have loftier spiritual ideals, deeper joys, and brighter hopes because this man's experience proved to them that holiness is a possible attainment. His life was hid with Christ in God, and presented to succeeding generations a picture of the transforming power of the gospel that will be a delight and an inspiration to receptive and aspiring souls throughout the brightening ages.

The waters of earthly oblivion will close over many names once familiar in human speech, but that of John Fletcher will remain.

The image of the vicar of Madeley—small of stature, with the face of a saint, an eye that could melt in tears or flash like lightning, a head of classic mold, a voice of rare melody and power, a presence gracious yet commanding—will not fade from the minds of men.



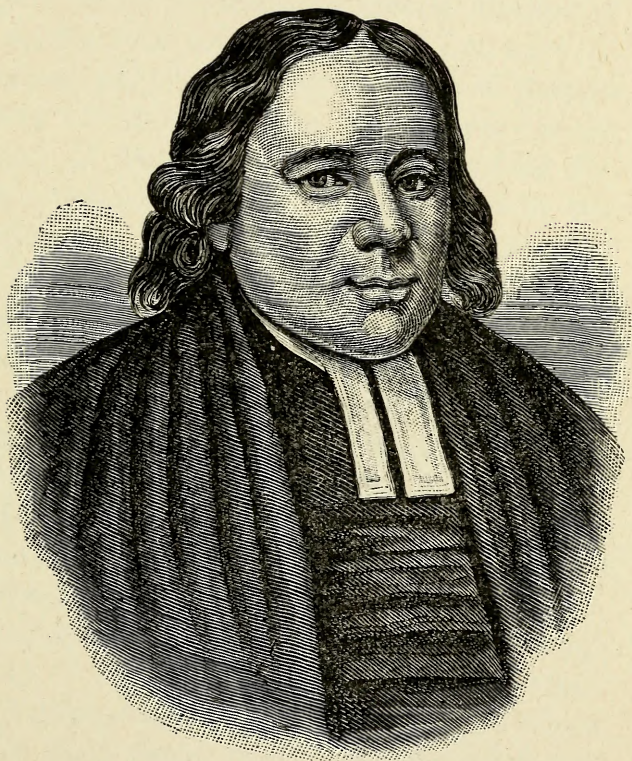
Thomas Coke.

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Tis a hard matter to bring the photographic lens to bear upon this man. An angel flying through the heavens with the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth is the fitting description of this worker of tireless energy, unquenchable zeal, and indomitable will.

Born at Brecon, Wales, in 1747, he had the quick-kindling Welsh blood. The only child of wealthy parents, he had the advantages of the highest culture, with the peculiar dangers attendant upon such inheritance. Escaping the perils of vice, and breaking through the meshes of infidelity that had begun to be woven around him, he entered upon the labors of a minister of the Church of England at South Petherton, Somersetshire. His ardor was such as to excite the wonder of his parishioners. At his own expense he enlarged his church to make room for the crowds that flocked to hear him preach. He met Maxfield, the first lay preacher of Methodism, and from



THOMAS COKE.

that moment a new direction was given to his life. More spiritual views of religion were unfolded to him. He was receptive and responsive. Soon afterward, while on a visit to a family in Devonshire, he met a Methodist class-leader—an unlettered man, but wise in the things of God. They talked and prayed together. The rich young scholar was taught the way of the Lord more perfectly by the humble believer who had been taught by the Holy Spirit. While preaching in a country place not long thereafter, the full tide of divine life poured into his soul, filling it with joy unspeakable. He was swept irresistibly into the current of the new movement. He was “admonished” by the bishop, dismissed by his rector, threatened by the mob, and “chimed out of the Church.” He then took to street-preaching, and soon formally cast in his lot with the Methodists for life.

He and Wesley first met in 1776 in Somersetshire. “I had much conversation with him,” said Wesley, “and a union began then which I trust shall never end.” Wholly dissimilar in mental constitution, they were alike in the possession of extraordinary executive energy, and thenceforth it was as if a second Wesley had been sent forth as a flaming torch to kin-

dle the light of life in the dark places of the earth. He too was an organizer, and the impress of his mind remains to this day upon the Methodism of two continents and the isles of the sea.

The record of his travels and his preaching reads like a chapter of New Testament personal history. As we read we feel that we are breathing New Testament air. Once a year for many years he visited Ireland, and presided in its Conferences. Through England, Scotland, Wales, and America, he passed to and fro, sowing seeds that sprung up and made the wilderness to bloom, quickening the pulses of the sluggish and rousing the hopes of the desponding by the inspiration of an energy that never flagged, and a hopefulness that never abated. He crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighteen times, its ever-rolling billows being the fit emblem of his own unresting spirit. A naturally vivacious temperament, strengthened and steadied by the power of an indwelling Christ, made him incapable of feeling that sense of defeat which has beclouded the lives and shadowed the dying-beds of so many heroic men of different mold. He planned great and difficult enterprises, and even while cooler heads and less sanguine hearts were fearing

and predicting failure, a successful consummation turned evil prophecies into joyful congratulations.

He was not merely a missionary—he was in himself a missionary society. He gave his prayers, his labor, his money to the work—he gave all, and he gave it ungrudgingly, joyfully. He laid himself and his patrimonial possessions upon the altar of Christianity without reserve, and never took back any part of the willing sacrifice. “I want,” he said, “the wings of an eagle and the voice of a trumpet, that I may proclaim the gospel through the East and the West, the North and the South.”

He was the first Methodist bishop—the first of a line of godly, gifted, and heroic men who have vindicated their successorship to the apostles by their soundness in faith and doctrine, and the abundance of their labors. The work done in America by him and his successors, under God, is such as to make the attempt to deny the validity of their office and functions, based on the figment of a tactual succession, sound like the drivel of idiocy. He was the first Protestant American bishop of any order. His diocese embraced the continent, and was not too large for his energies.

The millions of American Methodists, in celebrating their Centenary, will turn with reverent affection to him as they review the mercies of God and the works of the men who laid the foundations of the great organism which took form with the birth of our national life, and which has been so potent an agency in the development and conservation of its liberties, its social welfare, and its religious prosperity.

At the age of nearly seventy years—the love of souls still burning in his heart—he offered to go as missionary to the East Indies. The Conference hesitated on account of the expense; but he proposed to pay all the charges of the outfit himself—not less than thirty thousand dollars. The objections were overcome, and he set sail. It was his last voyage. He died on the way, and was buried in the sea—a fitting cemetery for the body of a man whose influence, like a gulf-stream of spiritual life, still flows on, imparting spiritual warmth, beauty, and fruitfulness in its course.

In stature low, with a body small but solid, an effeminate voice, small features, a mobile mouth, quick-glancing eyes, shapely nose; a face in which native imperiousness and gracious softness blended; a head rounded out in the frontal

region and on top, with ample driving-power behind; iron-gray hair, thick and slightly curling; his whole presence dominant, electric, and yet *spirituel*—the figure of Thomas Coke will hold its place in Methodist history.



George Whitefield.

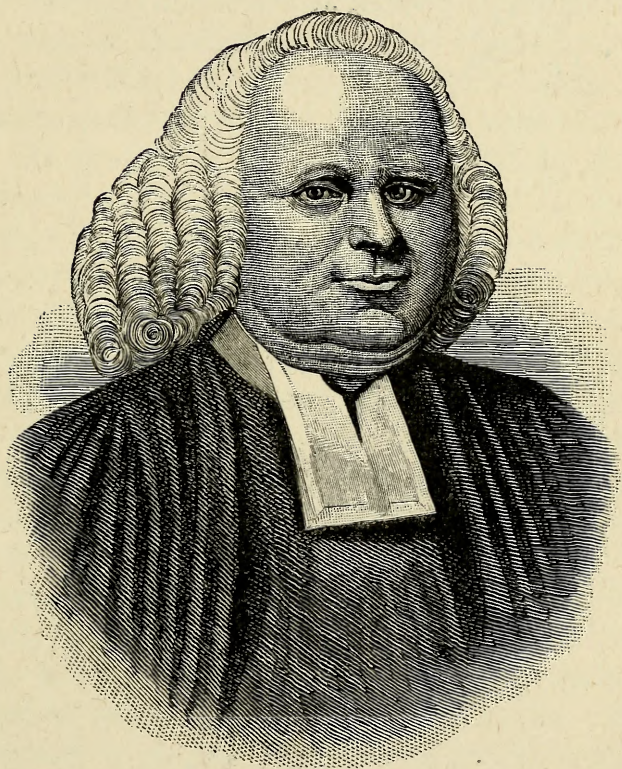
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CHOES of his voice are still in the air of Great Britain and America, and will linger until they mingle with the rapturous shouts of the millennial morning. He flamed and flew like a seraph on wings of love, preaching more sermons to more persons, and with more immediate and visible effect, than any other man.

The souls of the multitudes became plastic at his touch, and were molded into form by the master-workman ordained of God for the task. By every token he was an instrument chosen of the Lord. In his career the wonders of the earlier days of Christianity are more than equaled, and blind and willful must be the skepticism that refuses to see and confess in the record the power of the Highest.

True, he was a born orator. He had the person, the voice, the gesture, the genius for oratory. He might have won distinction on the hustings, at the bar, or on the stage. But there was in him an element of power beyond what



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

North Carolina
State Library.

could be the product of these natural gifts. It was born in him when he felt the stirrings of new spiritual life after his mental agonies, vigils, fastings, and tears at Oxford. It was the baptism of the Holy Ghost that kindled within him a flame that burned with unabated intensity to the very last. The wonderful effects of his preaching were no less abiding than powerful. The thousands who were by him melted into penitence and led to Christ during one visit would greet him as faithful believers when he came again after a decade of years had tested the divinity and permanency of the work wrought in them under his ministry. His work was the work of faith with power. Wherever the faith is found, the power is found. That the gospel was the power of God unto salvation he knew—it had saved him. If it could save him, it could save anybody. The mercy that stooped to him could reach the lowest. So he felt, and so he preached with melted heart to hearts that melted as he spoke. He believed in election, because on no other theory could he account for the fact that he, the chief of sinners, had found mercy. But in the full tide of his evangelical fervor he made the listening thousands feel that the elect are whosoever will. The worst of sinners, cut to

the heart by his mighty appeals to their consciences, took heart when he told them of the love of the crucified and risen Christ, and with trumpet voice, radiant face, and streaming eyes bore personal testimony to his power and willingness to save to the uttermost all who would come unto God by him.

There was no permanent breach of fellowship between Wesley the Arminian, and Whitefield the Calvinist. That God was with them both none can doubt. That he overruled the difference for the furtherance of the gospel now seems equally clear. It was the means by which Non-conformity in England was saved from the spiritual deadness that was creeping upon it. Scotland and Wales thrilled with new religious life, Ireland's warm but erring heart stirred at least for one auspicious season, and the reaction following the great revival among the Puritans in New England checked, and a fresh tide of salvation made to pour its life-giving floods through all her borders. Gracious lesson! We have been slow of heart to learn it as we ought. We must not magnify what God does not magnify. What does not bar his blessing should not bar our fellowship. God is sovereign; man is free. We can clasp hands on this confession, and do

as Wesley and Whitefield did—love one another, and bid one another Godspeed in the blessed work of saving souls.

Tall of stature, with regular features beaming with buoyancy and kindness, eyes blue and bright, with a presence at once dignified and genial, a voice of marvelous compass and melody, peculiar and inimitable grace of manner in and out of the pulpit—George Whitefield was naturally endowed for the great work he was called to do, and the baptism from on high completed his equipment for the wonderful part he was to take in the resurrection of evangelical religion.



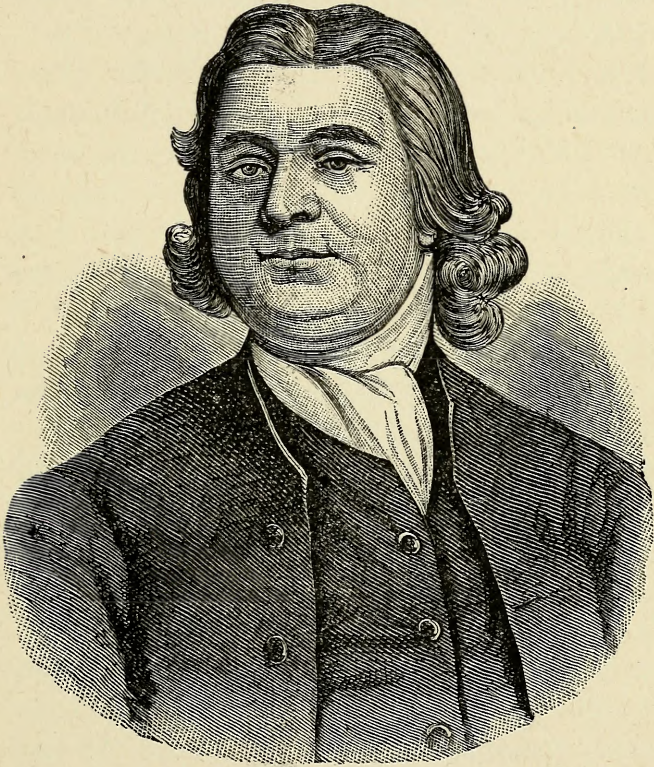
John Nelson.

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RAVE, burning, great-hearted John Nelson! If the grace of God had not made him a saint, he would have been a hero after the world's fashion. The pent-up forces in his nature would have broken forth in some way to make him a man of mark. He had a brave English heart, and a stout English body. When provoked, before his conversion, to use carnal weapons, no antagonist who felt the weight of his hand wished to feel it again. His name to this day is the synonym for sanctified pluck, quick mother-wit, and unfailing common sense.

He tells us that God had followed him with conviction ever since he was ten years old. He had strong passions and a tender conscience, and his youth was stormy. Though not an immoral man, he was profoundly agitated by a sense of his spiritual needs. He went from Church to Church seeking help, but in vain. At Moorfields he heard Whitefield preach; but though, as he tells us, "he was



JOHN NELSON.

willing to fight for him," he got no relief. His wretchedness was extreme. He slept but little, and had terrible dreams, from which he awoke trembling and dripping with sweat.

He went to hear Wesley. He was marvelously affected as the venerable man of God pushed back his hair, and (as he thought) fixed his gaze directly upon him. "My heart," he says, "beat like the pendulum of a clock, and when he spoke I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me." He said to himself: "This man can tell the secrets of my breast; he has shown me the remedy for my wretchedness, even the blood of Christ."

He soon found peace with God, and gave himself to religious duties with all the ardor of his temperament. The fierce opposition he met only intensified his earnestness, and gave him opportunity to turn opposers into proselytes. He fasted, he read the Scriptures, storing his excellent memory with texts that he used with great readiness and skill, confounding his adversaries and encouraging himself in devotion to Christ.

With his soul filled with love and holy triumph, he went to Birstall to tell his family and neighbors what the Lord had done for his soul. At first he was looked upon as being

under a delusion of the devil, but soon most of his immediate kindred were converted. The circle widened; he stood in his door and addressed the people; many conversions took place; the ale-houses were deserted, and the moral condition of the town completely changed. Led by the Holy Spirit, he had become a preacher before he knew it.

His ministry being thus accredited by its gracious fruits, Mr. Wesley, who had come from London to visit him, recognized him as a "helper," and his band of converts as one of his united societies.

Hewing stone by day and preaching at night, he traversed Yorkshire, Cornwall, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, and other counties. His courage and tact were unfailing. Under his eloquence raging enemies became weeping penitents. The seeds of truth sown by him in stormy times took root, sprung up, and grew. The moral desert bloomed at his coming, and the Methodism of all that region where he mostly labored bears unto this day the impress of his ministry. It is a stalwart Methodism, resisting the blandishments of the world and of Government-pampered ecclesiasticism at home, and of such quality as to bear transportation to the ends of the earth.

Impressed into the army, and thrown into jail at Bradford, he was undaunted. The blood and filth from a slaughter-house flowed into his dungeon. "It smelt," he says, "like a pigsty; but my soul was so filled with the love of God that it was a paradise to me." Food and water were supplied him by the people through a hole in the door, and during the long hours of the night they joined him in singing hymns. The jail at Bradford, like that at Philippi, was made a Bethel. "I cannot fear," he said; "I cannot fear either man or devil so long as I find the love of God as I do now."

He was taken to Leeds and to York. It was, he says, as if hell was moved from beneath to meet him at his coming. The streets and windows were thronged with a hooting rabble. "But," he says, "the Lord made my brow like brass, so that I could look at them as grasshoppers, and pass through the city as if there had been none in it but God and me." Girded with military trappings, and a musket put into his hands, he was ordered to parade. He said he would wear them "as a cross," but would not fight. Reproving and exhorting all who approached him, a great company gathered to see him, to whom he preached so convincingly that they went away with friendly hearts, and

the seeds of saving truth lodged in their souls.

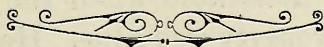
With undiminished zeal and constantly increasing influence he prosecuted his ministry. On several occasions it seemed that a martyr's death would crown his life, and it is evident that his heroic soul was always ready to meet such a fate with exultant joy. He was stoned, beaten, and trampled upon in the streets. His coming to a new place was usually the signal for an uproar, the sturdy soldier of Christ standing his ground under showers of missiles, and seldom failing to leave the field a conqueror.

He went on these rounds season after season; the opposition became less and less bitter; he grew in popularity, and the work of God mightily prevailed. His coming was now greeted by welcoming multitudes, and this man, who preached the first Methodist lay sermon in Leeds in 1743, and who had been raised up from the ranks of the common people for the work to which he was called, lived to see the triumph of the cause for which he had toiled, suffered, and almost died, and to be regarded with reverent admiration and affection by a great company of men and women, many of whom were his spiritual children.

He was of noble mien and commanding presence, his features expressing strength, dignity, repose, and benignity—every inch a man, in every instinct a gentleman, in all the rounded excellences of his Christian character a saint.

In 1774 he died. A procession nearly half a mile long, “sobbing and singing,” bore his body through the streets of Leeds to its burial in his native Birstall; while thousands of spectators looked on with uncovered heads and sorrowful faces. “Aged men who remembered and shared his earliest trials, and children who had heard the story of them at the fireside by their fathers, followed him to the grave as a grateful people follow a fallen hero who has helped to save their country.”

The sturdy Yorkshire stone-cutter holds his place in the foreground of the picture as he was always found in the forefront of the fight; and the story of valiant, true-hearted John Nelson will thrill coming generations, and give them the inspiration to be derived from the contemplation of as noble a Christian hero as ever wielded the sword of the Spirit.



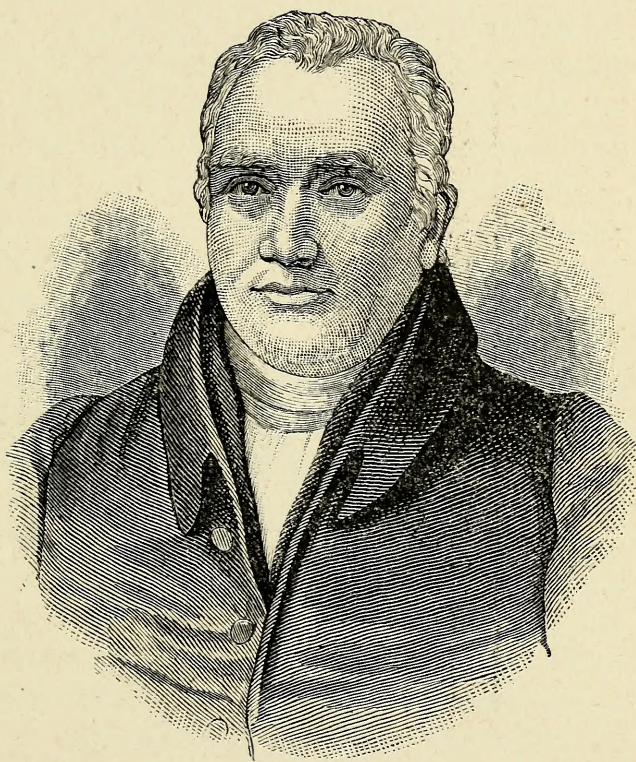
Adam Clarke.

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LOW, strong-bodied, healthy boy—the son of a frugal Irish schoolmaster. The stinging taunts of his teacher and fellow-students roused his brain from its lethargy. The exercises of a Methodist class-meeting—to which he had gone with his mother—awoke in his soul the desire for that spiritual life of which he heard its members speak with such certainty and power. His intellectual awakening was followed by acquisitions of learning that have given him a place among the great scholars of the world. His spiritual awakening led him to consecrate his great learning to the glory of God, and made him one of the brightest of all the clustered stars that glitter in the galaxy of Methodist worthies.

He was cradled in poverty; one of his earliest recollections was the “weeping and wailing” in the household when the last acre of the family property was gone. He was a hardy boy, of uncommon physical strength. Among



ADAM CLARKE.

the breezy hills of Londonderry, with plenty of outdoor exercise, his naturally strong constitution was developed for his extraordinary labors in coming years. With a father of sturdy English stock, a mother of Scotch blood, and with Irish nativity and environment, he had something of the steadiness, the vigor, and the glow of all three of these nationalities.

His severe puritanic training inspired him with such a fear of God as prevented him from taking pleasure in sin. His mother taught him to pray, and prayed with him; but his views of God were such as inspired more of dread than any other feeling. He tells us that at thirteen he learned to dance, and the love of dancing became a passion with him—he “would scarcely walk but in measured time, and was constantly tripping, moving, and shuffling, in all times and places.” He bore his testimony afterward that dancing was to him “a perverting influence—an unmixed moral evil.” “Let them plead for it who will,” he says, “but I know it to be evil, and that only.” Overcoming this fascination, he gave himself with ardor to mental cultivation. He read with avidity all the books that he could get—his intellectual tastes advancing as he advanced in years.

The Methodists came to Coleraine, where he lived. A stray anecdote read a few days before gave him the first intimation of the existence of such a people. Learning that one of them would preach one evening at a farm-place called Burnside, he went with another youth to hear him. Now for the first time he saw a Methodist preacher—John Brettell—a tall, thin man, with long hair and “serious-looking countenance.” (The giggling, over-jolly Methodist preacher was not often seen in those days.) Being deeply impressed and drawn to the man, he heard him again. The text was, “Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.” That was a nail in a sure place. His conviction deepened until he was in an agony of soul. His conversion, when it came at last, was clear—like a sunburst through a black cloud.

He lost no time in joining the Methodist Society. “When I met in class,” he says, “I learned more in a week than I had learned before in a month. I understood the preaching better, and getting acquaintance with my own heart, and hearing the experience of God’s people, I soon got acquainted with God himself.”

The hand of God was upon him. Giving

himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and beginning presently to exhort, he was soon traveling a circuit of his own on Sundays. Mr. Wesley, hearing of the promise of the lad, invited him over to the Kingswood School. His stay was short. After Mr. Wesley had laid his hands on his head, and prayed over him, he was sent as a preacher to the Bradford Circuit—the youngest man of all the Methodist preachers, being only twenty-two years old.

The success of his ministry attested his call to it. Often his congregations were so crowded that he had to climb into the house by a window; and at times he would be compelled to preach in the open air, where he held great crowds spell-bound even under pelting rains and on deep snow. Revivals kindled wherever he went, and it was seen by all that another master-workman was building for the generations to come.

With a bright half-guinea, which he found while digging in the school-house garden at Kingswood, he had bought a Hebrew grammar, in the use of which he made the beginning of his vast acquisitions and labors in Oriental learning. He rode, read, and studied, mastering the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, and Syriac versions of the Script-

ures, and most of the languages of Western Europe. There was no branch of literature or physical science with which he did not become in some degree familiar. He was elected to membership in the London, Asiatic, Geological, and other learned societies. The Government called him to high official position where his scholarship could be employed for the honor of his country and the welfare of humanity.

But his services in behalf of general literature and science were only incidental. He never sunk the preacher in the mere man of letters. His greatest work is his immortal Commentary on the Scriptures—a work which still holds its place in Christian literature; a rich treasury of Biblical knowledge. Some parts of it are more curious than practical, and later writers have advanced beyond him in some respects; but his Commentary is one which few Biblical scholars would be willing to dispense with. It is at once a lasting monument to the fame of the author, and an honor to the Methodism which developed under its peculiar system a genius so strong and so fruitful.

He will stand in his niche during the passing centuries: a stout, comely figure, of gra-

cious presence; round and deep-chested, strong-limbed, with large, well-formed head; snowy hair setting off his ruddy complexion; heavy nose, full lips, a firm chin, and a magnetic eye that held the gazer's look—that is Adam Clarke, the self-taught scholar, the inspired preacher, the ornament of literature, the true benefactor of humanity, the humble and consecrated servant of Christ, who, crowned with years and honors, just before the sudden death which called him home to God, could say: “I feel a simple heart. The prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me; and the simple hymns which I sung when a child I sing now with unction and delight.”



Charles Wesley.

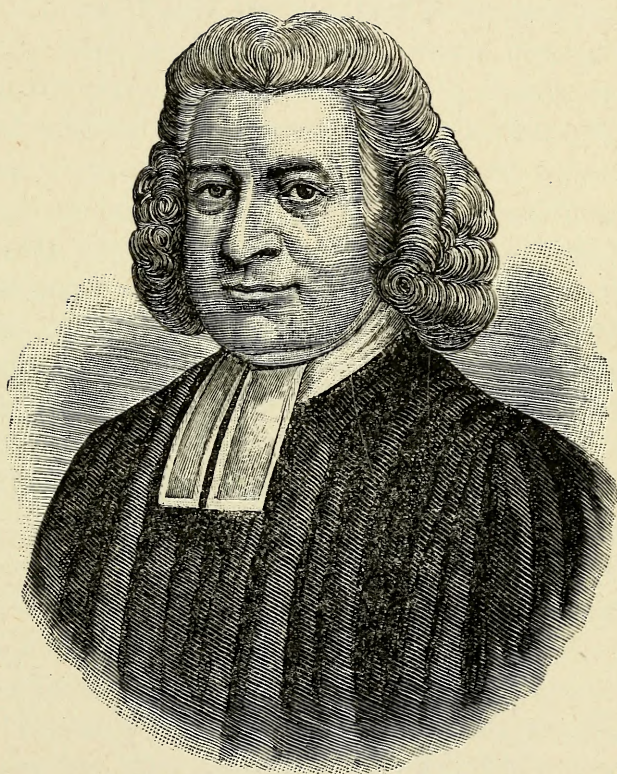
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POET of the Methodist movement, he was as evidently born to sing as his greater brother was to lead.

He was the poet of Methodist doctrine, his hymns crystallizing in exquisite forms the very essence of the gospel truths that in the great revival were thrilling the awakened multitude with the power of a fresh revelation from God. From these hymns a body of sound divinity might be constructed as solid as granite and aglow with the light of sanctified genius. The doctrines of Methodism have by him been sung into the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of men and women whose prejudices no force of logic or persuasion could have moved. His lyrics have made their way where dry polemics could not have found entrance, and are working as a doctrinal leaven in every evangelical Church on earth.

He was preëminently the poet of Christian experience. The molten-golden notes of his



CHARLES WESLEY.

songs were the outflowings of a soul melted in the fires of the latter-day Pentecost.

His penitential hymns are the sighings and sobbings of a soul that had sunk down into the depths of self-despair, and lying prostrate before God urged its misery as its strongest plea for mercy. The backslider's shame and grief and fear are voiced by him in tones that have awaked echoes in unnumbered aching, burdened souls. The unutterable anguish and infinite pity of the Son of God, the groans of Gethsemane, and the blood of Calvary, set forth in his pulsing lines, have broken the hardest hearts, and made a channel through which the Comforter has entered to help and to heal.

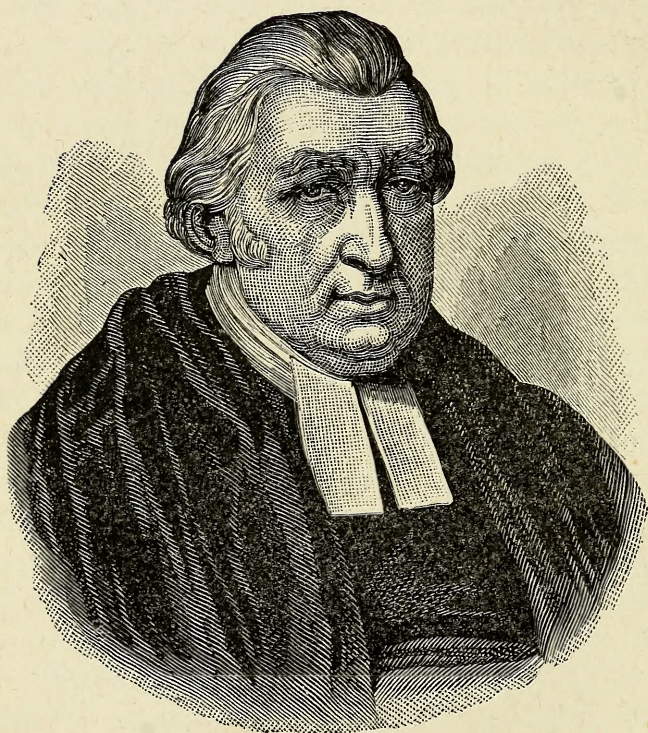
The peace that follows pardon was sung by him in notes that seem to have floated down from the skies. The joy of the newborn soul is told by him in seraphic strains that might mingle without discord with the halleluiahs of the glorified hosts of heaven. He rides on the sky, the moon is under his feet, and he challenges the very angels of God to offer a more fervent adoration or a more burning love to the Lamb that was slain and that liveth again.

In the liturgies of the great historical Churches his hymns mingle with the thun-

der-tones of grand organs in cathedrals in which the great ones of the earth worship the King of kings; they are the battle-songs of the moving hosts of Methodism in all lands; in countless Christian homes, at morning and evening prayer, their melody ascends in thanksgiving and praise to the Father of mercies; their music soothes the heart of sorrow, and falls sweetly on the ears of the dying that will presently be ravished with the songs of the saints in glory as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps.

Short in stature, but erect and well-knit, with eyes kind and vivacious; a hint of sensuousness in the speaking lips and slightly adipose chin; a strong Roman nose, a noble forehead in which the perceptive organs are prominent; the whole face irradiated with a smile expressing inward satisfaction and good-will to all the world—Charles Wesley, the first member of the “Holy Club” at Oxford, the first to receive the name of Methodist, will go down all the coming ages as the sweetest singer of all the tuneful sons and daughters of Methodism.





ROWLAND HILL.

Rowland Hill.

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ALL England was throbbing with new spiritual life. Methodism was in the air. It penetrated everywhere, rousing to enmity those whom it failed to win to Christ and to better living. It reached Cambridge as it had reached Oxford—one of many instances showing that student-life is the receptive period for the grace that molds the soul for eternity as well as for obtaining the knowledge that equips the man for the life that now is. This young man, of an old baronial English family noted for its energy and vivacity, felt the touch of the great revival, and was responsive thereto. He organized a band like unto the Oxford "Holy Club," and was stigmatized as a Methodist. Fletcher, of Madeley, had met his older brother, who, not long afterward, while preparing for the Lord's Supper, was converted, being "overpowered with ecstatic joy in the Redeemer." This brother strengthened the faith of the young student by letters, while his parents grieved

for him as a disgrace to the family name. Even more was he helped by his sweet and gentle sister, Jane Hill, whose image hovers over the page that records the life of her brother like an angel-presence. She was one of those women of finest metal who live only for others—"like a fair taper when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she cast a shadow, and shined to everybody but herself." She exhorted her brother to "stand faithful in the cause of his crucified Master," and when the storm was raging most fiercely to "cleave only the more closely to Jesus."

Having been refused ordination by six bishops, he went forth under a higher commission. In prisons, in Dissenting chapels, in the open air, he preached with extraordinary power and unction. There was a great stir wherever he went. Again and again he was mobbed; tin pans were beaten, horns were blown, and bells were rung to drown his voice; he was pelted with dirt and eggs; and once he was shot at while preaching, the ball passing over his head. He was neither frightened nor much harmed. He continued to preach with unabated courage, and with increasing success. Tens of thousands in Bristol, Kingswood, Bath, and

all over Gloucestershire, flocked to hear the message of God from this man whose wit never failed, whose facial expression could convey every emotion of the human heart, whose mighty appeals made strong men tremble. "I go to hear Rowland Hill," said Sheridan, "because his ideas come red-hot from the heart." His hearers laughed at his irrepressible humor, and melted under his tender entreaties; they repented of the sins he laid bare with the faithfulness of a prophet of the Lord, and sought refuge in the Saviour he held up to them with streaming tears and extended arms. If sometimes his humor was indulged too freely for the taste of some, it attracted the masses, and made a channel to the minds of many for the truth as it is in Jesus. It bubbled up and over like a spring—he could not keep it down. But it was only the illuminated fringe of the cloth whose warp and woof were of soundest texture. His voice was fine, having, as his friend and co-laborer Berridge said, "the accent for a field-preacher."

In one of the darkest districts of London he founded Surrey Chapel, where for a half century he was as a column of light, whose beams shed evangelical illumination far and wide. From Surrey Chapel, as a center, he traveled

and preached in all parts of the British kingdom, greeted everywhere by wondering and delighted thousands, and his word attended with convincing and converting power. "Excepting my beloved and lamented Mr. Whitefield," wrote the Countess of Huntingdon, "I never witnessed any person's preaching wherein there were such displays of the divine glory and power." His pulpit was open to all preachers of the gospel, of all sects and countries, and was thus exponential of the new spirit of the better time when dogmatic differences were to be subordinated to the higher claims of evangelical unity, and permitted no longer unduly to hamper the movement or hinder the intercourse of those who are followers of one Lord, and engaged in the common enterprise of bringing the world to the light and liberty of the gospel.

Such a combination of humor, apostolic fervor, dignity, and sustained intellectual energy has rarely been seen among mankind. That he was one of the true leaders in the great revival, chosen of God, and specially endowed for the work he was to do, will be doubted only by those who are blind to all proofs of the inspiration and guidance of the Head of the Church in the lives of his servants.

In old age his wit, which was at times too caustic, was sweetened by love, his combativeness was abated, and his whole nature mellowed and exalted by abounding grace. The seeds of truth he had sown had taken root in many souls. The rich and the great accorded to him admiration for his genius, while the masses of the people loved and revered him as an apostle. One of his nephews, who rose to be commander-in-chief of the British armies, received a grand ovation from the citizens of London on his return from the wars. Amid the acclamations of the rejoicing multitude the venerable preacher-uncle was recognized at the hero's side. "Here comes the good uncle! three cheers for him!" shouted the joyful populace.

A large body stout and strong; straight and soldier-like in bearing; a noble head with iron-gray hair thrown back, revealing an ample forehead; bushy eyebrows that could not conceal the kindly expression of his clear blue eyes that had in their glance the latent humor that was in his soul; a Roman nose finely arched; full lips, and a mouth that even when he was in repose almost laughed; a chin that speaks strong will and good living—that is Rowland Hill, the typical Englishman and great

independent Methodist, who will have a front place in the picture as long as succeeding Centenaries shall call our people to celebrate the signal mercies of God.



Thomas Walsh.

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NE among the mixed multitude that stood listening to a Methodist lay preacher on the parade-ground at Limerick, in 1749, was a thoughtful, sad-faced young man. The text was: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It was the word in season to his burdened and hungry soul. He had revolted against the Romanism in which he had been carefully trained by his parents. His nature was too earnest to allow him to sink into indifference; and the prevenient grace of God kept him from falling into gross wickedness. He sought relief in recreation, but found no peace. "A hell," he says, "opened in my breast." He fasted; he prayed to God, to saints, and to angels; he confessed to the priest; he would at times throw himself upon the ground and tear his hair in his agony. In his eighteenth year, for the first time, he had free access to the Bible, and for the first time prayed to God alone. He joined the Estab-

lished Church, formally renouncing the creed of his family. But still his soul was not at rest. "There was no rest in my bones, by reason of my sin," he says.

When the Methodists came to Newmarket, his native village, he was drawn to them, and soon he came to see "not his guilt only, but the all-sufficiency of Christ." At one of their meetings "I was divinely assured," he says, "that God for Christ's sake had forgiven me all my sins; the Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. I broke out into tears of joy and love."

Thenceforward his life was a demonstration of the supernatural element that had entered into it. It was, in the language of Robert Southey, such a life as "might indeed almost convince a Catholic that saints are to be found in other communions as well as in the Church of Rome." In Methodism he believed he saw the reproduction of the apostolic Church, and this conviction filled him with a sublime enthusiasm. To promote its success he gave himself to diligent study, mastering, in addition to his native Irish, the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—the last being a special delight to him, the study by which "a man is enabled to converse with God, with holy angels, with

patriarchs and prophets, and clearly unfold to men the mind of God from the language of God." His acquirements were so wonderful that it is not surprising that he believed that a divine inspiration aided him in his studies. Mr. Wesley said of him that "he was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible that if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell, after a brief pause, not only how often one or the other occurred in the Bible, but what it meant in every place. Such a master of Biblical knowledge he never saw before, and never expected to see again." He was a living concordance of the Holy Scripture.

Entering the ranks of the lay ministry, no man of that heroic time was more zealous, or laborious, or readier to suffer or die for Christ's sake. He walked thirty miles to his first appointment, and the power that attended his word accredited him as the messenger of God. Through almost all Ireland, in cities, towns, and country, he passed, preaching twice and thrice a day—usually in the open air—and kindling the fires of evangelical revival as he went. Great crowds flocked to hear him, to whom he would often preach Jesus in their

own rough but expressive Irish tongue with such power and pathos that they would weep and smite their breasts as he spoke. The street-beggars, melting under his gracious words, would kneel and pray as he passed. The warm Irish heart was touched with irresistible power by his eloquence, and even bigotry itself could not withstand the sanctity of his life and the power of his word.

Against the Romanists as a people he never spoke an unkind word, though he did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and to refute their errors. It was impossible, however, that such a man could escape persecution. More than once he barely escaped a martyr's death, but never lost his courage or serenity of mind for a moment.

His ministry of nine years was alike wonderful for its intensity and its fruitfulness. "I do not remember," said Mr. Wesley, "ever to have known a preacher who, in so few years as he remained upon earth, was an instrument of converting so many sinners."

It is said that he rarely smiled, and perhaps never laughed after he began his public ministry. At times he would be lost in mental abstraction on his knees, with uplifted face, arms folded upon his breast, scarcely seem-

ing to breathe, in a sort of ecstasy, his countenance shining with unearthly radiance while he held high communion with the invisible God. When he prayed in public it was, says one who knew him, "as though the heavens were burst open, and God himself appeared in the congregation."

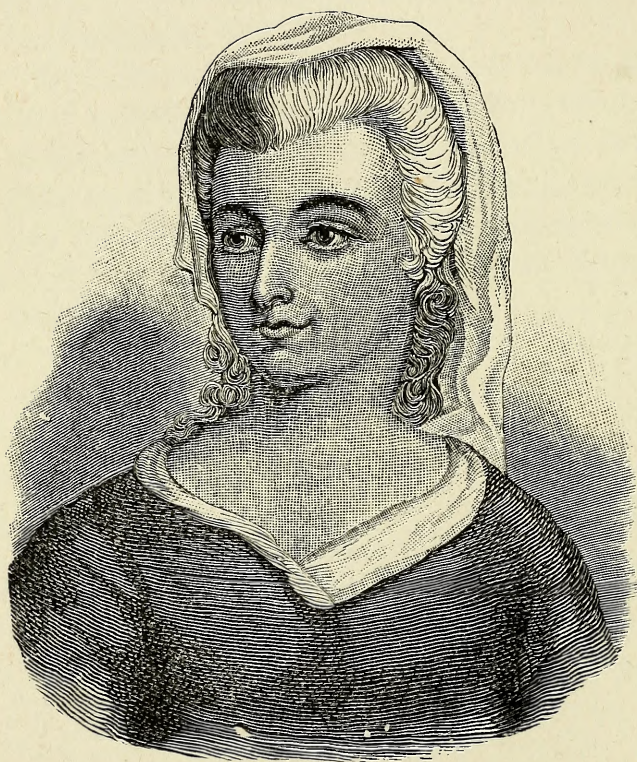
In his private devotions he was at times lifted into such exalted moods as to be lost to all external things—absorbed in visions of the divine. For hours he would remain still as a statue, his face reflecting the illumination within.

The tension was too great; his nervous system—the mysterious link connecting the body and the soul—broke down under the strain put upon it. Spiritual darkness settled upon his soul. His mental anguish was unspeakable. With groans and tears he bewailed the absence of his Saviour. His case was a mystery to his brethren; they could not understand how it was that such a man should come into such a state as this. In Dublin, London, and other places, public prayers were offered up for him. The answer came at last. After some friends had prayed with him in his chamber on one occasion, he asked to be left alone for a few minutes. They withdrew, leaving the dying

man alone with God. As he prayed the clouds parted; the light of Immanuel's face beamed upon his vision again. "*He is come! he is come! my beloved is mine, and I am his—his forever!*" he exclaimed in holy rapture, and was caught up to paradise.

Irish Methodism is surely destined to be a chief agency in bringing back to the pure faith of the gospel that brave, warm-hearted, splendidly endowed race; and among the names that will give unfading luster to its annals is that of the learned, eloquent, seraphic Thomas Walsh.





SUSANNA WESLEY.

Susanna Wesley.

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UNCOVER your heads in her presence, for she is the gracious mother of us all. The millions who bear the Methodist name bear her impress. She molded the man who is molding the nations. Her brain and heart and will-power were the original guiding, conserving, and propelling force of Methodism.

In countless homes in many lands her influence is felt at this hour, ennobling manhood, making womanhood sweeter, and blessing childhood with the instruction and inspiration of the wisdom, the faith, the firmness, and the self-abnegation that were exhibited in that parsonage at Epworth, where the valiant, unworldly, and unthrifty Samuel Wesley made his sermons and wrote his verses, and where she gave the world an immortal example of what a woman can do in her home to glorify God and bless mankind. With such a wife and mother in every Christian home, the militant Church would have nothing to do but to marshal its

forces, and lead them at once to the conquest of the world. Her family discipline typed the methods of the millions whose tread is shaking the earth.

Her intellect was swift, keen, and strong. She saw quicker and farther than ordinary persons. In the great crises in the career of her illustrious son her intuition was ahead of his judgment. She pointed him to the paths providentially opened. It was her firm yet loving hand that held him steady when, bewildered or disheartened, he might have wavered. To her the student in college, the perplexed young theologian, the anxious penitent, the leader in a movement not foreseen by himself, nor devised by any human wisdom, turned for sympathy, for counsel, and for prayer. Her acquaintance with the Scriptures enabled her always to give him the word in season; while her mighty faith kindled and fed the flame that burned in his soul. Her responsive spirit recognized the Divine hand in the strange and stirring events of that momentous time. She was thoroughly educated, having a knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French, and being widely read in theology, polemics, and general literature. Her mind moved on the same plane with those of her sons; and the sympathy that flowed

to them from her motherly heart was intelligent, and therefore helpful as well as comforting.

She was beautiful in person. Physical beauty does not compensate for the lack of the higher qualities that ennoble and adorn womanhood, but it invests its fortunate possessor with an added charm and potency for good. The little touch of imperiousness that was in her temper was condoned the more readily by all concerned because it was the self-assertion of a woman whose strong intellect was reënfined by the magical power of a sweet voice and personal beauty. Such women—the most divinely tuned of them, at least—bloom in ever increasing sweetness and loveliness in the atmosphere they make around themselves.

There was a deeper spring of power in her life than either her intellect or her beauty. It was her piety. She took an hour every morning and every evening for private meditation and prayer. She did not find time for this—she was the mother of thirteen living children—she took time for it. And herein is the secret of the power that raised her above the level of her contemporaries, and gave unity, vigor, and success to her life. The two hours thus spent were taken from the home-school

which she taught, from the domestic duties that waited for her ready hands, and from the parochial service expected from her. But it was there in the place of secret prayer that her soul was replenished with the spiritual life that was so helpful to other lives; it was there that she acquired the patience, the self-command, and the moral power that made her a priestess at the home altar, and qualified her to rule that sacred kingdom with wisdom, firmness, and love. The light kindled within her own soul during these two hours spent daily with God lighted all that were in the house. In that quiet chamber at Epworth, kneeling at the feet of God, the prayers of John Wesley's mother opened the channel for the Pentecostal floods that were to flow over the earth in these latter days.

That is the picture—a gentle yet queenly presence; a face delicate and classically regular in its features; an eye that had the flash of fire and the tenderness of the great motherly heart; the noble head gracefully posed; all suffused with the indefinable influence that makes a holy woman radiant with unearthly beauty—Susanna Wesley, the mother of Methodism, who will live in its heart forever.



RICHARD WATSON.

Richard Watson.

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MENTALLY he was a paradox and a phenomenon. Precocity of development and sustained power were wonderfully exhibited in his career. He began to preach at the age of fifteen; but in this particular he presents a warning rather than an example. His frail body was an inadequate instrument of his mighty intellect. Great as were his intellectual achievements, the sum of his labors would have been enhanced, even if their quality had not been improved, had his physical been proportioned to his mental power. All his life he was a sufferer from physical pain and debility, presenting a perpetual contrast in the feebleness of his wasted frame and the majesty of his mind.

His natural fondness for metaphysics and his interest in the Calvinistic controversy led him to hear a Methodist preacher, whose Arminianism, he hoped, would furnish him arguments to be used in the discussion of the Five Points. Fortunately for him that Methodist

preacher was not a dealer in metaphysical abstractions and irrelevancies. The young disputant left the house a convicted, penitent sinner, and went home not to argue but to pray with a broken heart. In a few days, after a bitter struggle, he found the peace of God. The blessing came with such power that its remembrance was vivid and precious to him to his dying-day. It was a clear conversion—a fact of special significance in the experience of a man destined to be the teacher of teachers in the things of God.

On his fifteenth birthday his first sermon was preached in a private house at Boothby. The youthful preacher did not escape the trials that usually beset Methodist preachers at that time. On his return home at night his soiled and torn garments often attested the rough handling he had received from the mob during the day. But, nothing daunted, he went forth preaching and praying among the poor and the outcast. Soon his extraordinary gifts attracted special attention, and the same year he was recommended to the Conference—the youngest candidate ever received by it. We are told, however, that he was “a mature young man”—tall, sedate, and with strongly marked intellectuality of appearance.

His rise was rapid, though his youthful modesty caused him no little embarrassment at times. He preached almost every day, but somehow found time to study the Greek and Hebrew languages, and to make vast acquisitions in systematic theology. He took the rough traveling, coarse fare, and other privations of the work without flinching, and delighted in the companionship of his fellow-itinerants.

Unjustly accused of heresy, he hastily and imprudently retired from his work, and engaged in secular affairs. He did not prosper in business—the Master had other work for him to do. And so, after an interregnum which he always regretted, he returned to the Wesleyan Conference—a wiser man. Thereafter his course was without a break, and his usefulness and fame widened continually.

He was profoundly impressed with the providential mission of Methodism, and his soul was thrilled with the contemplation of its possibilities as a system of Christian evangelization. He was fired with the missionary idea, and became a chief agent in organizing the work which had been begun by Coke, but which, at his death, had languished for lack of leadership. His great sermon in City Road

Chapel in 1816 from the text, "He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet," made an epoch in his own life, and in the work of missions among Methodists. In 1821 he was made resident Missionary Secretary, and by tongue and pen he gave the cause an impulse that was felt in all parts of the British kingdom, and which has not ceased to be felt unto this day.

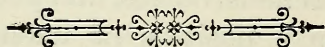
He was a master in the pulpit. Grandeur of thought was combined with good taste, deep solemnity, and extraordinary divine unction. He had little action in delivery; his power was in his thought and in the attesting Spirit of God. At times he reached the sublimest heights of eloquence, "soaring," said Robert Hall, "into regions of thought where no genius but his own can penetrate." A contemporaneous writer says of his preaching: "Often did he pour forth the stores of his mighty and well-furnished intellect, so that he appeared to his hearers scarcely an inhabitant of this world; he led them unto regions of thought of which they had previously no conception, and his tall and graceful form, his pallid countenance, bearing marks of deep thought and of severe pain, and at the same time beaming with benignity and holy delight, served to deepen the

impression of his incomparable discourses. He could soar to the loftiest heights apparently without any effort. The greatest charm of his preaching was its richness in evangelical truth and in devotional feeling; and in these admirable qualities—the soul of all good preaching—it increased to the last.”

His greatest service to the Church was as a writer, for he is its greatest theologian. His “Theological Institutes” makes a body of divinity recognized as a standard throughout the Methodist world. Dr. J. W. Alexander, of Princeton College, compares him to Turretini, saying: “Making due allowance for the difference of age, Watson, the Methodist, is the only systematizer, within my knowledge, who approaches the same eminence; of whom I use Addison’s words—‘He reasons like Paley, and descants like Hall.’” This work has educated two generations of Methodist preachers, and though not faultless, it is a scientific statement of Methodist theology by a man providentially endowed and equipped for the task—a man whose vigor of thought, candor, philosophic comprehensiveness, and poetic fire have won for him a position of unchallenged supremacy in his own Church, and the admiration of the best minds in other Churches. His

“Biblical Dictionary,” “Catechisms,” “Conversations for the Young,” “Life of Wesley,” “Sermons,” and other works, have been highly prized.

He too came when he was needed—a legislator who took up the work of rearing the organic frame of Methodism where Wesley left it; a writer who crystallized its doctrines in imperishable forms; a preacher whose sublimity of thought was equaled by the sanctity of his life; a consecrated and divinely endowed laborer who, to use his own language, did his part “to hasten on that result which shall stamp the seal of eternal truth upon every jot and tittle of the sacred volume; to brighten the splendor of the prophetic page into still more glorious history, and to fulfill ‘that mystery of God,’ that consummation over which earth with all her tongues, and heaven with all her choirs beatified, shall roll the triumphant notes and the lofty swell of the final anthem: ‘Halleluiah; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.’”



Gideon Ouseley.

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THIS individuality typed his race. He was a typical Irishman and a typical Irish Methodist—brave as a lion, bubbling over with wit, and with the magic gift of eloquence. He was a wild youth, possessing extraordinary physical strength; a leader in athletic sports, a dashing rider; at home at horse-races, weddings, and wakes, ready to bet, drink, or fight. Yet from his childhood he had felt deep religious impressions, and, like many others destined to large usefulness, he seems to have had early premonitions of his high calling of God. A godly mother taught him to pray, and to read the Bible and other good books. He married very young, and with his girl-wife he set up housekeeping, but did not make much change in his way of living. In a drinking bout he was shot in the face and neck, and lost one of his eyes. This event sobered him for awhile, but he relapsed into his former courses, and even his devoted wife gave up all hope that he would reform.

In 1789 the Methodists came to Dunmore, where he lived. He went to hear them, and went away feeling that he was a lost sinner. His conviction was deep and his anguish of soul intense. The old Adam in him was strong, and evil habit held him fast. After a desperate struggle, one day he fell on his knees alone in his house, and cried, "O God, I will submit!" Soon afterward, under the instruction of the Methodists, whose meetings he now regularly attended, and with the help of their prayers, he broke through all difficulties, and one Sunday morning, in May, 1791, he was born of God. It was a powerful conversion. It was a glad memory to him through life. He could not contain the mighty joy that flooded his soul. The hand of the Lord was upon him. He felt that he must tell the perishing masses around what a Saviour he had found.

He was of good blood, coming of a family distinguished in arms, statesmanship, and letters. Being the eldest son, rarely gifted, and classically educated, he might have hoped to achieve distinction in any line of secular ambition; but the word of the Lord was as a fire in his bones. Breaking over all the conventionalities attached to his social position, re-

nouncing fully and gladly all worldly ambition, and counting all things but loss that he might win Christ, he was soon going from town to town a flaming evangelist, exciting the wonder of the people, and moving them with a strange power. This is his own way of telling how he was called to preach:

"The voice said, 'Gideon, go and preach the gospel.'

"'How can I go?' says I; 'O Lord, I cannot speak, for I am a child.'

"'Do you not know the disease?'

"'O yes, Lord, I do,' says I.

"'And do you not know the cure?'

"'Indeed I do, glory be to thy holy name!' says I.

"'Go, then, and tell them these two things—the disease and the cure. All the rest is nothing but talk.'"

For forty years he lived to tell of the disease and the cure. It was a ministry of marvelous power and success. He preached in the Irish tongue as well as in the English. The wondering multitudes wept or swore and raved at him as the mood moved them. To the simple and plaintive Irish airs he would sing the Methodist hymns, the tender-hearted people swaying and sobbing as they listened.

His pulpit was in the saddle. On market-days and other occasions that drew the people together he would ride into the midst of a crowd, start a hymn or begin an exhortation, and with a voice of remarkable clearness and power would make himself heard above all the noises of carts, cattle, pigs, poultry, and the howlings of the mob. Extraordinary power attended his word. His method was direct—he showed that there was but one Saviour, and one way of salvation by him. Sinners were cut to the heart, and great numbers were brought to Christ. Wherever he went the flame kindled and spread, both among Romanists and Protestants. It tested all his wit to control the mixed multitude that heard him; but his tact was equal to all occasions. The mob that could not be convinced by argument was conciliated by his good humor, or captured by a stroke of ready wit. His Irish heart knew the way to their hearts, and when once he got hold of them he led them by a straight line to the Saviour of sinners. He and his companions went through nearly all the northern half of Ireland, “storming the little towns as they rode along.” The conversions were many and clear, and the converts were often so demonstrative as to make a great stir in both friendly and

hostile circles. Scenes of indescribable excitement attended his preaching—some weeping, some shouting defiance and curses, some throwing stones, some ready to attack and others to defend him, brandishing shillalahs, and breaking each other's heads, until the police or a platoon of soldiers came and put an end to the riot. His soldier-blood was quickened in his veins, and his fearless heart beat high amid such scenes, and he was always able to ride the storm he had raised. If there is one quality that wins an Irishman's admiration, it is courage—it touches a chord in the hearts of a race that is the mother of heroes. There was a generous and princely element in his nature that showed itself in dealing with the most violent opposers. There was more than this—a mighty faith in God and a Christliness of spirit that went beyond nature in its reach and power.

He was preëminently the apostle of Irish Methodism. The leaven he infused into the thought and life of Ireland is still working. Of the tens of thousands of Irish Methodists who have come hither to enrich American Methodism with their fervor and eloquence, many were directly converted under his ministry, and all were his debtors.

To the last he was active, preaching, when he was seventy-four years old, fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes twenty sermons a week. Loved and venerated by all classes, he died in Dublin in 1839, the Centennial year of British Methodism. "I have no fear of death!" he exclaimed with his dying-breath, and the brave, generous, glowing heart ceased to beat, and his immortal spirit was taken up to be with his Lord.



William Bramwell.

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WE have here a man of steel; but it was steel incandescent with holy fires burning within. As a soldier, he would have done all that was possible to unflinching courage, unyielding discipline, and untiring energy. He was a revivalist—not of the effusive, surface-touching type, but one who wielded the sword of the Spirit unsheathed and keen-edged. He was a man of prayer, and a man of work—a man who had his moods, ecstasies, and dreams, and yet was a man of rare good sense and practical wisdom. With a bodily constitution iron-like in strength and endurance, and a prophet-like fearlessness and plainness of speech, he had a tenderness of heart that pitied all human suffering, and sympathized with all human sorrow. Among the men of his time his figure stands like a bronze statue, warrior-like in its martial pose and sinewy vigor, and with a saintly halo encircling the brow. He was a saint, but a saint of the true Church militant, whose place was not in the

cloister, but in the midst of the battle where hostile banners waved, and where there was a clash of steel and the shout of victory.

He was born in Lancashire in 1759 of religious parents, who gave him Christian training after their kind. At an early age he evinced the qualities and tendencies that foreshadowed his career. The Head of the Church calls men to do the work they are fitted to do. When God inspires a man it is because there is a man to inspire.

His birth into the new life was preceded by great searchings of heart and bitter struggles. He practiced self-tortures, fastings, solitary wanderings in the woods, and kept midnight vigils kneeling on his bare knees on the sanded floor. While partaking of the Lord's Supper in the village church at Preston he got a glimpse of heavenly light, and was comforted. He had strong prejudices against the Methodists, but was persuaded to hear one of their preachers. He got the right word, and at the next meeting he joined them. But he was still unsatisfied, having not yet a clear assurance of his acceptance with God. John Wesley came to Preston. "Dear brother," he said, taking the hand of the young man, and looking into his face, "can you praise God?" "No,

sir," was the answer. "Well, perhaps you can to-night," said Wesley, with a kindly smile. That night, while Wesley was preaching, the blessing came—and it came to stay. *He never lost the light and peace that then filled his glad heart.* His movement was right onward, without a perceptible break or conscious reaction—a fact to be pondered by the devout reader. The light of life enkindled within him shone more and more to the perfect day. The new birth, continuous progress, perfect love, endless growth—all by faith—this was his experience. "Never imagine," he says, "that you have arrived at the summit. See God in all things, and you will see no end." His preaching was always on this line. He preached a present and full salvation—sin destroyed, grace abounding, love reigning. With his soul aflame, his lips touched with the live coal from the altar, he called his hearers to come and kindle their lamps where his own had been lighted. Having drunk deeply from the fountain, he called on them to come and take of the water of life freely. And the Lord was with him in wondrous power. Great things were wrought by him in the name of Jesus. During his first year on the Sheffield Circuit twelve hundred and fifty souls were

added to the Church. Under his ministry these souls were brought in through the strait gate, and were then told to go on unto perfection, he as a faithful shepherd leading his flock. Similar gracious and glorious results attended his ministry year after year; his path from circuit to circuit was a line of light, and a succession of evangelical triumphs.

He was instant and mighty in prayer, and went from house to house as a messenger of God. His visits were short, and he had the holy tact that improved every moment for religious edification. Frequently, says one who knew him well, "so powerfully did he wrestle with God that the room seemed filled with the divine glory." He prayed much in secret, and when he went among the people it was evident to all that he had been with Jesus. In the holy of holies, the place of secret prayer, he had gazed upon the shekinah, the symbol of the excellent glory, and he came forth transfigured by the heavenly illumination. He was a man of God, breathing the air of the supernatural, and exercising a ministry supernatural in its spirit and in its results. But he was no fanatic; he did not expect the ends he sought without the use of the means. The main difference between him and others is that in his

ministry he put prayer where God puts it—first and mightiest of all the forces which a mortal may wield in promoting the divine glory in the salvation of men. Strange accounts are given of special answers to his prayers, of his discernment of spirits, of his presentiments of things to come. Divinely touched, and finely tuned, this strong and healthy man was responsive to voices not heard by the common ear, and saw what was hidden from the dull eyes of unbelief. Yet there was no miracle—except as all manifestations of spiritual power above the common level are miraculous in the sense that God manifests himself to his own as he does not unto the world.

He was a fearless preacher, declaring the whole counsel of God, making no compromise with error or sin. On one occasion, in the midst of peculiar trials in one of his charges, he writes to a friend: "I must in a few weeks, if spared, strike home, and leave the whole to God. I see hell will rise, but our God is almighty."

He gave himself wholly to the functions of his sacred office. He was never unemployed, or triflingly employed. Rise early, pray, read, pray, was his constant exhortation, enforced by his constant practice. He gave only six hours

to sleep, and devoted all the rest to study, worship, or work for Christ.

On the 13th of August, 1818, when he was fresh from his knees in prayer, the chariot of fire came down, and he stepped into it, and was borne to the world of perfection for which he longed.

Nearly six feet high, strong-framed, large-featured, with an eye "piercing as an eagle's," and that indefinable something about him that in the holiest men at once awes and attracts the beholder—that is William Bramwell, the burning evangelist, the strict disciplinarian, the unresting worker, the exponent and exemplar of Christian purity, the good soldier of Jesus Christ, who so powerfully impressed his contemporaries, and will be felt in the influence of his consecrated life as long as Methodism shall live, and goodness be honored on earth.





COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Countess of Huntingdon.

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HE had her place and her work from God, and her serene and stately figure will always stand in the foreground of the picture of early Methodism. The wife of an earl, with a strain of royal blood in her veins, it was her glory that she was a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Possessing a large fortune, she laid it all at his feet, joyfully giving all to him who gave himself for her. Having high social position and influence, she laid this also a willing offering upon the altar of Christian consecration. Through her the overture was made to the titled class of the British kingdom to join in the movement that was to rescue the nation from atheism, and check the tide of its moral degeneracy. If too few of them responded directly to the movement and became personal beneficiaries of saving grace, she made a channel through which their whole body was reached by an influence that awed, chastened, and in a measure disarmed their hostility.

When in the heat of polemics Wesley and Whitefield were being driven apart, it was her gentle, womanly hand that drew them together again and prevented a rupture of their personal relations that not only might have left a blur on the record of their lives, but hindered the great work that was equally dear to them both. Her Calvinistic opinions enabled her to carry the torch of evangelical reformation and kindle its heavenly light where it could not have gone without her. The separate movement which she promoted effected its providential purpose. The mountains and valleys of Wales sing for joy, and the stream of spiritual life flows in a stronger and swifter current in many lands because she put her faith, her love, her prayer, her work, and her money into the Master's cause when she heard his call and saw her gracious opportunity. Noble Christian lady! faithful stewardess of her Lord! she shines apart in the firmament of Methodist history like the evening star whose mild radiance is the precursor of countless lesser lights that spangle the heavens.

A severe sickness first caused her to turn her thoughts to religion, and prepared her heart for the reception of the seed of the kingdom that was dropped into it by her kinswoman,

Lady Bettie Hastings, who had come in contact with the Methodists at Oxford. She found in Methodism that which met her spiritual needs, and soon she identified herself with the great movement. She invited Mr. Wesley to her residence, where he preached to a class of noble hearers to whom the gospel as he presented it was a new and strange thing. She accepted his doctrine of Christian perfection—"the doctrine I hope to live and die by," she wrote to him. She appointed Whitefield one of her chaplains, and the great orator preached with characteristic power to the aristocratic circle that gathered at her invitation. Among them was the keen and courtly Chesterfield, the witty and sardonic Walpole, the critical and caviling Hume, the saucy and subtle Bolingbroke, and many other sinners of high rank, who listened with wonder and admiration to an eloquence that surpassed all their conceptions. Many of them were converted—notably Lord St. John, the brother of Bolingbroke, and a goodly number of noble women. A select number of these established a meeting for Bible-reading and prayer, held at each other's houses—a sort of class-meeting—the spontaneous product then, as at other times, of true New Testament Christianity.

This meeting was for many years a center of spiritual power, these devout women leading lives of singular fidelity and holy beauty in the midst of the vain pomp and glory of the aristocratic world.

She gave away more than half a million of dollars for religious uses. She sold her jewels, gave up her costly equipage, expensive residence, and liveried servants, and with the money thus obtained she bought theaters, halls, and other buildings, and fitted up places of worship for the poor. She made itinerant excursions into different parts of England and Wales, accompanied by zealous noblewomen and by evangelists, who preached as they went in the churches or in the open air. To systematize the work, she mapped all England into six circuits, and supplied them with preachers at her own expense. But her munificence provided houses of worship more rapidly than preachers could be found to preach in them, so at Trevecca, in Wales, a college for the preparation of candidates for the ministry was opened under her patronage. John Fletcher was its first president, and Joseph Benson its head-master. Its history reads strikingly like that of most schools of its class that have since risen, flourished for a season, and perished;

but it was a fruitful investment for the glory of God made by a woman who, though herself never the occupant of a pulpit, was the instrument by whom the glad tidings of the gospel was preached to a great multitude of souls, and many turned to righteousness. To her the promise will not fail—she will shine as the stars forever. Among those who coöperated with her in carrying out her plans were Romaine, Venn, Madan, Townsend, Berridge, Toplady, Shirley, Fletcher, Benson, and others, whose names will not perish from the pages that record the great evangelical revival.

In 1791 she passed to her reward on high in her eighty-fourth year. Her departure was not merely peaceful, it was rapturous. When the breaking of a blood-vessel apprised her that the end was at hand, she said: "I am well; all is well—well forever. I see wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh! The thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable. My soul is filled with glory. I am in the element of heaven itself. I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy; I long to be at home, O I long to be at home!" And thus she went home.

Strong-framed, and erect in her carriage, with a face in which masculine vigor was blended with feminine softness and saintly sweetness of expression; a chin square and massive enough to indicate the tenacity which distinguished her; lips that seemed ready to speak in benedictions; a nose rather large for the Grecian model of beauty; great "speaking" eyes, from whose depths her great soul looked forth upon the world in pitying love; a forehead broad and smooth, above which the abundant hair was gathered under a snowy cap of chaste ornamentation—this is the portraiture that has come down to us of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, whose illustrious example of the entire consecration of rank and riches, love and life, to Christ, will be an inspiration to her sex until, in the fulfillment of the joyous promise, a redeemed humanity shall join in the jubilee-songs of the millennial morning.





WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

William Carvosso

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IT was a marvelous time. All England was thrilling with religious excitement; responsive souls kindled everywhere at the electric touch of the agents employed in the work of grace. It was a day of God's power, and the people were willing. Wesley came to Cornwall, and left it in a blaze. The humble Carvosso family were soon swept into the current of the great revival. The first to be converted was a sister of the subject of this sketch. She came twelve miles to tell the glad news to them that were at home, exhibiting the true instinct of a renewed soul rejoicing in the love of God. Entering the house one Sunday morning, he found her on her knees praying with his mother and sister. He was deeply affected by the scene, and soon we hear of him at a Methodist meeting listening to a Methodist preacher. "The word quickly reached my heart," he says. He had a genius for religion, though his life had hitherto been sinful; and the truth he heard from the plain but faithful

preacher was good seed that fell on good ground. The sword of the Spirit cut to the quick, and his heart quivered with the keenest penitential pain. The thought was presented to his mind that his day of grace was past, and it filled him with alarm. But he tells us that he was enabled to set this aside as a temptation from the devil, and that he determined that, whether saved or lost, he would never cease to seek the mercy of God. "The very moment I formed this resolution in my heart Christ appeared to me, and God pardoned all my sins and set my soul at liberty. It was about nine o'clock at night, May 7, 1771—and never shall I forget that happy hour."

Not long afterward he tells us that by faith he received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed him from all sin. He testified to the cleansing and keeping power of his Saviour until death, and his holy and fruitful life attested the verity of his testimony. His experience was in the sun-lit sphere of certainty. He believed and he spoke; what he had seen and felt with confidence he told. The record of his life is as refreshing to the believing heart as the dew to the grass and flowers. It exhibits a wisdom that was from above; a faith that was invinci-

ble within the limits of scriptural possibilities; a spiritual insight that was truly wonderful; and a Christ-like love that melted and won the hearts of many that will be his crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ. There was in this unlettered man—he only learned to write when in his sixty-fifth year—a balance of faculties suitable to an instrument chosen of God, and a power that was manifestly the power of God. His thought and life may seem to have flowed within narrow banks, but he knew the Bible, he knew Jesus as a personal Saviour, and he knew human nature. His one Book was broader than all other books; his one Object of adoring love was the highest in the universe; and the human nature that he knew so well was an inexhaustible study for an acute intellect and a soul so quick and clear in its intuitions.

His call was to the class-leadership. "I am a teacher," he said, "but not a preacher—that is a work to which God has not called me." If, as has sometimes happened, any of his brethren called him to the pulpit, happily for him and for the Church he did not heed their calls, but kept to the work that was given him to do by his Lord.

At Gluvias, near Ponsanooth, he was ap-

pointed leader of a little band of Methodists who were poor as well as few in number. Soon "the barren wilderness began to smile," he tells us; souls were converted—among them, all of his own children. Two large classes demanded his care, and a new chapel was built mainly by his liberality and labor. Faithful in the use of his one talent, this consecrated Cornwall class-leader was an illustration of the operation of the law of reproduction and indefinite multiplication of the fruits of a true Christian life.

By industry and good management he secured a modest competency. With this he was satisfied, and, to use his own expression, he "retired from the world," giving all the remaining years of his long life wholly to the service of the Church. His labors were abundant and successful, and his joy was full: "My peace," he says, "has flowed as a river, and my joys have abounded like Jordan's swelling streams." He was the leader of three classes, whose members made rapid and steady growth in grace and knowledge under his wise, loving, and faithful guidance. From circuit to circuit he journeyed, infusing new life into the feeble, and inspiring new hope into the desponding churches. He was everywhere welcomed by

the preachers, and greeted with reverent affection by the people.

But it was perhaps in visiting from house to house that his peculiar gifts were called into fullest exercise, and the richest results of his labors realized. He was the apostle of the household, the angel of the sick-chamber and death-bed, the consoler of sorrow, the guide of the perplexed soul, the counselor and exemplar of a great company of persons who regarded him as the messenger of God, and who aspired to follow him as he followed Christ. He had the rare gift of saying the right word at the right time. The clouds of spiritual darkness were dispelled, sick-chambers were brightened with heavenly light, and dying-pillows made easy when he came and talked and prayed. He was full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The letter of the word of God seemed to be vitalized and was clothed with a peculiar energy as it fell from the lips of this simple, loving old class-leader. A single remark from him in passing on the highway has been known to lodge an arrow of conviction in a sinner's heart, and a single prayer bring such an answer as to fill the burdened soul with the peace of God. As we follow him in his rounds, we feel the throb and thrill of New Testament

life and power. There was a tinge of poetry in his soul—a poetic fire that blended with his spiritual fervor and intensified it. He had gotten by heart many of Charles Wesley's burning and melodious lyrics, and his use of them was singularly ready and felicitous. By an apt passage of Scripture he would flash light upon the inquiring mind; and then at the happy moment he would, by repeating a well-chosen stanza, touch the sensibilities in such a way as to make the sin-sick, burdened heart receptive of help and healing from the Great Physician. But we miss the secret of his power if we look no farther nor deeper than this. It was not merely that he had stored his mind with the letters of the Sacred Text, and that the words came promptly at his call; it was not merely that he had naturally a sympathetic heart, a magnetic presence, and a voice that strangely thrilled the hearer. Behind all these natural gifts, if they may be so called, was that greatest gift—a mighty faith in God, the living God. All that God promised he claimed. He took him at his word. The wonders wrought by him were the victories of faith—wonders that might well give him a place among the illustrious saints whose names make the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to

the Hebrews a gallery of divinely painted pictures warm with the colors of life, and bright with the reflected glory of the Sun of righteousness.

He died in 1834, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and in the sixty-fourth of his Christian service. His faith was undimmed to the last moment. The day before his death he said: "I have this morning been looking about for my sins, but I cannot find any of them—they are all gone." With an indescribable expression of joy and triumph in his countenance, he repeated the line, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and with his dying-breath essayed to raise the tune—and then fell asleep in Jesus, to awake and be satisfied with his likeness, and to resume the theme in a nobler, sweeter song in glory.

A portly, rounded form, neatly and plainly clad in old Methodist style, complexion rosy and smooth, irregular features, missing every line of beauty yet beaming with simple goodness; heavy lips that seemed ready to pronounce a blessing; a nose that curves almost into a semi-circle; eyes small, bright, and kindly; forehead receding; head small and adorned with thin white hair; his whole presence enveloped in an atmosphere of fatherliness and

gentleness—William Carvosso stands before us the typical class-leader, the patriarchal layman, the unordained but God-commissioned apostle, whose holy life furnishes indubitable proof that in these later times the victories of faith may be as signal as in the first days when the light of the gospel morning was breaking upon the world.



Joseph Benson.

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DESTINED to be a preacher and a scholar, his bent was irrepressible. He gravitated to Kingswood School, to Trevecca College, and to the pulpit, by the force of a tendency which was providential, not accidental. The adjustment of means to ends, of agents to the work to be done in the Church, is of God.

He was tenacious of his opinions, conservative in every fiber of his mental constitution. Wesleyan theology was accepted by him without any mental reservations, and he was disposed to insist that all others called by the Methodist name should do likewise. With regard to all questions of Church polity, he was content with what had worked well, and opposed all changes proposed with the hope of doing better.

Frail of body, he was mighty in intellect—a living refutation of the fundamental assumption of materialism. His mental energy seemed almost inexhaustible, and he performed almost

incredible labors. At midnight his study-lamp was burning, and at five in the morning it was relighted.

A studious youth and of a sedate and religious turn of mind, before he was ten years old he was in the habit of praying daily in secret. In his sixteenth year he felt consciously the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. He had come in contact with the Methodists, and he felt drawn to them by spiritual affinity. Believing that Methodism offered to him such a career of self-sacrificing service to Christ as his heart coveted, he went to London to meet and confer with Mr. Wesley. The great leader saw that this was no common youth, and took him to Kingswood and appointed him classical teacher. At Oxford he proposed to complete his studies; but his relations with Wesley and Lady Huntingdon caused him to be regarded with disfavor there. The Bishop of Worcester refused him ordination, and thus he was thrust out to do a work that was ready for his willing hands, and he went forth under a higher commission. Soon he received clearer light and fuller assurance. "The Lord," he writes, "scattered my doubts, and showed me more clearly the way of salvation by faith in Christ. I was not now anxious to know how I had re-

solved or not resolved. I had the Lord with me in all things; my soul rejoiced in his love, and I was continually expecting him to fulfill in me all his good pleasure." His life had been providentially drawn into its proper current; he knew and felt it to be so, and his thankful heart found a heaven on earth in the work to which he was called and to which he joyfully consecrated his life.

As a preacher he was richly and variously endowed. Possessing largely the critical faculty, he was exceptionally able as an expounder of the Holy Scriptures, while his declamatory powers were such as often made his awe-struck hearers feel as if the thunder-peals of the final judgment were breaking on their startled ears. He was a revivalist. Vast crowds flocked to hear him, to whom he preached with such power that they were moved to tears, and loud cries of anguish were wrung from the hearts of sinners pierced by the arrows of conviction. As in apostolic times, the word as preached by him had free course and was glorified; souls were converted while he was speaking, their darkness turned into light and their mourning into joy. His journeys were evangelical ova-tions, great companies of the people turning out to meet him and escorting him on his way.

The chapels being too small, he preached to the assembled thousands in the open air. At Gwennap ten thousand men and women stood before him at once, and under the divine afflatus he preached with such overwhelming effect that the saints wept for joy, and sinners wailed aloud in the agonies of penitential pain. In a single month he preached forty sermons to sixty thousand hearers. He was a master of assemblies, knowing the way to the consciences of men, and how to pour the oil of consolation into their troubled hearts. On one occasion, when thronged by a vast multitude eager to hear him, he requested all converted persons to retire to the outskirts of the crowd, so that the unconverted might approach him and hear the message of God. No one moved; they stood as if spell-bound. "What! all unconverted?" he exclaimed. Like an electric thrill, the keen conviction of sin ran through the multitude, and "conscience-stricken sinners fell as if slain by these three words."

His literary labors were abundant and useful. The work by which he is best known is his Biblical Commentary—a work which shows the fruits of his extraordinary diligence and good judgment as a compiler, and a high order of ability as an exegete. It became a standard

with the Wesleyan preachers, and still holds its place as a valuable contribution to Methodist literature. He was prolific in other lines of literary labor—biography, polemics, and the editing of the *Methodist Magazine* and of books. The Greek Testament was his special study, and his accurate knowledge of its contents, and his spiritual insight, made him a master in its exposition, a trustworthy guide to such as were disposed to dig deep that they might reach the hidden treasures in this mine of heavenly truth.

He died in 1821 in his seventy-third year, literally worn out in his Master's work. His dust sleeps in the City Road Chapel, London.

A slight, stooping figure plainly attired; a grave, thoughtful face; a well-shaped head, with a few scattering hairs above the broad forehead; a voice feeble and unmusical, with a pupit mannerism ungraceful yet singularly impressive—Joseph Benson stands in his place, a master spirit among the mighty men who made Methodism what it is to-day; and his influence will be felt until the last chapter of Methodist history shall have been written amid the thick-coming wonders and glories of the final consummation.

Hester Ann Rogers.

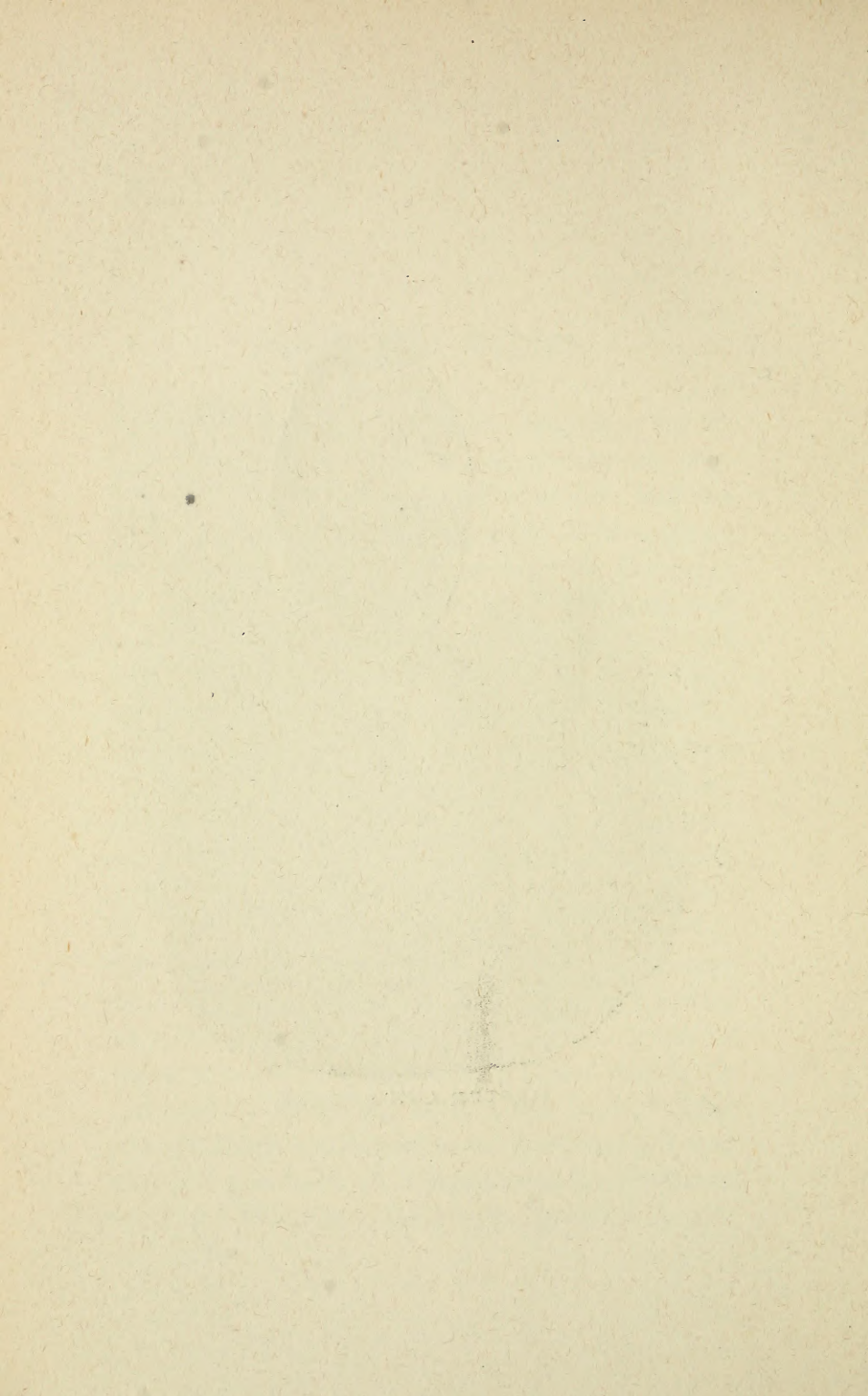
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HIS transparent, sensitive, fervid woman presents a curious psychological study. She was an illustrious example of the glorious work that may be wrought in the human soul by the transforming and sanctifying grace of God. She burned and shined. Having begun the new life, she went right on unto perfection. The flame of her devotion shone with a radiance undimmed and ever brightening from the moment it was kindled, at the touch of faith, by the Sun of righteousness. The unclouded mirror of her soul reflected the faintest image that was cast upon it. She was intensely subjective, and all external impressions were fused in the furnace of her glowing soul and reproduced, bearing the stamp of her own individuality. Even in sleep she was responsive to touches unfelt by natures less delicately strung and tuned. Her ardent spirit could not be satisfied until it had grasped and held all her gracious Lord offered to give. She knew the length, breadth, depth.



HESTER ANN ROGERS.



and height of the love of Christ. Freely receiving, she freely gave. Walking daily with God in white, the flowers of paradise bloomed along her pathway.

She was born in 1756. Her father was a clergyman of the Church of England, from whom she inherited some of the best traits of her character. His death, which took place when she was nine years old, profoundly affected her. "I believe," she writes, "I shall have reason to bless God forever for the lessons he gave me." Her childhood was one of perpetual agitations. She had an intense love of pleasure and a peculiarly sensitive conscience. Oscillating between worldliness and religion, alternately dancing and praying, going to church and then to the theater, now reading the Bible and then novels and romances, her early girlhood was a continued battle in the midst of antagonistic influences and tendencies. The world bid high for this gifted soul; but God asserted his claim to her heart by the drawings of his Spirit. Referring to the vanities and mistakes of this period of her life, she says: "Yet in all this I was not left without keen convictions, gentle drawings, and many short-lived good resolutions, especially till fifteen years of age." She read such books

as were accessible to her, some of which were helpful and others harmful. She fought a long, hard battle against the world and against false and superficial views of religion, all the time yearning for what was truest and highest, and making some progress in the knowledge of heavenly things. Under a sermon in the parish church on the Sunday before Easter, in April, 1774, she was so powerfully affected that she wept aloud, to the amazement of those around her. She went home, ran up stairs, fell on her knees, and made a solemn vow to fully renounce all sin. After a sleepless night she rose early, took her "finery," high-dressed caps, and such like, and ripped them all up, so that she could wear them no more; then cut her hair short, that it might not be in her power to have it dressed, and in the most solemn manner vowed never to dance again. If there was a tinge of morbidness in this, it was associated with such a conviction as breaks the proud heart and prepares it for the healing touch of the Great Physician.

She had never yet met the Methodists, and did not think well of them; but a neighbor who had found the peace of God among them strongly advised her to attend one of their meetings. She went privately at five

o'clock in the morning, and took a private seat. The preacher was Samuel Bardsley, and his text was: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." "I thought every word was for me," she writes. "He spoke to my heart as if he had known all the secret workings there; and pointed all such sinners as I felt myself to be to Jesus crucified." Enlightened and comforted, she said: "These are the people of God, and show the way of salvation." Henceforth she consorted with the Methodists. A storm of persecution followed. Her mother threatened to disown her, and but for the intercessions of a kind uncle would have turned her out-of-doors. She was disinherited by her god-mother. "This, however," she says, "weighed nothing with me, as my language was, None but Christ in earth or heaven." She proposed to do all the house-work for her mother on condition that she might be left free to follow her religious inclinations. Thinking that, as she had never been used to hard labor, she would soon weary and give it up, her mother consented. "But they knew not the power and goodness of that God who had strengthened me in all my tribulations," she writes. Through these tribulations she was led into the light and liberty of the gospel.

It came at last by an act of faith. Responding to the voice which spoke to her inner ear the words, "Fear not, only believe," she answered: "Lord Jesus, I will; I do believe; I now venture my whole soul upon thee as God; I put my soul into thy hands; thy blood is sufficient; I cast my soul upon thee for time and eternity." In a moment her fetters were broken, and her soul felt the full rapture of redeeming love. "I was truly a new creature, and seemed to be in a new world. I could do nothing but love and praise God," she writes. Her labors, fastings, and vigils came near destroying her life; but deliverance came at last through the relentings of her kindred. She was tried, and came forth as gold.

After a long sickness her health returned, and soon afterward she tells us that by faith she claimed and enjoyed the perfect love of God—the love that casteth out all fear. "I now walked," she writes, "in the unclouded light of his countenance, rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in every thing giving thanks. I dwell in Christ, and Christ in me. I durst not deny the wonders of his love." After this there was a deeper tone and an intenser glow in her Christian life. Such passages as this, taken from her journal, show

the habitual state of her trusting soul: "I was so happy in the night that I had little sleep, and awoke several times with these words deeply impressed, 'The temple of an indwelling God.' His love humbles me in the dust; it seems as a mirror to discover my nothingness. Sometimes my weakness of body seems quite overpowered with the Lord's presence manifest to my soul; and I have thought I could bear no more and live. But then I eagerly cry, O give me more and let me die!" She enjoyed "a heaven of communicated bliss," as she herself expresses it. But the fullness of her joy did not cause her to forget that she was still in the smoke and dust of the battle, fighting the good fight of faith. "A hypocrite," she writes, "may boast he is never tempted—has no doubts or fears—but a child of God (some rare cases excepted) is seldom long together unassaulted by our vigilant adversary."

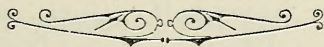
In 1784 she was married to James Rogers, a worthy and useful Wesleyan preacher, and a wider field was opened to her for service in her Master's work. For ten years she was his helper in successful labors in saving souls and edifying the Church. Like a lighted torch she carried and kindled the flame of religion everywhere she went. She was a class-leader,

having as many as three of these weekly meetings, and nearly a hundred souls under her charge at one time. Her power in prayer was extraordinary—she prayed for instantaneous blessings, and answers were given in mighty baptisms from on high. In the chamber of sickness she was an angel of light. She occasionally preached. Her manner was quiet, but her word was with power. She was known and esteemed throughout the Wesleyan Connection in the British kingdom, and enjoyed the special friendship of Wesley and Fletcher. She was among the group that stood around the dying-bed of Wesley, having been a member of his household for two years previous.

Her death was both pathetic and beautiful. "After giving birth to her fifth child, she lay composed for more than half an hour, with heaven in her countenance, praising God for his great mercy, and expressing her gratitude to all around her. She took her husband's hand and said: 'My dear, the Lord has been very kind to us; O he is good, he is good; but I'll tell you more by and by.' In a few minutes afterward her whole frame was thrown into a state of agitation and agony. After a severe struggle for about fifteen minutes, bathed with a clammy, cold sweat, she laid

her head on his bosom, and said, 'I am going.' Subduing his alarm, 'Is Jesus precious?' he asked. 'Yes, yes; O yes!' she replied. He added: 'My dearest love, I know Jesus Christ has long been your all in all; can you now tell us he is so?' 'I can; he is—yes—but I am not able to speak.' He again said, 'O my dearest, it is enough.' She then attempted to lift up her face to his, and kissed him with her quivering lips and latest breath."

A light and graceful form; a short, firm chin accentuating the delicate arch of the beautiful throat; a mouth small and exquisite, a faultless nose; eyes tender and thoughtful, with eyebrows perfectly arched; a rounded forehead, above which the hair is modestly put back over the shapely head, with its plain and becoming cap; the whole face sweet and womanly, and illuminated with a saintly light reflected from within—this is Hester Ann Rogers, whose Christian experience as pictured in her own glowing words, has quickened the faith and love of many, and will for generations to come continue to augment the spiritual forces that are bringing this world to our Christ.



Thomas Olivers

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QUALLY a marvel of genius and a miracle of grace was this wonderful Welshman.

He began life low down in the social scale, and sunk still lower by his vices until he touched bottom a degraded outcast. The strong and helpful arm of Methodism reached down to where he was wallowing in sin and shame and lifted him up. Among the millions of souls that have felt its awakening touch and regenerating power, no one furnishes a more convincing demonstration that it was the work of God.

He was born in Treganon, Wales, in 1725. Losing both his parents before he was five years old, his kindred took charge of him. They sent him to school and taught him the forms of religion. But he had an aptitude for wickedness that developed itself early. At the age of fifteen he was notorious for his profanity, and was regarded as the worst boy in all that region. Such was his precocity in vice, and disinclination to work, that he only half mas-

tered the mechanical craft—that of shoe-making—to which he was apprenticed. On the day when he was twenty-one years old he went into a debauch that lasted sixteen days and nights. He plunged headlong into the grossest vices, and became so shameless that he even indulged his profanity and obscenity in the house of God. At last, with another young man, he committed what he called “a most notorious and shameful act of arch-villainy.” Precisely what this act was is not recorded; but it was of such a character that he had to leave the town, leaving many debts unpaid and a bad name behind him. He went to Bristol, but made no change in his habits, except that now and then he would have brief seasons of remorse and alarm, which, being resisted, resulted in deeper excesses. Stifled convictions give fresh momentum to the sinner in his hellward course.

His conversion was sudden. Whitefield was the instrument. He went out of curiosity to hear the mighty preacher. Perhaps there was at the moment a secret yearning in his heart for a better life. The text was: “Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?” His heart was broken under the word, and his fiery Welsh spirit subdued. “Showers of tears,”

he says, "trickled down my cheeks. I was likewise filled with an utter abhorrence of my evil ways, and was much ashamed that I ever walked in them; and as my heart was thus turned from all evil, so it was powerfully inclined to all that is good. It is not easy to express what strong desires I had for God and his service, and what resolutions I made to seek and serve him in future; in consequence of which I broke off all my evil practices, and forsook all my wicked and foolish companions without delay, and gave myself up to God and his service with all my heart. O what reason had I to say, *Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?*"

This was a genuine conversion. He had indeed given himself up to God and his service with all his heart. His soul burst into bloom under the vivifying touch of the renewing Spirit. At six o'clock in the morning on the Sunday following he went to the cathedral, where he received an unspeakable manifestation of heavenly love. "I felt," he says, "as if I had done with earth, and was praising God before his throne. No words can set forth the joy, the rapture, the awe and reverence which I felt."

He began a new life. Says one of his biog-

raphers: "He now became a striking example of that sudden and entire restoration of the debased conscience, which distinguishes its mysterious nature from all other susceptibilities of the soul. He was as scrupulous as he had been reckless. He could do no injustice, 'not even to the value of a pin;' he could not mention the name of God but when it was necessary, and then with the deepest awe and reverence. His daily meals were received as a sacrament. As to his 'thoughts, inclinations, and desires,' his constant inquiry was, 'Is this to the glory of God?' If not, he dare not indulge it."

His first efforts in Christian service were directed to the reclamation of his former vicious associates. He went to Bradford, and for two years never missed a single sermon among the Methodists—hearing, he says, "generally with many tears." Not being yet a member, he was shut out of the class-meetings after the preaching. He would take his place behind the chapel and listen to the songs, weeping and praying as he listened. He was at last received into the Methodist Society, and in a little while he was exhorting; then he began to preach in the suburbs, studying hard in the preparation of his sermons, rising at five o'clock on Sunday

mornings, and walking twenty miles during the day to reach his preaching-places. His old debts troubled his conscience. Some money being due him from his kindred, he went back to his old home to receive it; and having gotten it in hand, he paid off every creditor, paying interest as well as principal in all cases. "You ought to thank God," he said to them, "for if he had not converted me I never should have thought of paying you." He went from Fordham to Shrewsbury, to Whitehurst, to Wrexham, to Chester, to Liverpool, to Manchester, to Birmingham, to Bristol, paying his debts and preaching the gospel. In all he paid about seventy persons—among them one at Whitehurst to whom he owed a sixpence.

Wesley sent him to preach to the miners in Cornwall; but having sold his horse, saddle, and bridle to pay his debts, he set out on foot, with his saddle-bags, containing his books and linen, across his shoulder. A layman gave him a colt—a wiry, tough little animal, suited to his rider. "I have kept him," said he twenty-five years afterward, "to this day; and on him I have traveled comfortably not less than a hundred thousand miles."

He traveled and preached forty-six years in England, Scotland, and Ireland. He had his

share of trials and hardships. One one occasion, mounted upon his trusty little horse, he charged upon a howling mob that had pelted him with stones, sticks, and other missiles, driving them pell-mell before him. "But," he says, "the women stood in their doors, some with both hands full of dirt, and others with bowls of water, which they threw at me as I passed by." "His traveling companion galloped off out of town as fast as he was able; but the evangelist, more cool and courageous, watched the motions of the stones and sticks which were likely to hit him, so as to preserve 'a regular retreat.'" His labors were incessant, his zeal unquenchable, his humility perfect, his enjoyment of God continual and abounding. He was a joyful disciple, rejoicing even in tribulation, and in every thing giving thanks. During a Conference session a number of preachers spoke rather dolefully of their sacrifices in the work of the ministry, saying they "had given up their *all* for Christ," etc. Olivers, who had listened rather impatiently to these whinings, rose and said: "I too have made heavy sacrifices to preach the gospel; I gave up *five awls*, as good ones as ever a man owned!"

He is best known and will be longest remem-

bered by his hymns. They are few in number, but possess the true inspiration of genius. Of his hymn beginning "The God of Abraham praise," James Montgomery says: "There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive; and, on account of the short lines, occasionally uncouth; but, like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination; while its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it." Many readers will thank us for giving a part of this grand hymn:

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed—
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.

There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with the saints in light
Forever reigns.

He keeps his own secure—
He guards them by his side—
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride.
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.

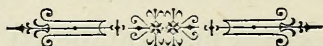
Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land.
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

His poetic genius had slumbered until evoked
by his experience of the saving power of the
gospel. He took part in the "Calvinistic con-

troversy" that raged in his day, and proved himself a match for such doughty disputants as Toplady and Sir Richard Hill, his keen logic compelling the latter to shelter himself behind his dignity.

His last years were passed in London, where he preached and superintended Wesley's printing-press. The many blunders in the *Arminian Magazine* and other publications edited by him, showed plainly enough that a man may be a true poet and an eloquent preacher, and yet fail as an editor.

On the morning of March 7, 1799, he was stricken with paralysis, and by noon he was dead. His work and his fame survive. "Wherever the worship of God has extended, in the English language, his grand odes resound to-day in its temples; and wherever that language may yet extend, the Hebraic sublimity of his strains will rise above all ordinary hymns, like the sounds of trumpets and organs soaring above all other instruments of the choir."





MARY BOSANQUET.

Mary Bosanquet.

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OURAGEOUS, sensible, saintly, open-hearted, open-handed Mary Bosanquet! Her memoirs, traced by her own faithful hand, are a mirror in which is reflected the image of one of the most beautiful souls that has adorned the Church of Christ in these latter ages. Her high calling was of God, and her individuality was unique. The strong faith, the lofty self-abnegation, the splendid womanly courage, the unconquerable patience exhibited in her life would have given her a permanent place in the love and memory of Methodism even had she never met and united her life with that of the apostolic Vicar of Madeley. As it is, their blended lives, making a picture of exquisite beauty, have excited the admiration and kindled the aspiration of a great multitude of souls.

She was born of wealthy parents in Essex, England, in 1739. Her mental and spiritual development was rapid. Before she was eight years old she knew Jesus as her Saviour, and

her childish heart was happy in his love. A humble Methodist servant-girl employed in the family, by her conversations with an older sister, strengthened the religious impressions of the eager, ardent-tempered child, and helped to turn her life into its destined channel. As she grew up, she was led into the gayeties of the fashionable society in which her family moved. But the ball-room and the theater could not quench her religious aspirations. In London she met a circle of intelligent Methodist women. In their congenial society her spiritual life took a fresh and rapid growth. Her purpose to live a holy life was more deeply rooted, and her soul received a fuller manifestation of light and love from the Lord. "Such a sweet sense of God," she says, "the greatness of his love, and willingness to save to the uttermost, remained on my mind, that if I but thought on the word holiness, or of the adorable name of Jesus, my heart seemed to take fire in an instant, and my desires were more intensely fixed on God than ever I had found them before."

Shunning the gayeties by which her parents wished to banish her religious disposition, she pleaded successfully to be left with her Christian friends in London. Here she met with Sa-

rah Ryan, an unpretentious Methodist woman, whose strong common sense and extraordinary piety make her one of the most remarkable figures among the notable men and women of that eventful time. At the house of Sarah Ryan a number of the most devout of the London Methodists often met together. "The more I saw of that family," she says, "the more I was convinced that Christ had yet a pure Church below; and often, while in their company, I thought myself with the hundred and twenty that waited to be baptized by the Holy Spirit. Whenever I was from home this was the place of my residence, and truly I found it to be a little Bethel." She had indeed found her true element, and henceforth this people were to be her people, and their God her God.

Deploring the turn her life had taken, her father tried to exact from her a promise that she would not attempt to influence her younger brothers to become Christians in her sense of the word. "I think, sir, I dare not consent to that," she meekly but firmly answered. "Then you force me to put you out of my house," he said. "Yes, sir," she replied; "according to your view of things, I acknowledge it." And she went forth with a sad heart, but without a

word of complaint. She took lodgings at some distance from her father's house, where, with a maid-servant, she lived in quiet, devoting herself to Christian labor, and giving all her income above her own actual necessities to benevolence. "And now that thought, 'I am brought out of the world, I have nothing to do but to be holy, both in body and spirit,' filled me," she says, "with consolation; thankfulness overflowed my heart; and such a spirit of peace and content flowed into my soul that all about me seemed a little heaven. I had now daily more and more cause for praise. I was acquainted with many of the excellent of the earth, and my delight was in them. Yet I was not without my cross; for every time I went to see my dear parents, what I felt, when toward night I rose up to go away, cannot well be imagined. Not that I wished to abide there; but there was something in bidding farewell to those under whose roof I had always lived that used to affect me much, though I saw the wise and gracious hand of God in it all, and that he had by this means set me free for his own service." Brave, loving, trusting heart! These simple words convey the whole pathos of the situation.

Thus "set free" for God's service, she joyfully gave her life wholly to it. Identifying

herself fully with the Methodist people, she took an active part in their labors, and became a witness for its doctrines, never ceasing in her beneficent activities and benefactions, and never faltering in her testimony until it was sealed in death.

A house belonging to her in Laytonstone, her native place, becoming vacant, with her friend, Sarah Ryan, she removed thither, and opened a charity school for orphan children. The place became also noted as a preaching-place. Mr. Wesley loved to visit it. "O what a house of God is here!" he writes in 1765; "not only for decency and order, but for the life and power of religion." The institution was afterward removed to Cross Hall, in Yorkshire, and became a center of religious life and labors. "It is a pattern and general blessing to the country," wrote Wesley in 1770. The rigid economy, the self-denial, the fervent prayer, the unceasing toil she put into this work are recorded. "If Christ was now upon earth," she wrote, "and in want of food and raiment, should I be afraid to give him mine, for fear of wanting it myself?" "It is very easy," she writes again, "to give our neighbor what we can spare, but to pinch ourselves, and even to run the risk of debts and distress for their sakes,

makes the work far more hard." Declining all matrimonial offers, she kept to her work.

The field of usefulness widened before her. She became a band-leader and class-leader, and she was a wise, faithful, loving guide to the souls committed to her charge. She was led a step further, and became a public speaker. Such was her good sense and modesty that no harm resulted to her or to religion. Of her discourses Mr. Wesley said: "Her words are as a fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all that hear." Judging by the fruits of her ministry, Mr. Wesley was right in saying she had "an extraordinary call."

There was a romantic beauty attending her marriage to Mr. Fletcher in 1781. They had met twenty-five years before. Because of her large fortune, he had refrained from addressing her at that time; but on both their hearts impressions were made that time had not effaced. Now, when her fortune was reduced, and no imputation of a mercenary motive could be made by even the most suspicious, he wrote to her avowing the regard which had so long been locked as a secret in his breast. His suit was not repulsed, for his image had never left her faithful heart. They were married, and no happier union has existed since the primal

pair were wedded in paradise. It was a union of souls born for each other, and tuned alike to elevated thoughts, heavenly affections, and holy desires. Her sphere of action was enlarged, and his ministry received from her fresh inspiration and power. Three short years of perfect conjugal felicity passed, when, by the death of Fletcher, she was again left alone. During thirty years of "solemn, awful widowhood," she celebrated prayerfully the returning anniversaries of their marriage, which happened to be also her own and his birthday, and the day of his death. On the twenty-eighth anniversary she wrote: "Nov. 12, 1809. —Twenty-eight years this day, and at this hour, I gave my hand and heart to John William de la Fletchere. A profitable and blessed period of my life. I feel at this moment a more tender affection toward him than I did at that time, and by faith I now join my hand afresh with his." Her long widowhood was not spent in solitude, morbidly nursing her sorrow for the dead. Her house was "an inn for the Lord's people;" many resorted to her for religious counsel and comfort; she kept up an extensive correspondence; she held regular religious meetings that were largely attended; and she was a visitor and unfailing helper of

the poor and the sick. She saved that she might give. For her own apparel she never spent more than twenty dollars a year. "She never heard of a case of distress without relieving it, if in her power," said one who knew her well. Many were brought to Christ by her, and the whole region round about her was blessed by her influence. She was happy in God, and "walked with him in white" to the end.

Such entries as this in her dairy show what was the usual temper of her soul: "I leave all in thy dear hand, my adorable Lord, and only long for a deeper plunge into God."

In the still hour between midnight and day-break, December 9, 1815, she died. The Bridegroom came, and found her ready and waiting. The friend who watched in her sick-chamber, no longer hearing her breathe, approached the bedside, and found that the end had come. "When I first undrew the curtain, and saw her dear head dropped off the pillow, and looking so sweetly composed, I could not persuade myself the spirit was fled till I took her in my arms, and found no motion left. I then perceived the moment she had so much longed for had arrived—the happy moment when she should gain the blissful shore."

A figure stout yet elastic, features uneven yet pleasing and beaming with the vivacity of her French blood; the chin that of a woman who could take hold and hold on to what she approved; a beautiful mouth, the full lips seeming ready to break out in gracious speech; the large, expressive eyes lighting up the whole face, the irregular curve of the eyebrows and short and peculiarly arched forehead giving a touch of singularity to the whole—Mary Bosanquet smiles on us serenely and sweetly from the heights whence she beckons to the women of Methodism to follow on to know the Lord in the strength of an unwavering faith, and in the fullness of perfect love



Francis Asbury.

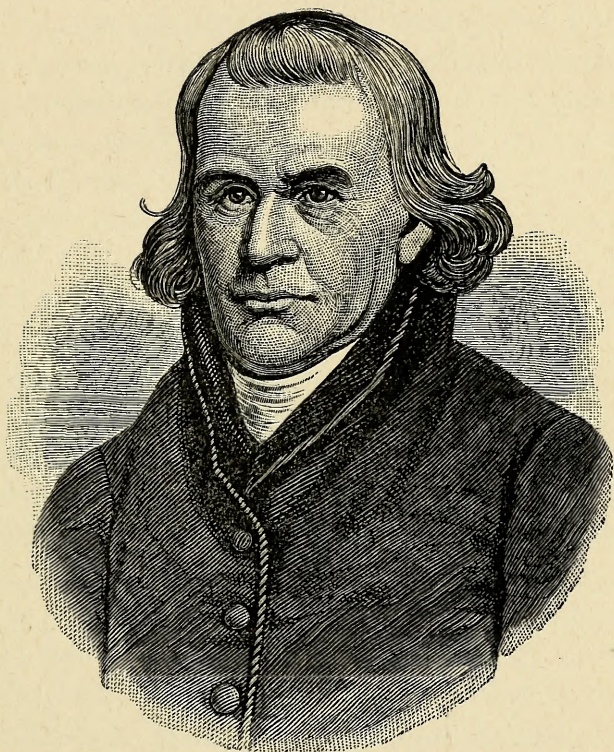
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HERE he goes—an embodied itinerancy, a bishop whose episcopal throne is in the saddle, whose diocese is a continent.

There he goes—a bishop on horseback, climbing the hills, swimming the creeks and rivers, threading the forest trails, plashing through the prairie mud, drenched by the rains, buffeted by the winds; riding on, winter, spring, summer, and autumn—riding on for forty-five years, preaching sixteen thousand five hundred sermons, traveling two hundred and seventy thousand miles, presiding in two hundred and twenty-four Annual Conferences, and ordaining four thousand preachers.

There he goes—going was his passion. Natural bent in his case was sanctified to the attainment of the gracious purpose of God. The genius that would have made a world-traveled adventurer by divine grace made a world-revered apostle. The search for souls was the spring of an intenser activity than the search for new scenes and undiscovered lands.



FRANCIS ASBURY.

There he goes—thus the Church will always look at him. His name can scarcely be associated specially with any particular spot of earth, for his tireless feet tarried not at any one place longer than was necessary to speak his message. The regions beyond had a charm for him that lured him on. The sinner that nobody else had found was the one to whom he felt called to go to, and whom he tracked with unflagging steps until he overtook him and told him that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

There he goes—and there he will be going as long as the Alleghanies stand on their rocky foundations and the Gulf breezes stir the magnolia blooms in the South. Invisible to the bodily eye, yet present in the inspiration of his grand and heroic life, he still rides by the side of the men of God who carry the gospel into the wilderness-places; and he will be thus riding with them until the last round is made on the last circuit, and the angel-reapers shall come to gather in the final harvest.

He was born August 20, 1745, in Staffordshire, England, “of amiable and respectable” parents. He was converted at an early age, his godly mother being the chief human agent in the gracious work. At seventeen he was a

class-leader and local preacher. "My mother," he says, "used to take me with her to a female meeting which she conducted once a fortnight for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and giving out hymns." Soon he was exhorting, and then it was but a short time before he began to preach. At twenty-one he entered the regular work as a traveling preacher. This was a quick movement, but the guiding and helping hand of God is visible in it. He was called to a great work, and he ripened for it rapidly. The harvest was white for his coming across the sea.

He felt inwardly moved to go to America, but hesitated, "being unwilling," he said, "to do my own will, or to run before I was sent." He waited for the word.

When a call was made at the Conference held at Bristol in 1771 for preachers for America he offered himself. Mr. Wesley, reading rightly the quiet young preacher, accepted him. He arrived in America October 7, 1771, and was heartily welcomed by the little handful of Methodists. His ruling passion exhibited itself at the start. "My brethren," he says, "seem unwilling to leave the cities, but I think I shall show them the way." He organized a new circuit, "embracing a large region of coun-

try around New York, and kept the gospel sounding through it all winter; preaching in log-cabins, in court-houses, in prisons, and even at public executions, though but rarely in churches; for, including Strawbridge's log-hut, there were as yet only three Methodist preaching-houses in all North America."

Verily he showed them the way. The next year, despite his youth, he was placed by Mr. Wesley at the head of his preachers in America.

He was ordained bishop when he was thirty-nine years old, when there were less than fifteen thousand members and but eighty preachers in the Methodist Church. He organized the entire work into one episcopal circuit, over which he traveled once or oftener every year. This circuit grew, and he grew with it. His plans were constantly enlarged, and his executive ability developed to meet every emergency.

The growth of a great man and the growth of a great movement present a study of peculiar interest. This man and the movement he led expanded together until he became the grandest figure, and that movement the grandest, in the religious history of the New World.

In him were combined the qualities that fitted him for the leadership to which he was called. He was an unepauleted general of the

army of the Lord. Self-poised, calm, indomitable, planning and executing quickly, with keen insight into character, he had in him the elements that make great captains. His words were few, and went direct to the mark. He took the straightest line, both in speech and action. A rigid disciplinarian, he had a method in doing every thing. There was a touch of sternness in his temper that might have been repellent but for his unaffected humility. His presence was most impressive and inspiring. "Who of us," said one of his co-laborers, "could be in his company without feeling impressed with a reverential awe and profound respect? It was almost impossible to approach him without feeling the strong influence of his spirit and presence. There was something in this remarkable fact almost inexplicable and indescribable. Was it owing to the strength and elevation of his spirit, his dignity and majesty of his soul, or the sacred profession with which he was clothed, as an ambassador of God, invested with divine authority? But so it was; it appeared as though the very atmosphere in which he moved gave unusual sensations of diffidence and humble restraint to the boldest confidence of man."

He led the hosts he commanded. No man

was required by him to do or dare any thing from which he himself would have shrunk. If he appointed his fellow-itinerants to hard circuits, his own was the largest and hardest of all. If he condemned all softness and ease-seeking in others, his own example was in keeping with his words. When his appointments of the preachers were "read out" at an Annual Conference, he started at once on his rounds. The dissatisfied preacher went to the place assigned him—there was no alternative or appeal. It was easier to go to the hardest place than it was to overtake the flying bishop! Such a leader will be obeyed in the exercise of legitimate authority. A mere bureau bishop in his place at that day would have been as useless as a wooden image of a man. He was absolutely fearless. Though at times a little tinged with melancholy, and given to introspective broodings, he was almost incapable of discouragement. If he had seasons when burdened with the care of all the churches he felt lonely and depressed, he gave no sign of it to the others; he carried his griefs and anxieties to God, and bravely faced the world. Once, toward the end his life, he spoke of his trials in these pathetic words: "Ah! often has my heart been overwhelmed during my forty years'

pilgrimage in America. And if I had been a man of tears I might have wept my life away; but Christ has been a hiding-place, a covert from the stormy blast; yea, he has been the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Here," says the narrator, "his voice trembled a little, his lips quivered, and the tears started from his half-closed, clear blue eye." Solemn and dignified in his manner, with a sonorous and commanding voice, and possessing that unction from the Holy One which is more to the pulpit than any thing else, he was a preacher of great power, his discourses at times being attended with an eloquence "which spoke a soul full of God, and, like a mountain torrent, swept all before it."

He was mighty in the Scriptures. He learned Greek and Hebrew on horseback. A professor in a modern Biblical school might have given him some points in scholarship, but he dug deep into this mine of heavenly riches, and became a masterly expounder of the Bible.

He was specially endowed with the praying gift, if it may be so called. Prayerfulness was his most characteristic quality. He prayed so much in secret that his soul was always tuned for leading public devotions. In prayer he received divine illumination in the study of

the sacred oracles; on his knees he sought and found strength to bear the heavy burdens, guidance amid the perplexities and comfort under the sorrows of his life. Prayer was his recreation. From the place of secret prayer he went into the pulpit with his face shining like that of Moses when he came down from the mount where he had talked with God, and the awe-struck multitude felt strangely moved while he spoke to them the word of life. On his journeys he would pray in a humble cabin with such sweetness, tenderness, and power that his visit was remembered as a benediction, and the tradition is handed down to children's children. By the way-side, yielding to a sudden impulse, he kneeled down and prayed for a negro ferryman, and twenty years afterward, meeting him again, found that his impromptu prayer was blessed to the saving of a soul. This is the key to his wonderful career; through the channel of prayer the supernatural element flowed into the life of this man of God, and flowed out again in blessing to the world. God was with him, and wrought mightily by his hand because he waited daily at his feet in prayer for power from on high. Maintaining this expectant, receptive attitude toward the Pentecostal promise, his soul en-

joyed its perpetual fulfillment. As long as his successors shall follow his example in this regard, the hosts of our Israel will not halt in their triumphant march, and the pillar of cloud shall lead them by day and the pillar of fire by night.

He never married. He chose a single life as best suited to his peculiar work as a pioneer bishop; and if there was any memory of an early dream of love it was a secret locked in his own breast. This playful entry in his journal indicates his view of matrimony as it applied to his own case: "I have read Adam Clarke, and am amused as well as instructed. He indirectly unchristianizes old bachelors. Woe is me!" The Church was his bride. He had no fixed home on earth, and no woman, however devoted or heroic, could have kept up with him in his journeys on horseback over the continent. His successors, with the exception of McKendree, have not followed his example in this matter. His course was best for him. But a study of the lives of the bishops who have come after him will make it plain that much of this personal religious growth and power was owing to the influence of their faithful, patient, self-denying wives.

He preached his last sermon in Richmond,

Va., March 24, 1816; on March 31 he died in Spottsylvania county, in the same State, and the journey of the matchless itinerant ended.

A medium sized man, erect, compact, and sinewy, with a ruddy complexion, lips full and firm; a massive under-jaw and square, military chin; a nose short and flattish, with the swelling nostril that indicates spirit and power; deep blue eyes that now flashed keen, quick glances, and anon seemed to be fixed in high abstraction; a forehead broad but not high, the silver hair falling negligently about the kindly yet rugged face—that is Francis Asbury, the typical itinerant, the bishop on horseback, who will ride at the head of the advancing columns of American Methodists until they shall be disbanded, when the final victory of the militant Church shall bring the kingdoms of this world under the dominion of the risen, reigning Son of God.



Robert Strawbridge.

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BLESSINGS on this free-hearted, lively, uncalculating, dauntless, generous Irishman, the first of a noble race—the race of American Methodist church-builders! Blessings on his true-hearted, self-denying wife! And blessings on his successors! The wilderness has been made glad for them, and the desert made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. He typed many of his tribe, having more faith than thrift, and being more anxious to build a house for the Lord than for himself. He had more enterprise than prudence, and did not count the cost as carefully as he might have done. In this particular his successors have often followed him too closely. But the Lord was with his zealous servant, and from every difficulty in which his enthusiasm involved him he was happily delivered. He was a genuine enthusiast, feeling that what ought to be done could be done. Methodism was burned into his Irish heart in the fervent heat of the great revival in Ireland, and it stood the test



ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE.

of transportation across the ocean. It was still burning in his heart when he landed in the New World in the year 1760. By some law of affinities he found his way to Maryland, and settled with his patient wife on Sam's Creek, within a few miles of Baltimore. Here he tilled the earth and preached the gospel. He at once opened his own house as a preaching-place—a procedure which has been imitated by many who, in the settlement of our Western country, have thus transformed their humble log-cabins into temples for the worship of the Lord God Almighty. His congregations were large. There was a charm and a power in the eloquence of this irrepressible Irishman, whose brogue was just strong enough to give emphasis to his pronunciation and a musical roll to his voice. The best English spoken on earth is that of an educated Irishman; and from the lips of even a half-educated one it often flows forth with peculiar sweetness, pathos, and power. And there was another attraction: he preached and prayed extemporaneously without printed book or manuscript. This was then a novelty in Maryland, where the liturgy of a sleeping, dying Church was droned and dragged through wearily at the regular places of worship.

There was an awakening on Sam's Creek. A fire was kindled that was to spread over the continent. A society was organized consisting at the start of twelve or fifteen persons. This, says Bishop Asbury, was "the first society in Maryland and America." Methodism here struck its roots into a rich and kindly soil, and has since grown into a mighty tree whose branches have spread east, west, north, and south.

He was a better preacher than farmer. A man who has a call to the ministry ought to preach better than he can do any thing else. The ability to preach is a part of the proof that preaching is his proper calling. When a man tries to preach and cannot, there is a mistake somewhere. The Lord never requires a man to do what he is unable to perform.

The work thus begun grew, and other societies were formed in the adjacent regions—fires lighted in the midst of surrounding spiritual darkness.

In 1764 he built a log meeting-house near his home—THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN AMERICA. Great crowds of hearers, white and black, congregated here, to whom their God-commissioned spiritual instructor and guide preached the word of life with the power of

the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. His careful, thrifty wife, by severe economy and hard work, aided by the friendly neighbors, kept the family from starving. Nothing beyond this is recorded of this woman—her Christian name is not even mentioned in any record we have seen—but if ever American Methodism should erect a statue in honor of the builder of the first Methodist church in America, this quiet, uncomplaining little woman should stand in monumental marble by his side.

There was a little irregularity in this work, but the Lord did not withhold his blessing. It is his pleasure that souls should be saved irregularly rather than that they should be lost. The zealous preacher undertook to baptize the children and to celebrate the Lord's Supper, which at that time were regarded as the exclusive functions of the regular clergy. This brought him in collision with the iron-willed and tenacious Asbury; but the good sense of the one and the good nature of the other obviated any serious consequences.

The ministry of this volunteer evangelist was a reproductive ministry—another strong proof that it was of God. Four or five preachers were raised up who dispensed the gospel as best

they could on the Sabbath, working for *their* daily bread on the other days of the week. It was, strictly speaking, a lay ministry with lay helpers, springing up providentially under peculiar conditions, and furnishing one of innumerable examples that disprove the assumption that the Church of Christ is dependent, either for its organic life or spiritual potency, upon an unbroken tactual succession of ecclesiastical functionaries. The log-cabin, on Sam's Creek, in which a man of God, with lips touched with holy fire, preached the pure gospel to men and women born of God and baptized with the Holy Ghost, was more truly the house of the Lord than the grandest cathedral on earth in which surpliced formalists recite lifeless words to listless pews.

In 1766 a wealthy Marylander, Capt. Charles Ridgely, gave our pioneer church-builder a life-lease of a good farm, and thus the toils of the noble wife were lightened, and the ardent preacher exulted in the privilege of preaching a free gospel untrammelled.

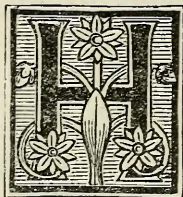
Straight and well-formed, arrayed in loose-fitting garments of clerical cut; a face overflowing with good humor, the lines of the mouth rather lacking in decision; well-formed nose, laughing eyes, ears small and finely

shaped, hair combed back from above a rather low forehead, and hanging in negligent curliness about his head; the whole *tout-ensemble* that of an easy-going, amiable, sunny-souled, magnetic man, knowable and lovable by all sorts of people—Robert Strawbridge stands before us, the man who, in building a house for the Lord in his new home in the New World, built himself a monument that will last as long as Methodists shall continue to build churches and preach a free salvation to the world.



Thomas Webb.

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His title is Captain Webb. By it he will be known and honored as long as Methodism has a name and a place in the earth. He helped to lay its foundations in America in troublous times, and his name is indelibly engraved on the corner-stone of the grand superstructure.

He was of good family, and inherited a considerable estate. The first distinct glimpse we get of him he was a young captain in the British army. He was one of the gallant force that stormed Louisburg, planting the cross of St. George upon its ramparts, after a desperate conflict. It was a glorious day for the British troops, but it cost him dear. A bullet hit him in the right eye in the midst of the fight, and destroyed it. Lying among the wounded and the dead when the battle was over, he heard himself called dead, but was able to deny it, and in a few weeks was again on duty. He fought by the side of Washington at "Braddock's defeat." Both escaped that



THOMAS WEBB.

terrible day, God having other work for them to do. Four years later he was among the heroes that scaled the heights of Abraham with the immortal Wolfe, and was again wounded—this time in the arm. When peace was declared he returned to England minus an eye and covered with what the world calls glory.

Under a sermon preached by Mr. Wesley at Bristol in 1765 he was awakened. He had a long and painful struggle before his proud and fiery spirit yielded to be saved by grace. But when he did surrender, he did so with soldier-like completeness. He kept back nothing, and his perfect surrender was followed by perfect acceptance. His consciousness of sins forgiven was undoubting and joyful. He enlisted for life as a soldier of Jesus Christ, and henceforth his battles were to be fought with other than carnal weapons. With all the ardor of a generous and enthusiastic nature he threw himself into the Methodist movement that was putting a new element into the religious life of England. Without delay he joined the Methodist Society at Bristol. He found among them the fellowship that was congenial to his nature and the means of grace that nourished the new life in which he rejoiced with exceeding joy. His frank, buoyant

nature luxuriated in the theology, the social life, and the aggressive energy of Methodism as it then was, in the bloom and freshness and sweetness of its first days of triumph.

It was not long before the rejoicing soldier made an important discovery—he found that God had called him to preach the gospel. Entering a Methodist congregation at Bath, and finding that the expected preacher had failed to appear, he went forward to the altar in his regimentals, and spoke to the people with such power and pathos that there was a great stir among them. His own Christian experience was his theme, and as it was poured forth in an impetuous torrent from his glowing heart, it swept his hearers on with him in a resistless tide of feeling.

Wesley was not slow in discerning this new light that had suddenly appeared in an unexpected quarter. The great leader loved to enlist military men in the work of the Church—he knew that the discipline, the obedience, and the courage characteristic of the true soldier, when turned to the nobler service of the Captain of our salvation, made them successful leaders in his army. He soon gave him a preacher's license, and sent him forth an accredited minister of Jesus Christ. His labors

were crowned with success from the start. The people heard the bluff soldier with delight, and caught fire from contact with a spirit so ablaze with holy zeal. They trembled under his fiery fulminations, and wept with him as he portrayed the unutterable sorrows of the Son of God, who loved the world and gave himself for it. "The Captain is full of life and fire," said Wesley, after hearing him preach. The secret of his power was the old secret ever new—he was a man of prayer. "He wrestled," said an intimate friend, "day and night with God for that degree of grace which he stood in need of, that he might stand firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke, and he was favored with those communications from above which made him bold to declare the whole counsel of God. His evidence of the favor of God was so bright that he never lost a sense of that blessed truth, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." It is the old story—he wrestled and prevailed. The wrestlers only are the conquerors. The preacher must prevail with God in the closet before he will be able to prevail with men in the pulpit.

The divine hand was plainly visible in the next important turn in his life. In 1776 he was sent to Albany, New York, in charge of the

barracks where the British soldiers were stationed. He was specially needed in America just then, and his coming was one of the many coincidents that mark the providential character of the events connected with the planting of Methodism in America. Hearing that there was a small band of Methodists in New York, he soon paid them a visit. The little company assembled in Philip Embury's house were surprised and somewhat frightened when a British officer in full uniform entered the room. But their astonishment and alarm gave way to joy when he made himself known to them. His ability as a preacher, his strong character, and his money at once put him in the lead among them. The situation suited the zealous, generous soldier. He had little to do as a barrack-master, and the whole country was before him as a field of evangelical labor. He took an active part in obtaining the site for the John Street Church, and headed the subscription with a liberal sum. While the church was being built he visited Philadelphia, where he organized a Methodist society, and collected money for the John Street Church. In 1779 he was again in Philadelphia, and aided Mr. Pilmoor and the society in the purchase of St. George's Church, to which he himself was a liberal con-

tributor. He extended his labors to New Jersey, Delaware, and Baltimore, stirring the people by his powerful appeals, inspiring them by his unfailing courage, and giving substantial help to the initial enterprises of American Methodism by the free and judicious use of his money. The work of the Lord was a luxury to him, and he was willing to pay for its enjoyment. He has had some successors in this line of things—men and women who have given themselves and their substance wholly and gladly to the service of Christ, thus exhibiting indisputable proof that the splendid ideal of Christian character presented in the New Testament was not the dream of enthusiasts in a by-gone age, but a picture, painted by the Holy Spirit, whose living reality shall adorn the Church and bless the world until the glory and honor of the nations shall be brought into the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God.

In 1772 he returned to England for the purpose of securing men and money for the work of Methodism in America. He preached in London, Dublin, and other places, eliciting a deep interest in behalf of the work in America. At the Conference at Leeds he made a thrilling appeal for recruits. The next year

(1773) he came back to America, bringing with him two devout and able men, Rankin and Shadford. He made a special effort to bring over Joseph Benson, but failed—that wiry and brainy little giant felt no call to cross the Atlantic. The zeal of the soldier-evangelist burned as intensely as ever, and his popularity as a preacher was unabated. Great crowds thronged to hear him. John Adams—afterward President of the United States—heard him at St. George’s, and said: “In the evening I went to the Methodist meeting, and heard Mr. Webb, the old soldier, who first came to America under General Braddock. He is one of the most fluent, eloquent men I ever heard.”

An event which changed the destinies of mankind brought his ministry in America to a close. The war of the American Revolution broke out, and America “became too hot” for the frank, warm-blooded British soldier. He had done his work. Bidding a reluctant farewell to America, he left forever the land which had been the theater of the most thrilling incidents of his eventful life.

After his final return to England he traveled and preached in his military dress, and scattered his money with a liberal hand. We sus-

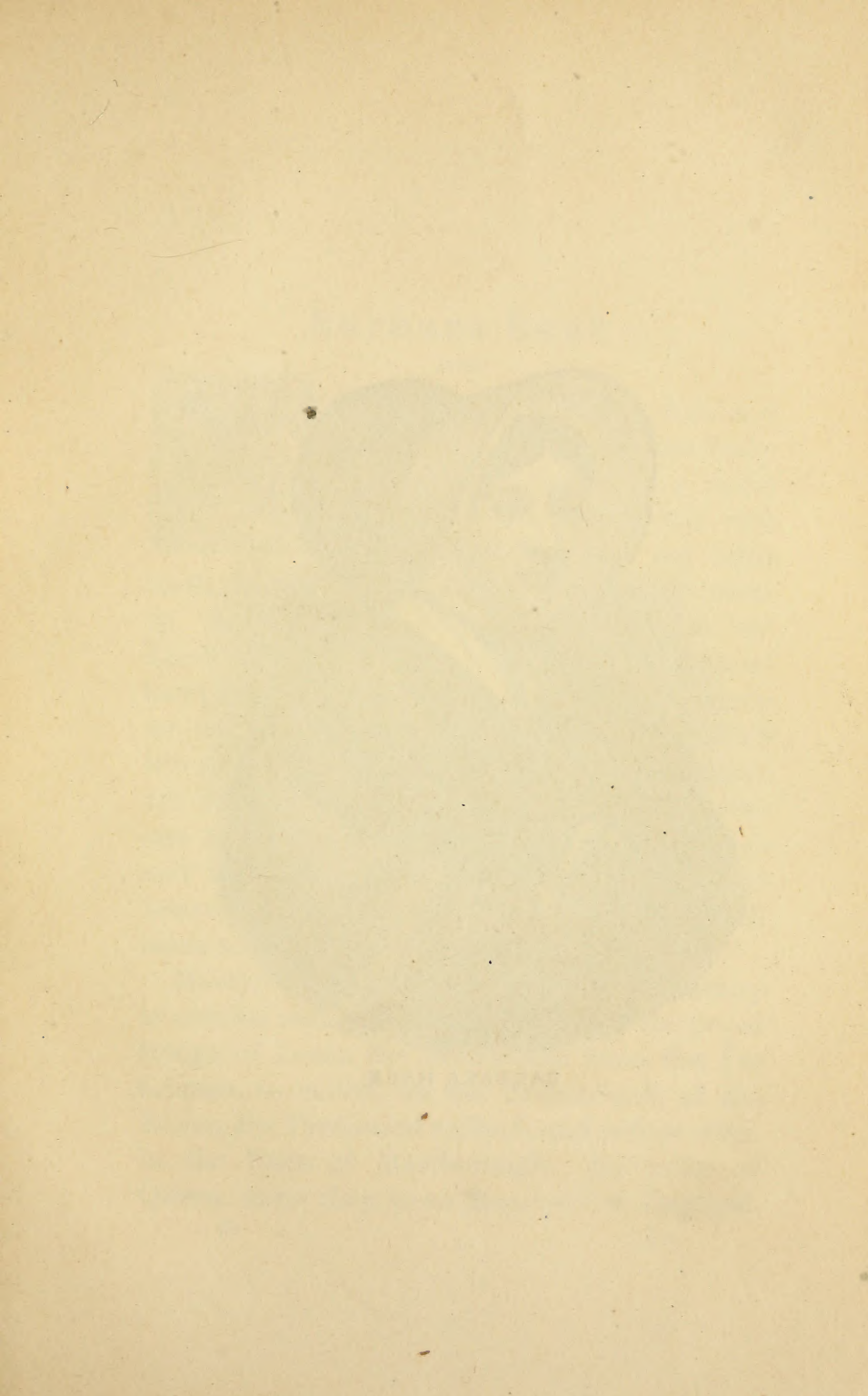
pect there was a slight vein of eccentricity in his large, brave, liberal nature. The red coat in the pulpit was a novelty that attracted a class of hearers who listened, wept, repented, and believed under his preaching. His noble presence and commanding voice were admired by military men, and many a soldier of King George was led by him to become a soldier of Jesus Christ. His head-quarters were at Bristol, where he was a chief instrument in the erection of the Portland Street Chapel.

Like a shock of corn, fully ripe, he was taken to his reward on high in his seventy-second year. He died suddenly, July 20, 1796. He took his supper and went to bed at ten o'clock, in his usual health. In less than an hour he was in the world of spirits. He had expressed a presentiment that his departure would be sudden, and we may be sure the old Captain was ready, and went sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

A sturdy, thick-set, full-chested man, of erect military carriage, clad in flaming British army uniform, with just a little of the self-asserting manner that indicates that he will insist on being heard when he has something to say; his face about equally expressive of benevolence and determination; his one good eye beaming

kindly, and the other veiled with a green shade; the bald head, nearly as round as a bullet, swelling a little where the organ of veneration is supposed to be located; and with plenty of pugnacity and driving-force behind his ears—this is Captain Webb, the bluff, brave, fiery yet tender soldier-saint, who will have a place among the noble historic figures that crowd the canvas in the Centenary picture until the last battle of the militant Church shall have been fought, and the last victory won.







BARBARA HECK.

Barbara Beck.

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NOT a musical name—it does not belong to a heroine of the fashionable type; but it is a name that American Methodists will not let die. She had not high birth, wealth, genius, nor extraordinary beauty. She had simple-hearted fidelity to her Lord. This opened to her the gate of opportunity, and placed the nimbus of saintly glory on her brow. This humble, loving woman's life writes in illuminated letters the lesson we are so slow to learn, that faithfulness is the one condition of successful Christian service and the guarantee of the fullest measure of reward when the Lord of the vineyard shall come to reckon with his servants.

Martyr-blood was in her veins. The history is curious and romantic. Driven by the papal troops of Louis the Fourteenth from the Palatinate, so called, on the French side of the Rhine, the Protestant exiles found refuge within the lines of Marlborough. By order of Queen Anne they were dispersed in England,

Ireland, and America. A little company of the refugees found their way to Balligarrane, near Limerick, and in due time the Methodists found their way to them—they will find their way to all the world sooner or later. These brave, liberty-loving, Bible-reading people were quickly responsive to the touch of Methodism. It suited the genius of a people with such a history. They accepted its doctrines as harmonizing with the teaching of their well-read Bibles, and in its peculiar usages they thought they had found again the means of grace that were enjoyed by believers in those glorious first days after the Pentecost, when the dew of its youth was upon the primitive Church.

By a singular stroke of Divine Providence the descendants of these expatriated Protestants were destined to bear an important part in the work of planting Methodism in America. "On a spring morning in 1760," says an Irish writer, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the custom-house quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were Palatines from Baligarrane, and were ac-

accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'Farewell' for the last time. The vessel arrived safely in New York on the 10th of August, 1760. Who that pictures before his mind that company of Christian emigrants leaving the Irish shore but must be struck with the simple beauty of the scene? Yet who among the crowd that saw them leave could have thought that two of the little band were destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live as long as the sun and moon endure? Yet so it was. That vessel contained Philip Embury, the first class-leader and local preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members."

Philip Embury had heard John Wesley preach in Ireland in 1752. He was converted on Christmas-day of the same year. "The Lord," he says, "shone into my soul, by a glimpse of his redeeming love, being an earnest of my redemption in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen." He was studious, honest-minded, and amiable, and was soon licensed as a local preacher. But he

was morbidly modest and timid, and on arriving at New York he became discouraged and ceased to preach to his countrymen, many of whom yielded to the temptations of a new country, and made shipwreck of faith. Late in the year 1765 another vessel arrived in New York, bringing over a number of other Palatine families, relatives and friends and neighbors of Embury. Mrs. Barbara Heck, who had been living in New York since 1760, often visited these families. Her eldest brother, Paul Ruckle, was one of the company. An incident occurred during one of these visits that in its far-reaching influence opened a new chapter in the history of the Church, and is felt to this hour. Entering the room she found a party playing cards. The spirit of the fearless woman was stirred by the sight, and forthwith with flashing eyes she seized the cards and threw them into the fire. This is a good example for all Methodist mothers. And if all of them had done likewise, many a noble boy would have been saved from the gambler's passion and the gambler's hell. Giving the card-players a warning and an exhortation that electrified them, she made her way straight to the house of Embury, who was her cousin. Her bearing was that of a prophetess. She

spoke under the afflatus of the Holy Spirit with such solemnity and power that his excuses were all beaten down, and he consented again to preach, and to begin at once. Giving him no time to react or recede from his promise, she opened her own house, went out and brought in four persons, she making the fifth. They sung and prayed and he preached. Then he enrolled them in a class and met them weekly—a happy circumstance for the little band who were making a fresh start in serving God. The Christian life is not likely to ravel and disintegrate when the conserving, strengthening power of the class-meeting is wisely and diligently employed. Embury's house proved too small for the hungry souls that were eager for the gospel; a larger room was procured, and without any compensation he preached to them a free and full salvation. The rent of the room was met by the gratuitous contributions of the people. Two small classes were soon formed, and the machinery of a regular Methodist society was put into operation. It is a significant fact that the next place at which we hear of Embury's preaching is the almshouse, where the Lord's poor heard the gospel with gladness of heart. Preaching to the poor will be one of the credentials of a true Meth-

odist preacher as long as Methodism has a mission to mankind.

The work grew rapidly. Captain Webb had come from Albany in his flaming scarlet uniform, and was stared at and listened to by the delighted crowds. The singing was of the kind that stirred their hearts—Charles Wesley's inspired lyrics being sung to tunes that rang like the peals of golden trumpets. The fellowship was hearty, for fashion had not then invaded the sanctuary, nor had the icy breath of pride congealed the warm current of brotherly love in Christian hearts.

All felt the need of a larger house. Our good mother in Israel had a dream. True, trusting heart! her waking thought shaped that nightly dream. But who will say that such a soul even in sleep could not be responsive to the touch of the Spirit? There have been such dreamers all along. She saw in her vision a large house, two stories high, built of stone, and she heard the words, "*I, the Lord, will do it.*" Doubtless some smiled when she told her dream, but the idea had taken hold of her and mastered her. It took hold of many others. After two days of solemn prayer and fasting the scheme for the new church was adopted. Captain Webb led the subscriptions

with the sum of thirty pounds; the paper was circulated freely; the names were obtained of nearly two hundred and fifty persons of all sorts, from the mayor and some of the regular clergy down to the Negroes without a surname. The house was built—Embury, who was a skillful carpenter, doing a good part of the work. The building was of stone, faced with blue plaster, sixty feet by forty-two. It was a glad day when Embury stood for the first time in the pulpit which his own hands had made, and preached the dedicatory sermon from Hosea x. 12: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." It was called Wesley Chapel—"the first in the world that ever bore that name." There was no gladder heart that day than that of the woman whose dream had thus come to pass.

The exact date of her death is not known. The gaze of the world at this time was directed to the more conspicuous actors upon the stage of human action. "She trained a pious family, and died in great peace," is the simple record of the Methodist historian. A volume could not say more.

A plump, well-shaped, elastic figure; a face

motherly and yet almost girlish in its joyousness of expression; features small and good, the nose just enough upturned to be becoming in a woman; eager, sparkling eyes with gracefully arched eyebrows; luxuriant dark-brown hair parted over a beautiful forehead and covering a small, well-formed head, wearing a bonnet coal-scuttle in shape yet not ungraceful in its effect; the whole giving you the impression of a nature thoroughly womanly and yet with a great reserve force of energy, passion, and power—Barbara Heck, “the mother of American Methodism,” returns our reverent and affectionate gaze with a look that seems to express her wonder that by simply doing her duty she has been given a place among the immortals.



Jesse Lee.

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TALWART, shrewd, dauntless, witty, eloquent Jesse Lee! He was so human that we love him heartily; he was so true that we believe in him fully; he was so grand a man that we yield him an admiration that only increases as the lapsing years throw around his noble figure their softening perspective. He came within a single vote of being made a bishop; but he is taller as he stands in his own unique individuality, without the office, than his less gifted but successful competitor on his official pedestal. With a frame of iron, the *bonhomie* of the typical Old Virginian, the sharpness of the typical Yankee, the rough-and-ready adaptation of the stump-orator, and the uncooling fervor of a soul in continual communion with God, he was just the instrument needed for the great work to which he was called—a work which took him North, South, East, and West, and demanded the exhibition of qualities as varied as the elements that composed the population of the

country, and a power of endurance possible only to the possessor of an iron will and nerves of steel.

He was born in Prince George county, Va., in 1758, of a good family. This was a time of religious depression in Virginia. The pulpit had no power, and the people had lost respect for a clergy most of whom were lifeless formalists, and many of whom were more or less tainted with the prevalent vices of the period. But there is one name that to this day seems to us like a green spot in this desert of religious declension. It is that of Devereaux Jarratt. He was a minister of the Church of England, then the established religion in Virginia. He was ordained in London in 1763, and came back to Virginia that year. He had caught the spirit of the new movement that was stirring and transforming the religious life of the British kingdom. His was a character of extraordinary beauty; his ministry was apostolic in its spirit, and its fruits made all the region round about bloom as the garden of the Lord. He preached five or six times a week, and traveled over a circuit five or six hundred miles in extent. The churches were crowded; where only seven or eight persons had partaken of the holy sacra-

ment multitudes penitently bowed at their altars to receive the memorials of the death and passion of the Son of God. It was a genuine revival of religion; many souls were converted — among them Nathaniel Lee, the father of the subject of this sketch. The conversion of the son soon followed that of the father. The boy had been previously taught the forms of devotion and the catechism. He was awakened by the remark made by his father: "*If a man's sins were forgiven him, he would know it.*" The words were as a nail in a sure place. "They took hold of my mind," he says, "and I pondered them in my heart." His mental distress was intense, for it was that genuine conviction by the Holy Spirit under which the pains of hell get hold of a sinner's soul. He fled to the solitude of the woods, he prayed in the open fields, he wept at times and at others grieved because he could not weep. For four weeks he kept up the struggle. One morning, while earnestly praying, the blessing came. "My whole frame," he writes, "was in a tremor from head to foot, and my soul enjoyed sweet peace. The pleasure I then felt was indescribable." Concealing the blessing, he partially lost it until, renewing his importunities with God, he received such a revelation of light and

love as left no room for doubt in his rejoicing soul.

The family soon after united with the Methodists, who had been organized into a society under the pastoral care of Robert Williams, the apostle of Virginia Methodism—the first Methodist preacher in America that married, the first that located, the first that died. The family residence was opened for preaching, and became one of the regular appointments of the newly formed circuit. The bright and ardent youth was powerfully and beneficially impressed by the Methodist preachers into whose society he was thus thrown. They were men of God, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. They preached a present, free, and full salvation, and their glowing zeal, consistent lives, and joyful experience attested the truth of their teachings. Revivals kindled and spread all over that region of country. Asbury himself came and took part in the work, and the excellent Jarratt—the connecting link between the darkness and deadness of uniformity and the new era of light and life—lent a helping hand, preaching, meeting the classes, holding love-feasts, and administering the Lord's Supper. Benedictions on his memory! There is at this hour a purer, sweeter life in thousands

of Virginia homes because of him, and the leaven of his evangelical influence still abides in the Church of which he was a burning and shining light in the days of its darkest eclipse. Formed amid such associations and influences, the religious life of young Lee developed rapidly and healthfully. In his eighteenth year he modestly but gratefully claims that he had the witness in himself that his soul was filled with the perfect love that casteth out all fear—and it seems certain that at this time he did receive fuller revelations of spiritual truth, and entered into a deeper experience of the things of God. Despite his youth, and a native diffidence that gave him much trouble at the start, he soon began to take an active part in the revivals that were sweeping like prairie-fires over the land. In his journal we find this significant entry: "March 8, 1778.—I gave my first exhortation at Benjamin Doles's." His ministerial evolution henceforth was rapid. He is next heard from as a class-leader in North Carolina, whither he had gone to manage the farm of a widowed kinswoman. Soon he was holding prayer-meetings in the neighborhood, and his powerful and pathetic exhortations melted the hearts of many. When he went back to visit his parents at the close of

the year, he was fairly launched upon the current that was to bear him on to the end. "In the close of the year," he says, "I went to visit my friends in Virginia, and was at meeting with them in different places, and exhorted them publicly, and with much earnestness, to flee from the wrath to come, and prepare for a better world. On Christmas-day we had a precious love-feast at my father's, where the Christians were highly favored of the Lord, and greatly comforted together in hearing each other tell of the goodness of God to their souls."

It was a trying episode to him when he was drafted into the army in 1780. As a Christian and preacher of the gospel he felt that he could not fight, and so he calmly declined to handle a gun, saying he could not kill a man with a clear conscience. He was put under guard, but deported himself with such Christian zeal, dignity, and good sense that the soldiers' hearts were won to him, and a rich field of usefulness opened to him in the camp. It was Saturday night when he was put under confinement, a Baptist preacher sharing his captivity. "After dark," he says, "I told the guard we must pray before we slept." After the Baptist brother had led the devotions, Lee told the people if they would come out early

in the morning he would pray with them. The soldiers brought him straw to sleep on, and offered him their blankets and great-coats for covering. He slept well, and says he felt "remarkably happy in God." The prayer-meeting was held next morning. "As soon as it was light," he says, "I was up and began to sing; some hundreds of people assembled and joined with me, and we made the plantation ring with the songs of Zion. We then knelt down and prayed; and while I was praying my soul was happy in God; I wept much and prayed loud, and many of the poor soldiers also wept." Later in the day he preached with great effect. He was, by the kindness of the colonel, exempted from other duty and put to driving a baggage-wagon, which he could do without any scruples of conscience. The army had penetrated into South Carolina with a view of forming a junction with General Gates, but the disastrous defeat of that officer near Camden spread dismay over the camp, and a retreat was ordered. On this retreat he found the roads thronged with men, women, and children flying before the enemy. The colonel rode to the side of the non-combatant soldier, and pointing to the defenseless crowd, some of whom were wounded, said: "Well,

Lee, don't you think you could fight *now*?" "I told him," he says, "I could fight *with switches*, but I could not kill a man." (Christendom will reach this altitude by and by, and Christian men will cease to kill their fellows.) He was honorably discharged in October, and took a straight line of march on foot to his father's house in Virginia. Others were left to fight the battles for American freedom—there was a different and a higher work waiting for him.

He now felt powerfully impelled to give himself wholly to the ministry, but hesitated from distrust of his fitness. With charming simplicity he tells us of an expedient that occurred to his mind for the settlement of the question that agitated his soul. He had thought of marrying. At that time matrimony was considered an effectual bar to the itinerancy. When a preacher married, he "desisted from traveling," or located. "I finally concluded," he says, "that I would change my state, supposing I should then be freed from these exercises. But when I made the attempt, I continued to pray, and pray in earnest, that if it was the will of God that I ever should be called to the itinerant field, I might not succeed, but by the intervention of some means be prevented." His prayer was answered—he was "pre-

vented." The woman he loved married somebody else, and he wedded the Church for time and eternity, and his spiritual children became a great company. How he took this turn in his affairs is not known, but he says that "matters turned out for his spiritual advantage." Doubtless they did.

He attended the Conference at Ellis's Meeting-house, in Sussex county, Va., held in April, 1772. Asbury had his eye on the tall and shapely young man. "I am going to enlist Brother Lee," he said to a group of preachers standing near. "What bounty do you give?" asked one of them. "Grace here, and glory hereafter," answered the heroic and laconic bishop. He was soon regularly in the field. He traveled and preached in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and New York. Great multitudes of people flocked to hear him. He was both a son of thunder and a son of consolation. He preached the terrors of the law with such intensity of feeling and such energy of delivery that strong men fell prostrate while he was speaking. He wept over lost sinners with such a mighty grief that the hardest hearts melted and yielded to be saved by grace alone. In the best sense of the word he was a revivalist;

the devotion of the Church was kindled into a brighter flame at his coming, and sinners were saved by scores and hundreds. He spent a month with Bishop Asbury in South Carolina in 1785—a memorable epoch in his history, both because of the direct influence received by him from this intimate association with that extraordinary man, and because it was while on this tour that he met a Massachusetts man who gave him such an account of New England as excited within him an irrepressible desire to go thither with the gospel according to Methodism.

In 1789 the event occurred which marked an epoch in his own life and in the history of American Methodism. He was appointed to New England. He went at once and opened his mission at Norwalk, in Connecticut. Unable to get a house in which to preach, he took his stand in the street, and preached from John iii. 7: "Ye must be born again." That was the key-note. He went from place to place, and there was a great stir. When the acid of his Arminian theology touched the alkali of the old Puritan dogmas, great was the effervescence. The churches were usually closed against him; but what cared he? His bugle-voice was better than any bell in gathering a

crowd to hear the gospel in the streets. The freedom of the open air suited the genius of the natural orator who touched every chord of emotion with a master-hand, melting his hearers to tears, or convulsing them with irrepressible laughter at will. "It was agreed," says one who heard him, "that such a man had not visited New England since the days of Whitefield." He was often treated rudely, but his imperturbable good nature, inimitable ready wit, and unfailing tact, and powerful logic enabled him first to conciliate and then to convince opposers. He reached Boston July 9, 1790. Presumptuous man! to think that Boston would hear a Virginia backwoodsman. No door was opened to him. But he had a message for Boston, and must deliver it. So he gave notice that he would preach on the Common on the afternoon of the next Sunday. Borrowing a table, he placed it at a convenient spot under the old elm, and at the appointed hour he mounted it and began to sing. A crowd collected. Kneeling on his table, he offered a short and earnest prayer. Two or three thousand persons stood before him. They listened quietly, many being deeply affected. Boston then, as in later times, was not indisposed to give a hospitable reception to new

ideas. The ideas presented that day took deep root in the minds of his hearers, and, more than all other influences, have contributed to save New England in its recoil from hyper-Augustinianism, from taking the fatal plunge into utter skepticism. The genius of the preacher and the charm of his doctrine took strong hold upon the people. He continued to preach to them during the greater part of the summer, and at length a Methodist house of worship was erected in a humble alley of the town. This house was built with money that Lee had begged in the South, and was paid to the builders with his own hands. This was the first Methodist Church in New England. New England Methodism is thus, in some sense, the child of Southern Methodism. May the white banner of peace float over them forever!

The fame of Mr. Lee spread all over the continent. He was often the companion of Asbury in his great episcopal and evangelical journeyings. Though differing in opinion at times, and coming once or twice into sharp collision, there was a strong bond of mutual admiration and affection between the sententious, keen-sighted, incisive bishop and his large-bodied, handsome, genial, and eloquent

companion in travel. They were supplementary to each other, and their coming was everywhere the signal for quickened movement and mighty victories.

At the third General Conference of the Church, held in Baltimore in May, 1800, another bishop was to be elected. Mr. Whatcoat and Mr. Lee were the candidates. On the first ballot there was no election; on the second there was a tie; on the third Mr. Whatcoat was elected by a majority of four votes. Lee's defeat was a disappointment, but left no cloud upon his soul. "I believe," he writes, "we never had so good a General Conference before; we had the greatest speaking and the greatest union of affections that we ever had on a like occasion." A soul as sweet as his does not acidulate when honor falls on another.

With ripened powers and unflagging zeal, he continued his work, preaching in New York and Philadelphia; revisiting New England; doing the work of a presiding elder in Virginia; participating in the first camp-meetings; revisiting the South; forming the first society in Savannah; serving as chaplain of the House of Representatives and of the United States Senate; writing a history of the Methodists; rendering valuable service in success-

ive General Conferences; and in many other ways he impressed his individuality on his generation.

He died September 12, 1816. His last text was 2 Peter iii. 18: "Grow in grace." The sermon was preached at a camp-meeting on the eastern shore of Maryland. For several days before his death his soul was filled with holy joy. "Give my respects to Bishop McKendree," he said, "and tell him I die in love with all the preachers." Among his last words were, "Halleluia! halleluia! Jesus reigns!" His dust sleeps in the old Methodist burying-ground at Baltimore, where an elegant shaft of Scotch granite, erected by his spiritual descendants in Boston, marks the sacred spot.

Towering in physical stature as an intellectual endowment above his contemporaries, deep-chested, straight as a yellow-poplar, with a face open as the day, an eye that flashed with fire or swam in tears according to the mood of the moment, with a kingly head; movements both in and out of the pulpit at once graceful and energetic; a voice of great power and extraordinary melody; and withal the orator's inspiration with its sudden flashes of illumination and tremendous bursts of passion—before us stands Jesse Lee, the full-grown Virginian, the

orator whose declamation stirred and whose pathos melted multitudes; the genius whose bubbling wit charmed every audience and refreshed every social circle; the God-commissioned apostle, who planted Methodism in New England to bloom in beauty and produce ever-increasing harvests as long as the snows shall lay white upon its mountains or the stars be reflected in the waters of its lakes.



William McKendree.

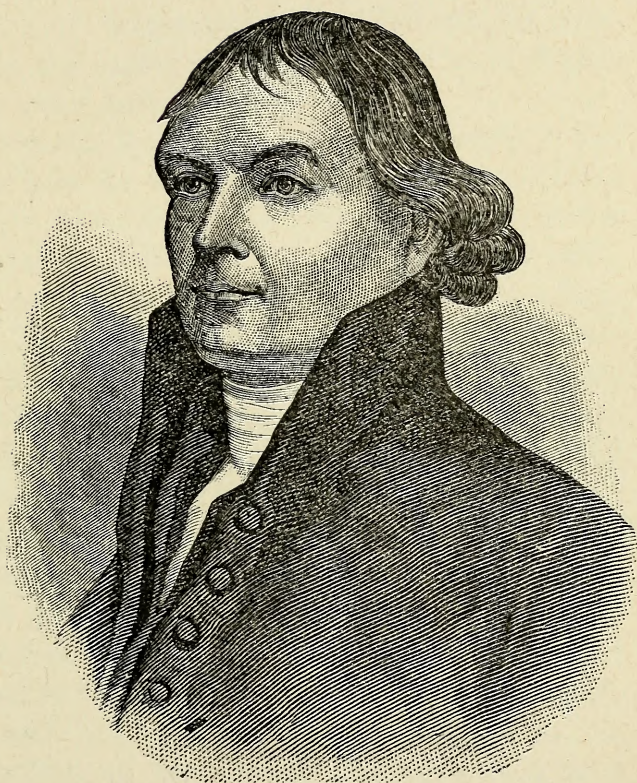
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WHILE many once brilliant lights have gone out, or are fading from the skies, he shines like a fixed star with undimmed splendor.

He was a man of God. The one quality that lifted him above the level of common men was his goodness. He walked among his fellows in the majesty of the most exalted Christian manhood. Living in habitual intercourse with his Lord, he diffused the aroma of heaven as he moved among men. It was not merely what he said and did, but what he was, that gave him leadership among his contemporaries and the love and admiration of posterity. He let his light shine before men—the reflected light of the indwelling Christ—and they glorified God in him.

He was a rounded man, equal to all occasions. Drawn on to any extent for any service, the draft was honored. All who came in contact with him received that impression of reserved power that so often attends true greatness. He dominated men who were seemingly



WILLIAM McKENDREE.

his superiors. They were more eloquent at times, they were wittier, they were more original. But somehow they fell to the rear, and he went to the front. Like a mountain he stood with unseamed bosom and sun-lit summit in the midst of lesser heights with sharpened cones and fissured sides.

He was a true ecclesiastical statesman. He knew how to wait on the growth of an idea, and he knew when the critical moment came to crystallize it into law. His aim was sure, and his hand was steady as he pulled the trigger. He knew the difference between legislative empiricism and the healthy development of a Church polity based on sound constitutional principles. His hand put in place heavy stones in the solid masonry of Methodism, and there they will remain. Methodism made him, and he in turn was, under God, a chief instrument in making Methodism what it is. Venerable servant of the Lord Jesus Christ and father of American Methodism, his fame brightens and his influence grows stronger as the swift-passing days bring the Church toward the close of its first Centenary.

He was born in King William county, Va., July 6, 1757. His family was respectable and moral, and remarkable for their strong domes-

tic affections. We get a glimpse of the mother, who was an invalid for twenty years, and it is the image of a woman of singular sweetness of temper, good sense, and acute sensibilities. She left her impress upon the son, to whom her memory was precious through life. The father was a quiet, good man. He made no noise in the world, but did his duty in a private sphere, and then died and went up to reap the reward of fidelity promised by his Lord.

The first deep religious impressions were made upon the mind of the thoughtful boy from reading the Bible. "A frivolous school-master," he says "laughed me out of all my seriousness." The Methodists came into the neighborhood, and his father and mother were converted. He says he was at that time "deeply convinced of sin, and resolved to set out and serve the Lord." But his good impressions wore off, and he became more worldly than before. A severe sickness checked his "thoughtless career." While lying at the point of death this question came into his mind: "If the Lord would raise you up and convert your soul, would you be willing to go and preach the gospel?" At this, he tells us, "nature shrunk, will refused, and I trembled when I found myself indisposed to prompt obedience." He

was raised from the jaws of death, and as his strength returned he lost sight of his danger, his resolution weakened, and he again relapsed into indifference.

The metal of his nature was hard, and it needed a hotter fire to melt it. The fitting instrument at length appeared. The mighty hand of John Easter was laid on him. On a certain Tuesday in 1787 he went to hear the great revivalist. The text was John iii. 19-22. "The word reached my heart," he says. "From this time I had no peace of mind; I was completely miserable. My heart was broken. A view of God's forbearance, and of the debasing sin of ingratitude, of which I had been guilty in grieving the Spirit of God, overwhelmed me with confusion. Now my conscience roared like a lion. I concluded that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and had thoughts of giving up all for lost. But in the evening of the third day deliverance came. While Mr. Easter was preaching, I was praying as well as I could, for I was almost ready to despair of mercy. Suddenly doubts and fears fled, hope sprung up in my soul, and the burden was removed. I knew that God was love—that there was mercy even for me, *and I rejoiced in silence.*" His cautious mind led him

to analyze closely the evidences that he was truly a converted man, and he was comforted with the witness of the Spirit. A larger blessing soon followed. "One morning," he says, "I walked into the field, and while I was musing such an overwhelming power of the Divine Being overshadowed me as I had never experienced before. Unable to stand, I sunk to the ground, more than filled with transport. My cup ran over, and I shouted aloud." Tided over thus into the deep water of a full salvation, his glad soul was swept out into the ocean of divine love, and never was stranded among the shallows again.

After painful misgivings and haltings, under an irresistible constraint of duty, he began to preach the gospel.

• Those were wonderful times in Virginia. That wonderful man, John Easter, swept from circuit to circuit like an evangelical whirlwind. The very earth seemed almost to tremble under the tread of this giant, whose faith, Elijah-like, seemed to control the elements themselves. Great multitudes were turned to the Lord. In Sussex Circuit about one thousand six hundred souls were converted; in Brunswick, about one thousand eight hundred; in Amelia, about eight hundred; and other lo-

calities were shaken as by a spiritual earthquake.

Under such conditions the young man took his first lessons as a preacher. He was admitted on trial at the Conference held at Petersburg, Va., the same year (1788), and he was appointed to Mecklenburg as his first circuit. For forty-eight years he traveled and preached. He began timidly, but he "saw fruit of his labors," and rapidly developed into a preacher of extraordinary ability. His gentle spirit and agreeable manners conciliated the good-will of all classes, while the depth of his piety made him an angel of light wherever he went. He spent much time each day on his knees, in reading the Bible, and in prayer. A single quotation from his diary will reveal the secret of his power with men and with God: "Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1790.—Early in the morning, spent an hour on my knees in fervent prayer, reading God's Word, and praising my adorable Saviour. It was a time of heavenly joys to my soul. From ten o'clock A.M. to half-past one o'clock I spent in wrestling, agonizing prayer. But surely God and his holy ones were all around me, heaven burst into my bosom, and glory filled my soul." Thus was kindled and fed the flame that

burned so brightly for nearly half a century, and whose illumination still gilds the sky. From the Blue Ridge to the sea-board he traveled and preached from year to year. Everywhere the Lord was with him in saving power, and the Church was edified and a multitude of souls converted. The only deflection from a straight line in his career was when he came for a short time under the influence of the gifted, erratic, and ill-fated James O'Kelly, by whom he was prejudiced against Asbury, and nearly turned away from his work as a preacher. It was characteristic of him that he informed Asbury that he had lost confidence in him. And Asbury's reply was no less characteristic of him: "I do not wonder at that, brother; sometimes we can see with our eyes; sometimes we can see only with our ears." Transparent, courageous souls! they knew each other better afterward, and became indissolubly united in love and in labor, as they are in the remembrance of a grateful Church.

In 1800 Asbury, who, by close contact with him, had come to know his worth, placed him in charge of the work in the West. The hand of God seems plainly visible in this event. It was during that year that the great revival in the Western country broke out—a work the

most extraordinary in some of its features in the whole history of the Church of God. Like a tidal-wave the revival rolled over the land. Vast crowds of deeply excited people attended the meetings, in which scenes of indescribable excitement were enacted. Camp-meetings sprung up as a necessity. With overwhelming power the revival spread, until the entire West was ablaze. The cool head and strong hand of the new presiding elder were needed. To guide the great work without crippling it, to share its enthusiasm, and yet restrain its tendencies toward fanaticism, was the providential function to which he was called. His sound judgment, strong will, and unfailing equanimity enabled him to rule these elements that were in such wild commotion. The work was organized and enlarged under his skillful and energetic administration. Nothing diverted him from his service for the Church. He never married, having, as he said, "no time for it." His undoubting faith, his unflagging energy, his great pulpit power, his purity of life, and his example of complete self-abnegation for Christ's sake, made him the apostle of Methodism in the West. His wise and far-reaching plans provided for the development of the work on lines of permanent progress.

He was elected to the office of bishop May 12, 1808. The election took place under the emotion excited by a sermon preached by him that was "like the sudden bursting of a cloud surcharged with water." Asbury, who was present, was heard to say that the sermon would make him a bishop—a result we may believe that was not unwelcome to him. During the period of twenty-seven years he filled this office his history is so identified with the history of the Church that the one could not be written without including the other. With Asbury he led the rapidly increasing hosts of Methodism until the death of the first great itinerant bishop laid upon his strong shoulders the burden of undisputed leadership. The Church grew and prospered, and he grew in the love and reverence of the people until he was everywhere greeted by them as a father.

He made his last appearance in the General Conference in 1832. "Leaning on his staff, his once tall and manly form now bent with age and infirmity, his eyes suffused with tears, his voice faltering with emotion, he exclaimed: 'Let all things be done without strife or vain-glory, and try to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace! *My brethren and children, love one another.*' Then spreading forth

his trembling hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, he pronounced, in faltering and affectionate accents, the apostolic benediction. Slowly and sadly he left the house to return no more."

He preached his last sermon in Nashville, Tenn., November 23, 1834, in "McKendree Church." At his brother's residence, in Sumner County, he died March 5, 1835. With almost his latest breath he said, "All is well," and the chariot of God bore him over the everlasting hills.

Nearly six feet high, erect, well-proportioned, with forehead high and broad, full, dark, expressive eyes, complexion of singular purity, all his features finely molded and harmonious; clad in a round-breasted coat, white neck-tie, a white, broad-brimmed hat; with a voice soft yet penetrating, strangely persuasive and musical—that is one picture of William McKendree, the first native-born American Methodist bishop, the consecrated believer, the inspired preacher, the wise legislator, the efficient administrator. There is another—the man of God on his knees with his open Bible before him, his rapt face illumined with the light reflected from Immanuel's face.

John Easter.

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GIANT - FRAMED, lion - hearted, burly John Easter! His colossal figure towered grandly as he trod the stage for a little season with the tread of a king. He was the first, and in some respects the mightiest, of all the mighty men of God who were the indigenous product and powerful propagandists of the new movement that was destined to give a new impulse and new direction to the religious life of this nation. Two of the bishops of American Methodism — William McKendree and Enoch George—were his spiritual children, and they bore the impress of his master-spirit to the end of their lives.

The effect of his preaching was indeed miraculous. Signs and wonders followed the word that fell from his burning lips. No greater marvels of divine power have been seen since the crucified and risen Christ gave the promise of the Spirit than attended the ministry of this man whose breath of fire ignited the elements

that were ready to kindle into holy combustion in that notable day of the Lord.

He was born in Mecklenburg county, Va.—the exact date of his birth is not known. His parents were among the earliest Methodists on the Brunswick Circuit, and “Easter’s Meeting-house” perpetuates their memory. Of his conversion and call to the ministry we have no exact record. He comes upon the scene suddenly, like another Amos, with the word of God burning in his soul. He wrote no diaries, and took no pains to hand down his name and deeds to after times.

During the nine years of his traveling ministry—beginning in 1782 and ending in 1791—he was in a continuous revival. Thousands of souls were converted by his instrumentality. There was a strange power about him. His touch left its impress for life. He prayed at the bedside of young McKendree — “not as men generally pray,” said that great man, “but in a manner peculiar to himself”—and under that prayer the soul of the bishop that was to be was “filled with joy,” and into his life entered a new element of power that it never lost. Enoch George came in contact with him, and was molded anew, and started upon his grand career.

Vast crowds attended his preaching, and often as he was speaking "the foundations of the place would seem to be shaken, and the people to be moved like the trees of the forest when shaken by a mighty tempest." At a single four-days' meeting held by him four hundred souls were converted to God. Entire neighborhoods were brought under his revival power, old and young, rich and poor, being swept into its mighty current. "When Mr. Easter spoke," says Bishop George, "his word was clothed with power, and the astonished multitude trembled, and many fell down and cried aloud. Some fell near me, and one almost on me; and when I attempted to fly I found myself unable." This power that prostrated strong men was the power of God unto salvation; for it raised them to newness of life, and made the Virginia forests and fields vocal with the rejoicings of glad souls born of God and bound for heaven. Yea, it was the power of God, for the fruits were abiding. The mighty voice of the great preacher is hushed, and he sleeps in a neglected grave, but his work still multiplies and perpetuates itself. The souls he touched touched thousands of other souls. The revival-wave that rose so high under his marvelous ministry rolled westward until it

reached the great Mississippi Valley. It still rolls on, and will roll as long as the waters of the Cumberland flow on to meet and mingle with those of the beautiful Ohio.

The power of this man was the power of faith. He took God at his word, seeing no place for doubt where he had given a promise. His seeming audacity was startling to many—"instead of praying," it was said, "he commanded God, as if the Lord was to obey man." Bishop McKendree relates this illustrative incident, of which he was an eye-witness: "While preaching to a large concourse of people in the open air, at a time of considerable drought, it began to thunder, a cloud approached, and drops of rain fell. He stopped preaching, and besought the Lord to withhold the rain until evening—to pour out his Spirit, convert the people, and then water the earth. He then resumed his subject. The appearance of rain increased—the people began to get uneasy—some moved to take off their saddles; when, in his peculiar manner, he told the Lord that 'there were sinners there that must be converted or be damned,' and prayed that he would 'stop the bottles of heaven until the evening.' He closed his prayer, and assured us, in the most confident manner, that we might

keep our seats—that it would not rain to wet us—that ‘souls are to be converted here to-day—my God assures me of it, and you may believe it.’ The congregation became composed, and we did not get wet; for the clouds parted, and although there was a fine rain on both sides of us, there was none where we were until night. The Lord’s Spirit was poured out in an uncommon degree, many were convicted, and a considerable number professed to be converted that day.” Bullies who came to his meetings to make trouble were abashed and slunk off, or remained to pray and be converted. When threatened with personal violence by one who brandished a club in his face, looking him straight in the eye, he calmly said: “I regard the spilling of my blood for the sake of Christ no more than the bite of a fly.” The ruffian, cowed and crestfallen, left him. Scoffers were silenced, opposers were won to Christ, great fear fell upon the ungodly, and the victorious people of God rejoiced with exceeding joy.

Having married a wife, he located in 1792—forced to do so to get bread for his family. This step cost the great-hearted preacher a keen pang; but he never lost his zeal. He was faithful and zealous to the end—“first for

souls, and second for bread," as he himself puts it.

A martyr-death closed his life. By over-taxing his strength in a protracted meeting in 1801, he was stricken with incurable disease of the lungs, and in a little while his strong frame succumbed, the great, heroic heart ceased to throb, and the trumpet-voice that had thrilled assembled thousands with the message of salvation was tuned to the melody of the new song in glory.



Robert Williams.

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HE was the apostle of Methodism in North Carolina as well as Virginia. In his spirit and methods he was typical of what North Carolina Methodism is unto this day—modest, true, steady, not careful about varnish on the surface, but fine-grained and sound through and through. He was the first Methodist preacher in America to print and sell books—and his spiritual descendants are still at it. He was the first Methodist preacher in America to marry—and his successors are still marrying. He was the first Methodist preacher in America to die—and it is needless to say that his successors keep on dying. His coming into a community was not attended with as much “observation” as some other men, but his footprints left a deeper and more lasting mark. He was an organizer—what he got he held, and what he held he molded into organic unity. The forces he brought together were drilled for occupancy and aggression. He was thus a true Methodist after the type of the founder of

Methodism. He worked as if he believed Methodism had come to this country to stay—and so it has done. From Cape Hatteras to Mount Mitchell in North Carolina, and from the Chesapeake Bay to the Ohio River in Virginia, the spires of Methodist churches point to the skies, and the songs of a vast and constantly swelling host of Methodists ring out as they march on to the goal of the prophetic promise that through the agency of the living Church of the living Christ the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to all nations, and then the end shall come. Steadfast, humble, toilsome, sweet-souled disciple of his Lord, he worked with no thought of fame or other earthly reward, but his name will kindle a glow in Christian hearts as long as Methodist men and women shall read the radiant pages that record the work and portray the nobility of their spiritual ancestry.

He came from Ireland to America in 1769. He had been a local preacher, but he felt his heart burn with love for souls across the sea. Mr. Wesley, who seems to have discerned the true gold in his composition, gave him authority to preach in America. He sold his horse to pay his debts, and set sail for New York—his “outfit” consisting of “a pair of

saddle-bags containing a few pieces of clothing, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of milk." A pair of saddle-bags! the noblest device in the heraldry of Christianity, the badge of an order of knighthood whose members travel all the lands of earth to seek and save perishing souls.

After preaching a little time in New York he started southward. He labored awhile with Strawbridge in Maryland, and next we find him in Norfolk, Virginia. No house there was open to him. So, taking his stand on the court-house steps, he began to sing. A wondering crowd gathered around him. When his song was ended he prayed, and then preached in such fashion that his hearers were amazed. Undaunted by difficulty, the faithful preacher continued to deliver his Master's message; the word took hold of the hearts of the people, and some were converted. Without delay a "society" was formed, and a church was built on or near the very spot where he first stood and sung and prayed and preached to the astonished rabble.

He next went over to Portsmouth, where, standing under the shade of two persimmon-trees, he preached the first Methodist sermon in that town. A persimmon-blossom, white

and fragrant, might be taken as the symbol of the Methodism that has spread from these humble beginnings until it has filled all Virginia and North Carolina with the odors of heaven. The word had free course in Portsmouth; some souls were converted; a warehouse was fitted up as a preaching-place; Methodism took root there, and abides to this hour.

In 1773 he went to Petersburg and "began to preach holiness of life." The people in Petersburg were not responsive to his message then and he could not tarry, for the word of the Lord was as a fire in his bones. Getting him a horse, he sallied forth into the adjacent country. God was with him. A wonderful work of grace broke out. The fire spread until it crossed the border into North Carolina, and from the James River to the Dan and the Roanoke the country was wrapped in a holy conflagration. The sacred fires are yet burning in all that beautiful region, and are fanned into a brighter flame by the hallowed and stirring memories of this Centenary year.

The multitude of his converts were duly taken into the Church by the fervent yet methodical evangelist, and "Brunswick Circuit" was formed, covering a territory so extensive

that three additional preachers were required to supply it next year. So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed under the ministry of this "plain, simple-hearted, pious man," whose best gift as a preacher was the intensity of the Christ-love that filled his trusting soul. Among his converts was a young man named Jesse Lee, whose volatile spirit was sobered and whose fiery heart was subdued by the power of God through the agency of this weeping prophet whose tears welled up from a heart yearning like that of his Lord over dying sinners. "It was common with him," says Lee, "after preaching, to ask most of the people some question about the welfare of their souls." The perfunctory preacher, if he should read this, will do well to pause and ponder these words.

Asbury, in his journal, under date of Baltimore, April, 1775, says: "I met with Brother Williams from Virginia, who gave me a great account of the work of God in those parts—*five or six hundred souls justified by faith, and five or six circuits formed.*" The italicized words give the key to the secret of the power and permanency of this man's work. His method was sound conversion and thorough organization.

Not content with what he could do directly, and with the instinct of a wise worker, he reprinted many of Mr. Wesley's books, "and spread them through the country," thus "giving the people great light and understanding in the nature of the new birth and in the plan of salvation," as a contemporaneous writer expresses it. Thus, it is added, "he opened the way for the preachers to many places where they had never been before." Lift your hats to the illustrious founder of the order of book-selling itinerants in America, whose saddlebags were portable book-stores, and who in their journeyings sowed seeds from which the fair flowers of piety and goodness sprung up to bloom along their shining pathway! It is to be hoped that the succession in this line will never fail.

He died peacefully September 26, 1775, and was buried by Bishop Asbury. No living person knows where to find his grave—every trace of it has been lost. But his dust sleeps in Virginia soil, and is watched by Him who is the resurrection and the life, and will come forth with a great company of his spiritual children in the day that shall bring the manifestation of the sons of God.

Philip Bruce.

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HE was of Huguenot blood—a descendant of that exiled race whose story is one of the most pitiful in the annals of time. Black lines should inclose the page that tells of their massacre on St. Bartholomew's-day, August 24, 1572. Fair France that day sowed the wind, and has since reaped the whirlwind. She tore out her own heart when she put the noble Coligny and his fellow-believers to the sword, and drove the remnant, peeled and broken, to other lands. It was a dark and tempestuous period, and though none can conceal from themselves this horror of history, the time has come when it can be viewed more calmly and more justly. There are signs visible to the eye of Christian faith that the long punishment is nearly past, and the time at hand when a new heart is to be put into the new nation that was born on the day when the Empire went down and the German banners waved in triumph over the field of Sedan. The Huguenots have been avenged. And may

we not hope that a nobler revenge awaits them—that their descendants in all lands will yet take part in the work of giving the new France the gospel of Christ, which will be to her people a new gospel full of awakening and regenerative power? Some of these children of the Huguenots will read these lines; if they have the spirit of Christ, their hearts will soften as they read, and yearn for the spiritual redemption of the great race to which they belong.

He was born near King's Mountain, in North Carolina, December 25, 1755. The family name was De Bruise, but a Scotch school-teacher changed it to Bruce—which was more musical to his true Scottish ear. The family had found its way to those beautiful Carolina hills, then a wilderness, where they breathed the air of freedom, tilled the earth, and hunted and fished and frolicked as they pleased. When once started, moral deterioration in new settlements is rapid. Evolution is downward, not upward, in the absence of the regular ordinances of religion. So it was in all the region lying along the border-line between the two Carolinas. Profanity, gambling, drunkenness, and kindred vices flourished. The regular clergy failed to penetrate into those then remote places, and even the forms of religion were disused.

The march of the Methodists over the continent had begun, and they took the King's Mountain country in their way. Though but a youth, Philip Bruce was one of the first to respond to their awakening touch. It is a little strange that no mention is made of the name of the preacher under whose ministry he was converted. No matter—it is written in that book from which nothing is omitted that enters into the life work of even the humblest servant of God.

The conversion of the vivacious, quick-witted youth was genuine—his whole nature and his whole life were turned to the Lord. It was soon evident that he had a call to the ministry. It is a touching chapter in his life that tells of his first converts—his own father and mother. He could not conceal the new joy that was in his soul, nor repress the loving solicitude he felt for their salvation. One evening while sitting around the fire he timidly spoke to them on the subject. His father trembled and wept; his mother too was deeply moved. "Father, pray with us," said the boy. "No; I cannot pray," said the old man, in a broken voice. He then asked his mother to pray, but she too felt herself unequal to the task, and urged him to do so. The three knelt together weep-

ing, and the boy lifted his gray-haired parents to God on the arms of his faith. That prayer was heard and answered; the father and mother were soon rejoicing with the son in a Saviour's love, and all were soon duly enrolled as Methodists.

He started in his ministry in the good old way—as an exhorter—and his progress was rapid and steady. For thirty-six years he was a traveling preacher. His tough, elastic constitution endured hardships that would have broken down common men. His preaching was effective with all classes. He exhibited both power and polish in the pulpit. Luminous in exposition and thrilling in hortatory appeal, he took captive both the understandings and the hearts of his hearers. He was noted for the shortness as well as the excellence of his sermons. “Now, Philip,” said Bishop Asbury to him on one occasion before preaching, “I intend to pile up the brush to-night, and you must set it on fire.” Asbury preached a plain, pointed, practical sermon, says the historian; “and when he had sat down Bruce arose and delivered a most powerful exhortation, which told with overwhelming effect on the congregation. The Bishop's brush-heap blazed at the touch of Philip's torch.” His

mind grasped the philosophy of divine truth, and he acquired and used effectively a vast fund of useful knowledge. The canny school-master who had Scotticized his name had grounded him thoroughly in the elements of an academic education, and he built well on the foundation thus laid. His post-academic course was taken in the saddle. In the social circle he was fascinating, a favorite with the young and the old, the easy dignity of his bearing inspiring respect, and his gentle, Christ-like temper winning affectionate regard. He magnified his office as a presiding elder—he knew how to organize and employ the forces recruited under his ministry. Twice he narrowly escaped being elected bishop—missing it each time by only three votes. We may be sure he never sought the honor, and that his sunny soul was not clouded for a moment because he failed to get it.

He itinerated in North Carolina and Virginia, revivals kindling and the Church striking its roots deep wherever he went. He won the multitudes to himself and to his Lord, reaching both the highest and the humblest classes of society.

In 1817 the infirmities of age compelled him to desist from regular work as a traveling

preacher. He ended his days in Tennessee, residing with his brother, Joel Bruce, in Giles county. He never married. There was an early experience in his life that looked in that direction, and it is believed that he carried a tender and sacred memory of a fair, sweet girl to his grave. But, fearing that marriage would hinder him in his work, he remained single for the kingdom of heaven's sake, taking for his bride the Church of Christ, laying his all at her feet with a glad heart.

He died May 10, 1826. "He died," says one who was present, "not only in peace, but in triumph. For a whole night he could not sleep for joy—the Lord was with him, and blessed him mightily." His body was laid to rest in Tennessee soil among the breezy hills of Lincoln county. At a subsequent day the Virginia Conference, of which he continued to be a member until his death, erected a monument to mark the sacred spot.

Tall, erect, and graceful in carriage; complexion clear brunette; eyes black and brilliant; a mouth and chin that gave a hint of will-power not easily called forth, and as difficult to be resisted when fully roused; a nose a little too large for beauty, but indicative of character; a thin face, with features delicately

chiseled; his countenance open and pleasing—this is Philip Bruce, the powerful logician, the exhorter whose burning appeals set all hearts in a blaze, the leader in the Church who led so wisely and persuasively that he won his way where all others failed. His name will live in the heart of the Church as long as it shall kindle with admiration and love at the contemplation of unselfish goodness and uncalculating heroism.



North Carolina
State Library

Hope Hull.

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HE was a man of large mold—of powerful *physique*, and a giant in intellect. He possessed the requisites for leadership—clear and quick perception, courage that nothing could daunt, and that utter *abandon* in devotion to what he loved that awoke responsive enthusiasm in the souls of others. He led by divine right—his credentials were stamped upon his brow, and were authenticated by the signs and wonders wrought by the power of God under his ministry. Massive, imperial in the strength and majesty of a great Christian manhood, and yet artless and confiding as a child, he presents one of those pictures of blended sweetness and power that attest the power of the gospel of Christ to lift human nature up to its own lofty ideal.

He was born in Maryland in 1763. When yet a youth he came in contact with the Methodists in Baltimore at a time when they were at the high tide of spiritual power. His young heart was touched, melted, and remolded in

the image of Christ. He was a most diligent student, one of those self-taught men who, in the history of the Church, have astonished their contemporaries both by the extent of their acquisitions and their effective use of them in their holy calling.

He was admitted on trial in the Baltimore Conference in 1785—the year made memorable by the organization of Episcopal Methodism in America. It is thus a pleasant coincidence that this Centenary year celebrates also the entrance upon the ministry of this father of Georgia Methodism.

His success as a preacher was immediate and marked. On the Salisbury Circuit, in North Carolina, to which he was first sent, succeeding Jesse Lee, there was a large ingathering of souls, and those beautiful hills and valleys on the sparkling Yadkin were vocal with the rejoicings of newborn souls.

The next year he was sent to the Pedee Circuit, in South Carolina, where his extraordinary eloquence drew vast crowds to hear him preach, while his flaming zeal made the people feel that of a truth a man of God had come among them. “Mr. Hull is young,” said Dr. Coke, “but is indeed a flame of fire. He appears always on the stretch for the salvation of

souls. Our only fear concerning him is that the sword is too keen for the scabbard—that he lays himself out in work far beyond his strength.” During the year, by him and his helper Jeremiah Mastin eight hundred and twenty-three new members were brought into the Church, and twenty-two preaching-houses built.

The next year he was sent to Amelia Circuit, in Virginia—a memorable year in that region; for it was when John Easter was sweeping like an evangelical cyclone through Brunswick Circuit, and all that country was shaken by the power of God. These two strong men joined their forces, and before their onset no opposition could stand. Their faith was invincible, and their physical courage was equal to any emergency.

He was sent next to Washington, Georgia. Such long moves were not infrequent in that day—the itinerancy was a reality. Thenceforward his name is indissolubly associated with Georgia Methodism. He was providentially fitted as well as called to the work to be done in that new country. He had the honor of being mobbed in Savannah, but seems to have been neither harmed nor frightened. Once while traveling in the country he was invited to spend the night at a house where a

ball was to be held. "He entered, and when, soon after, he was requested to dance, he took the floor and remarked aloud: 'I shall never engage in any kind of business without first asking the blessing of God upon it; so let us pray.' Quick as thought the preacher was on his knees praying in the most earnest manner for the souls of the people, that God would open their eyes to see their danger, and convert them from the error of their ways. All present were amazed and overwhelmed; many fled in terror from the house, while others, feeling the power of God in their midst, began to plead for mercy and forgiveness. After the prayer he said, 'On to-day four weeks I expect to preach at this house,' and quietly retired. On the appointed day the inhabitants for miles around were assembled, and heard one of the most powerful sermons that ever fell on human ears. From the work begun in a ball-room a most powerful revival of religion extended in every direction, and many were added to the Church."

He spent the year 1792 with Jesse Lee in New England. Never before had that people had such a waking-up as these two men gave them. Under their preaching the people wondered, laughed, got mad, wept, repented, be-

lieved, and were born of God in great numbers. They gave them new doctrine in a new style. New England might be said almost to have rocked under the tread of these men of might. That strange man Lorenzo Dow heard Hull preach, and from the sermon received the impulse that started him on his extraordinary career. By one of his startling appeals the issue of life and death was made so plain to the half-decided young man that he dared not dally longer, lest he "should tumble into hell." How many more were savingly touched by Hull's preaching in New England will be known when the earth and the sea give up their dead.

God sent him to Georgia when Georgia needed just such a man—a man not so "cultured" or pedantic as to be unable to reach the masses of the people, and yet so scholarly in his tastes, so studious, so alive to the importance of Christian education, that he was prepared to lead successfully in the work. In 1794 he traveled with Bishop Asbury, but he found that his health had too far failed for him to keep step with that ever-moving itinerant. So he opened an academy in Wilkes county, and thenceforth combined the functions of Christian teacher and preacher. Ho

magnified both offices, teaching and preaching, and impressing his influence upon all classes of society. He took a prominent part in the work of general education, and was long a most active and influential member of the board of trustees of the University of Georgia.

The most marked feature of his preaching was its *searching* quality. "Sinners often charged him," says Dr. Lovick Pierce, "with having learned their secrets, and using the pulpit to gratify himself in their exposure—and Christians, entangled in the meshes of Satan's net, and ready to abandon their hope of divine mercy, have been cleared of these entanglements under his judicious tracings of the Holy Spirit in his manifold operations on the heart and conscience. Powerful emotion could be seen as it played in unmistakable outline upon the anxious believer's countenance, while undergoing one of these spiritual siftings; and when at last the verdict was written on his heart that he was a child of God according to the rules of evidence laid down, all the conventional rules about the propriety of praise were broken by one willing wave of joy, and he told aloud that the kingdom of God was not a kingdom of word only, but of power." He knew the human heart, and was a discernor of

spirits. Once while holding a class-meeting in the country, he approached an old man sitting far back and inquired concerning his spiritual condition. The old man, after taking some time to think, said: "I am like old Paul—when I would do good, evil is present with me." "I am afraid you are like old Noah too—get drunk sometimes," was the quick reply. The shot hit—the old man was a drunkard.

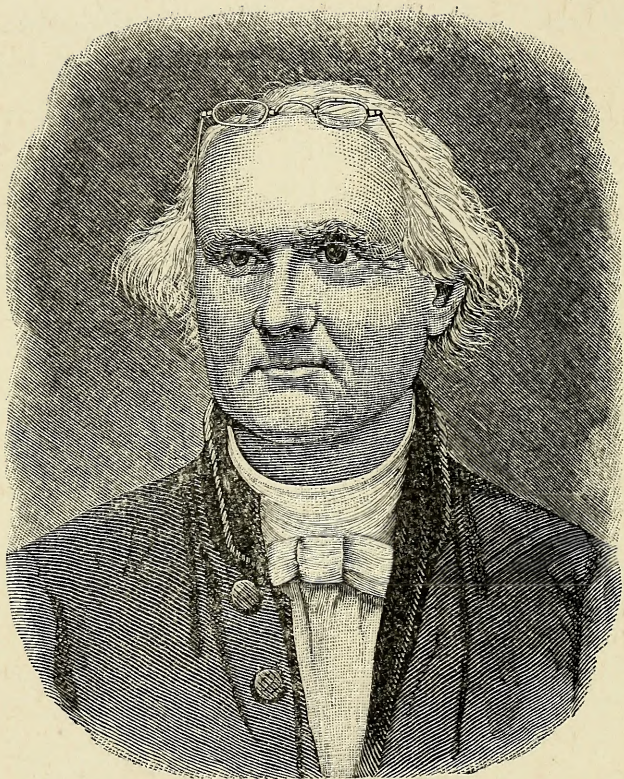
He stood like a solid granite pillar in Georgia Methodism during its formative period, embodying in his own character its best qualities, and wielding an influence that was far-reaching and abiding.

He died October 4, 1818, his last words expressing the faith and obedience that had marked his life: "God has laid me under marching orders, and I must obey."

Broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with a massive head covered with iron-gray hair, slightly curling; small, keen, deep-blue eyes; an overhanging brow, indicative of thinking-power well used; a voice of great power and flexibility of tone; the whole countenance expressive of strength, and lit up from the reflection of the great, loving soul within—Hope Hull, grand and guileless, with glowing heart and eloquent lips, will be looked upon as a typical

Georgia Methodist and one of the chief architects of the noble structure of Georgia Methodism as long as the Blue Ridge lifts its peaks to the skies, or the springs that gush cold and sparkling from their sides flow on to feed the rivers that flow among the old red hills.





WILLIAM CAPERS.

William Capers.



HE was the son of one of "Marion's men," a captain among the fleet-footed, sharp-sighted, stout-hearted troopers that followed the standard of that brilliant partisan hero when the red tide of battle rolled over South Carolina in the war for American independence. He (the father) was a bold rider, a true patriot, a real gentleman. His mother was a woman of the finest mold—gentle, refined, womanly, in the highest sense; her natural excellences exalted and polished by the grace of God. She died when her boy was but two years old, leaving him the inheritance of a memory of herself vague, yet tender and sacred, and of organic constitutional tendencies that, under the touch of gracious influences, blossomed into a life of extraordinary beauty and fruitfulness.

He was born in St. Thomas parish, in South Carolina, March 26, 1790. He had the advantage of the best academic institutions accessible to him until 1805, when he entered

South Carolina College, then under the presidency of Dr. Maxey. He was an apt and diligent student, and made rapid and solid acquisitions in learning.

When about sixteen years of age he attended a camp-meeting in "Rembert's Settlement." It was when the great religious awakening was sweeping the country. The scholarly and thoughtful youth was deeply and solemnly impressed by what he saw and heard. He was awe-struck by the conviction that there was "an actual, veritable power of God's grace" in the work, and a secret desire was awakened in his heart to become a partaker of the benefit. "Still I kept myself aloof," he says, "I know not why." But the impression made upon his ingenuous and responsive soul was indelible. On going back to college he found its atmosphere of infidelity and vice so repellent that, with his father's consent, he left it and became a law-student. Not long after this his father, who had joined the Methodists in 1786, but whose lamp had nearly gone out, was graciously restored, and in the presence of his family made a renewed dedication of himself to Christ. The scene was solemn and tender. The members of the household mingled their tears, and the Holy Spirit

touched their hearts with gracious power. In a little while the youth joined the Methodist Church, impelled by convictions he could no longer resist. This was in 1808. About six weeks afterward at a love-feast—the first he ever attended—he was born into the new life. The work was thorough, and his consciousness of it vivid and satisfying. “I could not but believe. I saw it, as it were, and I felt it, and knew it, that Christ was mine, and that I had received of the Spirit through him, and had become a child of God.” He saw, felt, knew—the gracious secret was certified fully to his trusting heart. This grateful, joyous certitude was an element of power in all his subsequent ministry.

The conviction that he was called to preach took hold of his mind, and grew stronger and stronger. The distinction and emoluments to be won at the bar lost all their charms for him. Under the divine impulse he went with the circuit-preacher on his rounds, “exhorting” the people with thrilling power and with such visible effect as attested to his own soul the verity of the supernatural call that had so strangely given a new direction to his life. There was a stir wherever he went, and it was felt by all that the hand of the Lord had been

placed upon the ruddy-cheeked, smooth-faced youth, whose large, lustrous, dark eyes flashed with the fires of genius, and swam in tears of pity for dying sinners as he stood before them and besought them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God.

At the Annual Conference held at Liberty Chapel, in Greene county, Georgia, December, 1808, he was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher, and appointed to the Wateree Circuit. For forty-seven years he traveled and preached with unabating zeal and extraordinary success. Unsought honors crowded upon him. Intent only on saving souls, his fame as a pulpit orator spread until it filled all the land. In the chief cities of the United States and England crowded audiences listened with admiration to this Carolinian, whose bearing was princely in its dignity and grace, whose fervor was almost seraphic, and whose oratory in the pulpit exhibited a classic elegance and simplicity scarcely equaled in the history of the Church. He served the Church as Missionary Secretary, editor, and bishop—to which last-mentioned office he was elected in 1845.

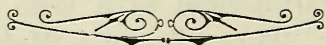
The most colossal pillar of his fame is the work done by him as a preacher. Whether preaching to the cultured and critical circles

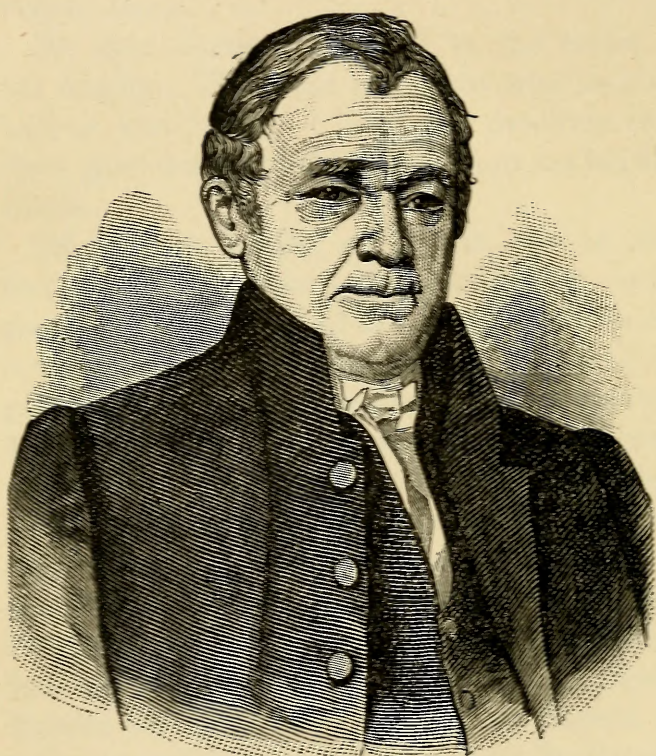
of the capital of his native State, to the mixed elements, half curious, half hostile, that first greeted him in Savannah, to the assembled wisdom and dignity of the British Conference, or to the half-savage Negroes on the rice and cotton plantations, he was at home. He had a passion for soul-saving, and this gave him insight, directness, intensity, success with the highest and the lowest alike. The bejeweled belle of the city and the unlettered slave, at his call, came and bowed in penitence before God. His greatest pulpit efforts were indescribably grand and powerful. Single discourses of his are remembered unto this day—discourses that marked epochs in the spiritual lives of individuals and communities, producing effects to be rationally accounted for only by the recognition of the accompanying presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the presentation of the crucified, risen, reigning Jesus as the present Saviour of sinners. No one who ever heard him preach when he was at his best could fail to recognize that back of all his natural gifts of person, voice, and action was something higher, diviner—even that unction from the Holy One which is the final and indispensable equipment of a true minister of Jesus Christ. There is not a Methodist fam-

ily in all South Carolina that does not breathe a sweeter, holier atmosphere because this her saintly and gifted son lived, preached, and died among them.

He died January 29, 1855, in the midst of his family. The final summons was sudden, but he was ready. "Now, my precious children, give me up to God," were among his last words.

Of medium height, well built; clad in clerical garb, with snow-white neckcloth; complexion clear as that of a healthy child to the last; lips that expressed in a remarkable degree sweetness and firmness; a chin to match; a Grecian nose, whose dilated nostril hinted of heroic fires burning within; great, dark, magnificent eyes, that illuminated his face and all around him; a classic head, bald on top, but adorned with snow-white hair fine as floss-silk, falling down on either side; the whole face and figure invested with an indescribable dignity and grace—this is William Capers, the princely orator, the spotless bishop, the founder of Negro missions in the South, the true type of a Christian gentleman, the friend of the lowly, and the servant of God.





THOMAS WARE.

Thomas Ware.

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HE was of Scotch-English blood, and inherited a happy physical and moral constitution. He had the sagacity to see where to take hold and the tenacity to hold on. He was shrewd and sturdy, saintly and thrifty—having his hope fixed on heaven, and yet taking earthly matters by the most convenient handle. In him spirituality and common sense were not divorced, but blended felicitously and advantageously to the Church and the world.

He was born at Greenwich, New Jersey, December 19, 1758. His mother, who was a Presbyterian, taught him to pray. She also instructed him in the larger and shorter catechisms; and thus the solid granite of fundamental gospel truth was laid at the foundation of his beliefs and his life, though, as will be seen, he replaced some of the stones with others taken from the Arminian quarry.

A double shadow rested on his early life—His father died, leaving him, with seven other

young children, to be provided for by his sad-hearted but loving and toilsome mother. To the sorrow for her dead that bowed her down was added the darkness of spiritual gloom. The wily adversary led her to fear that she was not one of the elect, hoping thus to drive a grief-stricken, struggling soul to despair. Thus the devil tries to make his own lie come true, knowing that when hope is lost all is lost; that when faith utterly loses its grasp the soul sinks down into inaction, and into the abyss of despair. She feared that "what she had taken for saving grace was nothing more than common grace," a distinction then familiar to the ears of the people, but of which little is heard now. The suicide of a neighbor whose mind had been driven to desperation by similar doubts intensified the good lady's gloom, who was horror-stricken at the thought that she may have been "passed by" in God's election of such as were to be saved. Gloom is contagious; the mother's melancholy infected the son. The awful possibility—not to say certainty—of endless perdition made him shudder, and wish he had never been born. With such a conception of God, life was almost insupportable to the youth. To him there was no brightness in the sunshine

nor beauty in the Jersey hills, among which he wandered sad and solitary. When two of the youngest of the children died, the fear that they too might have been of the non-elect struck his sensitive heart with a new terror. Like mephitic vapor, the harsh dogma of an age that was passing away hid from his eyes the sun that was shining for all, and struck his young spirit with spiritual paralysis and despair. While in this state of mind he enlisted as a soldier of the Revolutionary War on the patriot side. During his short period of military service his mental distress did not abate, and when he was discharged he was still groping in darkness. At this critical juncture in his life a Methodist preacher came along—Caleb B. Pedicord, a man of singular sweetness of spirit and winning address, whose singing charmed the ear and whose preaching melted the heart of even the hardest sinners—a man whose name marks a luminous spot wherever it appears on the historic page of early Methodism in America. The troubled young soldier went to hear Pedicord preach. The sermon was to him like sunrise after a long, dark, and stormy night. “Soon was I convinced,” he says, “that all men were redeemed and might be saved, and saved *now*,

from the guilt, practice, and love of sin. With this I was greatly affected, and could hardly refrain from exclaiming aloud, 'This is the best intelligence I ever heard!'" The sun had indeed risen, and soon his soul was flooded with the effulgence of perfect day. On Pedicord's next round the zealous preacher greeted him warmly, and after a few words of inquiry knelt with him and prayed for him with strong cries and tears. The answer came quickly and with power. The soul of the young man was filled with unutterable peace. The mighty change was certified to his now grateful and loving heart by the witness of the Holy Spirit, and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. He was a new creature in a new world of spiritual blessedness; he knew it, and he told it to all around. Pedicord, who seems to have cherished a peculiar affection for the young man from the first, was scarcely less ecstatic than his convert. Together they made the Jersey hills echo with their rejoicings. He had thought of reëntering the service of his country as a soldier, but now his thoughts took another direction. Glowing with zeal and exulting in the love of God, he could not refrain

from proclaiming the present, free, and full salvation he had found. He was diffident of his ability, but a combination of concurrent circumstances seemed to thrust him into the work of the ministry. Such was the effectiveness of his powerful exhortations that the people who heard him felt that God had indeed touched his lips with prophetic fire.

When in 1783 Mr. Asbury visited the Mount Holly Circuit he sent for the young exhorter, and after giving him a characteristically searching examination, that keen-sighted captain of the Lord's host sent him to the Dover Circuit, where a preacher was needed. When he went to the Conference which was held in Baltimore the next year, the modest young preacher was so impressed with the learning and greatness of that body that he was disposed to abandon the idea of becoming a preacher, at least until he had increased his acquisitions and grown in strength; but the need for more preachers was urgent, and his timidity was overruled. Giving himself prayerfully and wholly to the great work, he was freshly endowed with power from on high for the discharge of its arduous and sacred functions. No truer heart ever followed the path of itinerant toil and sacrifice; no steadier hand ever

held aloft the banner of Methodism in America. "He is a man of God," said a rude and wicked man at whose house he had staid one night. "How do you know that?" was asked. "Ah!" said the man, "when he reproved me for my sins I felt the devil shake in me." His preaching was often attended with the power that made the devil shake.

He was present at the Holston Conference in 1788, at which, while waiting for the coming of the bishop, a protracted meeting was held, in which a great number of souls were converted—among them General Russell and his wife, the latter a sister of Patrick Henry. He traveled and preached in the Holston country, on the Caswell Circuit in North Carolina, in the Mecklenburg country, and on the New River Circuit. Everywhere revivals of religion attended his labors. At one of his quarterly-meetings on the New River Circuit a revival broke out that swept all the adjacent country. Thirty persons, twelve of them white, were converted on one plantation; the work spread in all directions, and for weeks together ordinary business was almost forgotten. The whole population was stirred with religious excitement. In Mecklenburg similar scenes took place—strong men falling prostrate, scoffers

trembling and bowing in penitence, and joyful converts shouting aloud the praises of God. All classes were equally affected, and all were made to feel that it was the work of the Lord.

His fealty to his Master and his love for his work were put to a decisive test while he was in North Carolina. A wealthy couple, aged and childless, proposed to him to give him all their property on condition that he would stay with them and take care of them during the remainder of their short stay on earth. He declined the tempting offer. "I could not do it with a good conscience," he simply said; and that ended the matter.

The honor of being the first man to propose a delegated General Conference is claimed for him, though the actual paternity of that measure is ascribed to another man, whom this and future generations will delight to honor. At the General Conference of 1812 he was elected Book Agent, his probity, good sense, and methodical habits indicating to his brethren his adaptation to the office. At the end of four years he went back to the pastorate—whether from choice or because it was thought somebody else would make a better Book Agent, we do not know. It matters not; it is no dis-

grace to any preacher that he does better work as a pastor than in any other place. Now and then a preacher seems to be called to make books or edit a newspaper—every preacher is called to save souls, and that is his chief function as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. That is the end for which publishing houses, religious newspapers, and all the machinery of the Church exists.

He traveled and preached, his labors being everywhere blessed of the Lord. Unable longer to endure the hardships of the active itinerancy, he ceased to travel in 1825, but was zealous and fruitful to the last. The exposure to which he was subjected amid the rigors of a hard winter in the hills of East Tennessee increased the infirmities of age, but nothing abated the strength of his faith or the brightness of his hope. He died at Salem, New Jersey, March 11, 1842, his last moments cheered by the love of the blessed Christ whose voice had spoken peace to his soul among the same hills when he was a boy.

A broad-shouldered, strong-framed man, with a slight tendency to corpulence; arrayed in plain but well-fitting garments of the old Methodist style; a face resolute but most amiable in expression, the lips seeming to be ready

to pronounce the benediction that beams from the kindly, thoughtful eyes; the nose short and wide; the forehead high and well arched; the iron-gray hair parted to the right of the noble head, and slightly curling as it falls upon his temples—Thomas Ware, sturdy, pure, and true, stands in his place among the hero-saints that fought and won the battle for Methodism in America.



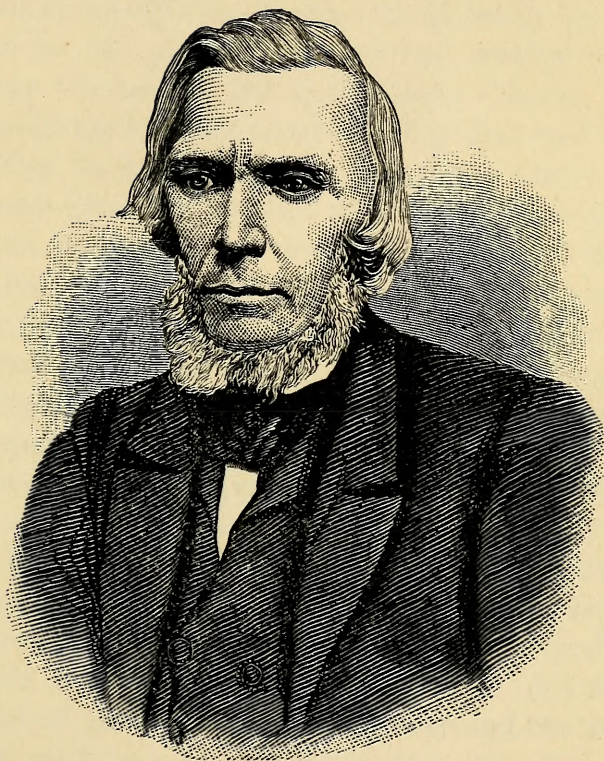
Thomas E. Stockton.

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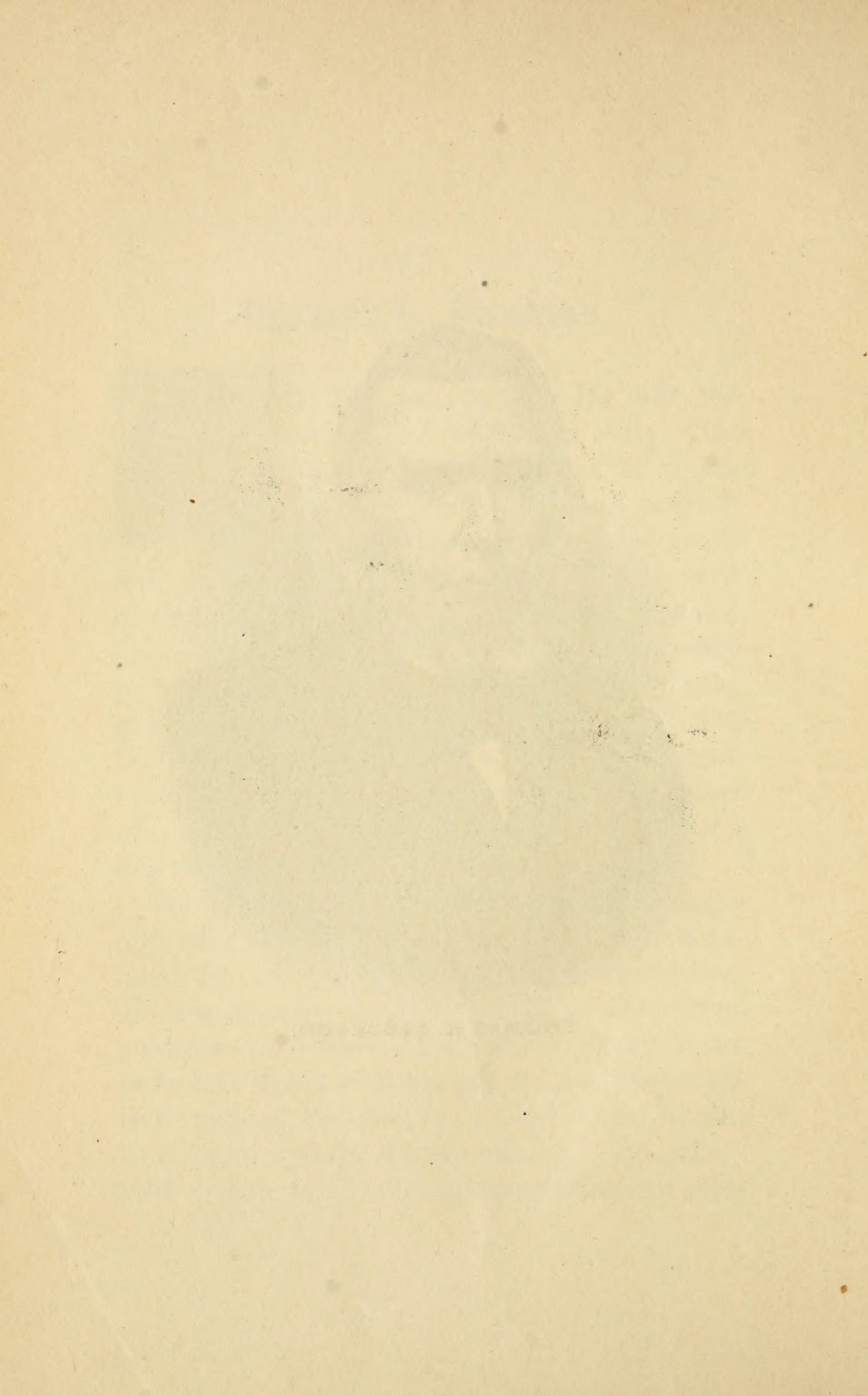


REAT, true heart! He was the apostle of Christian unity. He died without the sight for which he hoped and toiled and prayed; but in God's own good time it will come, and he will then know that no seed of truth and love sown by his hand hath been lost. The song he sung, though it may seem to have died with him, was the prelude to the grand symphony which will burst forth from the whole Church of Christ when its formularies shall be crystallized into essential oneness of expression, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.

The pathos of a life of continuous struggle and suffering mingles with the admiration excited by his genius, courage, and goodness. He was at once the embodiment of chivalrous courage and generous catholicity, living in the hope and dying with the prayer that the promised unity of the people of God might hasten to a more speedy consummation. He inherited organic tendencies and ecclesiastical affil-



THOMAS H. STOCKTON.



iations that shaped his life. He was a Methodist by all the tokens that indicate denominational affinities; and yet he was too broad in his sympathies as he was too great in his gifts to be the property of any one section of the one Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. The budding and blooming of his genius was rapid after he found his true vocation. Other men have waxed to the full measure of their power and fame like the crescent moon that slowly fills its duplicate horn—he burst upon the gaze of his countrymen more like the sun that rises full-orbed above the eastern hill-tops in the morning. His light will shine on through lapsing decades—a light pure, steady, and strong because kindled from the Light of life. Living in a stormy period in the history of both Church and State, he was too earnest and courageous to play the part of a neutral; but he never struck a foul blow nor spoke a word that left a sting in any human heart. Amid the din of ecclesiastical controversy and the storm of civil war he moved serene, unsoiled, unharmed, clad in the armor of righteous purpose and filled with the spirit of Christ. He wrote prose and poetry of varied quality—some of it bearing the unmistakable stamp of genius, with flashes that illuminated the scenes

he painted in words, and thrusts that went to the heart of the matter he had in hand. In early life he was in a printing-office, and was like many others who, after handling types, never get over their strange bewitchment. But the main pillar of his fame was his transcendent power as a preacher. The impressive presence; the voice that, like a full-stringed organ, sounded every note that expresses passion or sentiment; the well-chosen words that fell into their places like the disciplined battalions of an army; the unearthly solemnity of manner; the air of the supernatural that seemed to envelop him; the sudden gales of inspiration that descended upon him at times, imparting a new and strange effect to his words—these were the elements of his power and popularity as a preacher, heightened by the fact that the mighty intellect and seraphic soul were incased in a physical organism so frail that it seemed that there was only the thinnest veil between the inspired orator and that world of spirits whose wonders and glories he portrayed with an eloquence so enchanting and overpowering.

He was born in Mount Holly, New Jersey, June 4, 1808. From his father he inherited his intellectual endowments, literary tastes, and

ecclesiastical relationships and predilections. As a child he exhibited strong religious tendencies and a highly poetic temperament. At the age of fifteen he had a long sickness that left his physical constitution prematurely impaired — a great misfortune, we might at once conclude, but possibly a blessing in disguise. A thorn in the flesh is often the correlative of a larger measure of grace, and a frail *physique* sometimes admits its possessor to a nearer and clearer view of the things that are not temporal but eternal. “When I am weak, then am I strong,” is the gracious paradox that incloses this truth. On the cross of bodily weakness or pain many elect souls have been lifted up to the heights of spiritual attainment and blessedness not otherwise to be reached.

He was converted in 1826, his sensitive soul thrilling to the touch of the Holy Spirit, and responding to the gracious agencies of the gospel. Very soon a conflict began within him that kept him agitated for many days. Worldly ambitions were in his heart, and worldly prospects opened before his imagination. He was not unconscious of his powers — no man is ever wholly so — and there were not wanting well-meaning friends and advisers

who pointed him to the paths he might follow to earthly fortune and fame. But all the time a voice was calling and a hand beckoning him in another direction. He felt that he was called of God to preach the gospel. He tried many pursuits, finding satisfaction in none, and turning from all with an aching void in his restless soul. At length he yielded to the solemn convictions he could not shake off. He preached his first sermon in Philadelphia in May, 1829; and from that day he lived in a new world, and his whole being blossomed into new life. At this critical juncture in his life he had the good fortune to find a friend and adviser in Dr. Thomas Dunn, who had been his preceptor as a student in medicine—one of those wise, sympathetic, large-souled laymen who have been God's own guardian-angels to young preachers at their first beginnings in the work of the ministry. Blessings on them all!

That remarkable man, Nicholas Snethen—called by Bishop Asbury his “silver trumpet”—met the pale and slender young licentiate soon afterward, and discerning in him the marks of unusual mental vigor and brilliancy, without delay put him in charge of a circuit. It was at once made clear to himself and all others concerned that he had found his true call-

ing. If ever there was a born preacher, he was one. He had just married, and with his gentle young bride he went to his work on the eastern shore of Maryland. Great was the surprise and admiration of the good Methodists of that hospitable region when they heard him preach. They recognized that one had come among them sent of God and endowed with an affluence of natural gifts and an unction from above that marked him as indeed a chosen vessel. He swept over his large circuit on a wave of triumph, heard at every place by delighted multitudes. Though grieved, they were not disappointed when he was taken from them the next year and sent to Baltimore, where, young as he was, he took rank with the very foremost preachers in that city of churches and pulpit orators. The same year (1830) he sat with his father as a member of the convention which formed the Methodist Protestant Church—the youngest member of that body, and the one destined to fill the largest space in the eye of the world. The ardor of youth and the consciousness of high purpose made it a memorable occasion to him. The impression made by him upon that body is evinced by the fact that he was elected editor of the official Church newspaper. He

wisely declined. The next year he traveled as "missionary at large," thrilling the crowds that came out to hear him with his extraordinary eloquence, and rapidly extending his reputation as a preacher. The tide of his popularity rolled so high that in 1833, two years afterward, when he was only twenty-five years old, he was elected Chaplain to the lower House of the Congress of the United States. He was reelected in 1835. Among the many distinguished public men who came in contact with him there was not one who was not led thereby to entertain the sincerest respect for him and for his sacred calling. While they could not fail to enjoy his splendid oratory, their hearts were searched and their souls stirred by the faithful presentation of Christ crucified as the only way of salvation for sinners of all ranks and degrees.

He wrote and published a volume of poems about this time. His verses are above the ordinary level, but furnish another illustration of the fact that a man may be a strong thinker and a great orator and yet not be a poet. Many men who have the poetic temperament and lively imaginations find it hard to understand that the poetical gift is something more than these. By their attempts to put their thoughts

into verse they only fetter their genius. Rhyme and rhythm are wings for the thought, fancy, and imagination of the true poet—to all others they are dead-weights that drag expression down below its normal level. This master of noble prose was no exception to this rule; he was a prose-poet, but when he mounted the metrical Pegasus he dragged the earth.

He went from Washington City to Philadelphia, where he spent nine fruitful years—fruitful not so much in building up the Methodist Protestant Church as in impressing a powerful and healthful religious influence upon all classes of the community and in the promotion of a sentiment of catholicity among Christians of all the Churches. In 1847 he went to Cincinnati, where he remained three years. In 1850 he removed to Baltimore. In 1856 he returned to Philadelphia, where he remained until his death.

In all these places and during all these years one great thought, one cherished desire, filled his brain and fired his heart—the unity of the Church of God. With impassioned eloquence he argued its necessity and portrayed its beauty and blessedness in colors so vivid that listening thousands were charmed and thrilled. Brotherly love and catholicity were incarnated

in him; good men of all circles claimed fellowship with the man, though but few accepted his schemes of unification. He failed as others had failed before him, and perhaps died at last in the conviction that all that he could do would be to found another sect to be added to the many that now make up the visible body of Christ. But the deeper unity of the Spirit he helped many to attain unto; the fire that glowed in his own yearning heart, as he portrayed the coming splendors of the Bride of Christ when she shall be arrayed to meet her Lord at his final appearing, kindled the hearts of responsive thousands whose sympathies took a wider range and whose hopes burned more brightly because of their contact with his loving and lofty nature. On this theme there was an intensity of emotion, an exaltation of thought, and a sweep of imagination that brought to mind the days when Edward Irving seemed to be kindling in London the sacred fires of a new Pentecost.

In 1859 and again in 1861 he was elected Chaplain to the House of Representatives. New leaders were conducting the affairs of the nation. A great gulf separated the days of Andrew Jackson from those of Abraham Lincoln. But genius still asserted its power,

and the gray-haired, tremulous, wasted old man was listened to with an admiration equal to that which had been accorded to the brilliant young divine in the first flush of his youthful triumphs.

Such was his bodily weakness toward the last that, being unable to stand, he preached like the aged St. John, in a sitting posture. The people listened and wondered and thrilled under the spell of an eloquence that was heightened rather than hindered by the pathetic spectacle of imperial genius so slightly tabernacled. All the assumptions of materialistic philosophy found refutation in this exhibition of the dominance of mind over matter.

He died October 9, 1868. His intellect was clear to the last, and a new inspiration came upon him as he neared the spirit-world. "How I desire," he exclaimed, "and how my desires increase, to know things as they are; to be at the center of all intelligence, and to understand all the truths in nature, providence, and grace; to see the Saviour as he is in all his dignity and grandeur! I trust I am going to see the grandest thing in the universe—the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ. I cannot tell you how happy I am at the prospect of getting at

the center of universal intelligence through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord!" Thus his trusting, adoring spirit passed on to behold the wonders and glories of immortality.

Clad in loose-fitting, black garments; slender, erect, with a pallid face that lighted up as by internal illumination when his soul was stirred; the orator's capacious, expressive mouth; chin firmly set; Roman nose; high cheek-bones; eyes luminous and changeful; temples slightly depressed; forehead high and protruding where it met the long silvery hair that crowned the brainy, shapely head—Thomas H. Stockton, the apostle of Christian unity, the prose-poet, the brilliant orator richly endowed by nature and refined by grace, the Heaven-appointed instrument for doing a work far transcending in importance its immediate and visible results, holds a place peculiarly his own in the heart of Methodism, and he will continue to hold it until the dream of his grand and beautiful life—the essential unification of all of Christ's followers—shall be a consummated fact. Hasten, happy day!

The musical lines of Amelia Welby, descriptive of Dr. Stockton as he appeared to the gentle Kentucky songstress, will fitly come in here:

In stature majestic, apart from the throng
 He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
 His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
 Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love;
 Yet the heart-glowing raptures that beamed from those eyes
 Seemed saddened by sorrows and chastened by sighs,
 As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
 With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall;
 But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
 And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
 On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue:
 Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole—
 Enforced by each gesture it sank to the soul,
 Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod
 And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour: what pictures he drew!
 The scene of his sufferings rose clear on my view—
 The cross, the rude cross where he suffered and died,
 The gush of bright crimson that flowed from his side,
 The cup of his sorrows, the wormwood and gall,
 The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall,
 The garland of thorns, and the demon-like crews
 Who knelt as they scoffed him—"Hail, King of the Jews!"

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form
 Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm—
 His tone so impassioned, so melting his air,
 As, touched with compassion, he ended in prayer;
 His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs upthrown,
 Still pleading for sins that were never his own,
 While that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable clung,
 Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

O God! what emotions the preacher awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'T is the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling pause,
The eye's sweet expression that melts while it awes;
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone—
O such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined
That bay, church, and village float up on my mind!
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song;
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet what visions I see!
The past, the dim past, is the present to me;
I am standing once more mid that heart-stricken throng:
A vision floats up—'t is the theme of my song;
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair—
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
He whispers of Jesus, and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links, and connected the whole;
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me;
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.



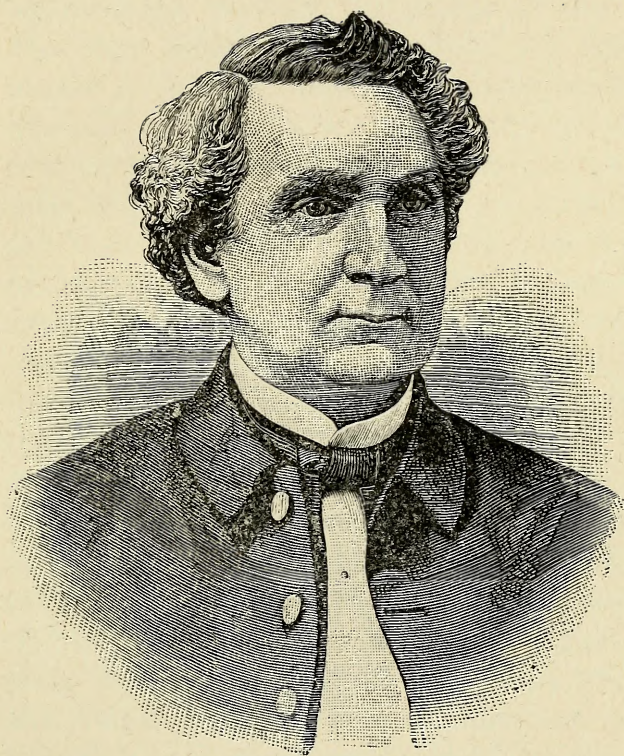
James A. Duncan.

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STRONG, gentle, cultured, rounded, grand, he was the consummate flower of Virginia Methodism.

Of Scottish ancestry, with a scholarly bias in his blood, polished by culture and glowing with the fervor of true godliness, he was a happy illustration of hopeful heredity developed under the best conditions, both natural and gracious. In him were blended a saintliness and knightliness that brought back the days when chivalry was the ally of religion, and when its banners were borne by men who never told a lie nor turned their backs to a foe. Twice he came near being elected a bishop, once missing it by a single vote; but though he died unmitered, the wreath of contemporaneous love and honor was placed upon his brow by universal acclaim, and his picture will always have a prominent place in the portrait-gallery of American Methodism. His work was done in the pulpit and school-room—its record is in the characters molded



JAMES A. DUNCAN.

by him for eternity rather than in the pages that link a name to earthly glory. The son of a scholar, and reared in the midst of scholastic associations, he bore the marks of the attrition that polishes the intellect, but he possessed a soul so manly, an individuality so marked, and a genius so brilliant that it was evident that nature had done for him what no schooling can do for any man—endowed him for leadership among men. In any secular calling he could not have failed to take high rank, for he had along with all his wealth of natural advantages that “gift of popularity” which is often indefinable, but which makes mankind eager to bestow unasked their richest gifts upon its fortunate possessor. The high and the low alike gave him their hearts. Like other truly great men, his greatest achievements did not seem to exhaust the full measure of his power. When he soared highest his wing was steady. There were times when in the pulpit mighty waves of spiritual power caught him in their sweep, and then his face shone with almost seraphic brightness, his voice was tuned to a loftier key, his thoughts took a higher and wider range, his words fell into rhythmic order, and the rapt multitudes felt that there was in his preaching some-

thing beyond what was the product of genius, learning, art, or any thing merely human. The sparkle of his brilliant rhetoric was then lost in the overpowering blaze of the baptism of fire. He was a marvel of versatility. When, during the civil war, he was stationed in Richmond, after spending the days and nights of the week in camp with the army, on Sunday he would go back to the capital and preach sermons that excited the admiration of the ablest men who were there gathered as the master-spirits of that mighty struggle. Among his regular hearers was Jefferson Davis, no mean orator himself, and a man not given to indiscriminate or excessive eulogies of men. He was at the same time the idol of "the boys" in camp and the favorite preacher of the city. He had the genuine touch of nature that made him akin to all sorts of men, and he possessed those higher credentials that authenticated his claim to be the messenger of God. He did not make popularity by lowering himself to those beneath his own moral level; he drew them upward toward the plane of his own high Christian manhood. The truest manhood and the truest godliness were found in happy union in him because he patterned his life after that of the man Christ Jesus. This

manly element in his character, with its gracious accompaniment, exhibited itself when, after he had barely missed the highest honors of the Church, and his friends were disappointed and regretful, it was evident to all that his noble spirit was not clouded by the least shadow of dissatisfaction. To intrigue or scramble for ecclesiastical promotion was impossible to him. He would have shrunk from it as not only dishonorable but sacrilegious. This perfect Christian manliness shone conspicuously when in 1876 he stood before the General Conference of the Methodists of the North as a fraternal delegate from the Methodists of the South. He then and there defined fraternity in such a way that from that hour there was a clearer conception and a truer appreciation of its meaning and value. His address on that occasion laid deep and broad the basis of a fraternity that men will respect and God will bless. His salutation was in these words: "As I stand in your presence to-day, a solemn joy in my heart takes precedence of all other emotions. The responsibility of my mission and this hour is solemn, but its hope is an inspiration of joy. Around me I behold the venerable and distinguished representatives of a great Church; beyond them

are millions of Methodists in America and Europe who feel deeply concerned in the issues of this hour; beyond them, in still more distant circles, stand a great cloud of witnesses, composed of all who care for the peace, the unity, and the prosperity of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; and, sir, above us is the general assembly and church of the first-born who are written in heaven, and among them, high-seated in their radiant places, are our sainted fathers; and over all, upon that eternal throne before which we all reverently worship, reigns the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. In such solemn presence, where all dissensions seem profanities, where all temporal and sectional distinctions disappear, and where 'there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus, through whom all have access by one Spirit unto the Father, are no more strangers and foreigners but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God,' as a humble citizen of that kingdom and member of that household, in the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and by her authority as a fraternal messenger, with

brotherly kindness in my heart and words of peace upon my lips, I salute you this day as brethren in Christ Jesus our Lord." And this was his peroration: "Brethren, what an opportunity is ours! Well for us if we can discern the signs of the times to know the things which make for our peace! Our glorious land, that blooms between the seas, is a magnificent field for Methodist work. I pray God we may have wisdom to cultivate it in the spirit of peace and Christian fellowship. Shall we show ourselves worthy of such an inheritance? From its extreme northern border, where God's perpetual bow of peace glorifies Niagara's cliffs, to the sea-girt southern line, where God's bounteous gifts make earth almost an Eden of fragrance and beauty; and from the rock-bound Atlantic, where the eastern song of the sea begins its morning music, away to the far-off Pacific, where the western waters murmur their evening benediction to our blessed land as the tide goes out beneath the setting sun—everywhere we feel the inspiration of our country, and devoutly pray, God bless our native land! God give it, I pray, the glory of Lebanon and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; and may all the inhabitants thereof see the glory of the Lord and the ex-

cellency of our God!" The effect was thrilling. "There was not a soul in the vast building that was not visibly affected, and for several minutes the sensation it produced was plainly manifest." The members of the august body before which he spoke were taken captive. They felt that the Church which had produced and which honored such a man must be rooted in a glorious past and have the promise of a hopeful future. That speech is bearing fruit at this hour. It swept away the mists that had enveloped a great question that vitally affected the interests of Christianity in this nation, and planted the white banner of peace on the walls of truth. There may it float forever!

He was born in Norfolk, Virginia, April 14, 1830. From his father, a solid scholar and a clear, keen thinker, he inherited the mental and bodily vigor, and from his gentle, saintly mother the milder traits that distinguished him. When he was but a child his father was called to the chair of ancient languages in Randolph-Macon College, then located at Boydton, Mecklenburg county, Virginia. The boy grew up in the midst of the healthful influences of a Christian school located among a people possessing the best characteristics of the Virgin-

ians of the old *régime*. His sprightliness, his modesty, his irrepressible flow of animal spirits, his keen wit, his graceful bearing, and his kind and generous nature made him a universal favorite. He possessed also another dangerous gift—that of mimicry—and it gave a peculiar zest to his society to the end of his life; but he never used it spitefully. The laughter that could not be restrained by those who witnessed his mirth-provoking impersonations was unmixed with any sting of pain to any human being.

The great crisis of his life came in 1847. During a revival in the college his heart was touched by the Holy Spirit, not for the first time, but with a power never felt before. He felt that his decision must now be final. Doubtless visions of earthly pleasure and glory presented themselves to the imagination of the brilliant young student, but he was not disobedient to the heavenly calling. When he heard the Master's call, "Come, follow me!" he left all and followed him. God only knows how hard was the struggle. His surrender was absolute and his peace was full. Translated from darkness to light, there was to him a new meaning in the old truths of Christianity, with which he had all his life been familiar—a new

beauty in forest and field, and a new glory in the overarching heavens. He gave up all for Christ, and received all of blessedness that Christ can give to the willing soul. A conclusive test of the completeness of his consecration soon came to him in a call to preach the gospel. The next year the smooth-faced youth was duly licensed to preach, and sent forth. He struck a high note as a preacher at the start, though it is said that his first sermon was a frightened and futile effort. The force, the fluency, and the fervor with which he spoke soon revealed to the good Methodists of Mecklenburg county the fact that a new pulpit star was rising in Virginia. His rise was rapid. Graduating in 1849, almost immediately he was placed in charge of the church in Alexandria. Very soon there was a stir in that quiet old city on the Potomac. The extraordinary eloquence of the young preacher became the theme of popular conversation, and admiring crowds flocked to hear him; but the eloquence that drew them had a quality that excited other sentiments than that of admiration. There was in it a pungency that penetrated their consciences, a tenderness that melted their hearts, and a power that conquered their wills. A great revival broke out,

and preacher and people were borne onward together on a mighty tide of salvation. There was great joy in that city. In an ecstasy of grateful joy the young preacher sunk down at the feet of his Lord, and renewed his act of entire consecration. This first success typed his whole ministry. In Fairfax, Leesburg, Alexandria (for the second time), and Washington, he won the hearts of the people, and brought many to Christ. When he was sent to Richmond in 1847 he entered upon a field of wider influence, and rapidly won a wider fame. The people of that historic city quickly took him to their hearts, and held him to the last. The old Methodists recognized in him the fervor and the spontaneity, the spirituality and the power that warmed and strengthened their souls. Men of the world and women of fashion were attracted by his brilliant oratory, and the young people were kindled by the glow of his great heart and charmed by the grace of his manner. Among such masters of sacred eloquence as Hoge and Jeter and Read and Edwards, he took at once a front rank. After Richmond became the capital of the Southern Confederacy his influence still farther widened. There was scarcely a civilian about the capital or a tattered soldier in the

ranks of the armies around the city whose eyes did not light up with pleasure and pride when his name was mentioned. His ministry was fruitful as well as popular. The Church was edified and thousands were touched by his sanctified genius with gracious impressions. A durable monument of his zeal and success is the noble Methodist church on Broad street—built by him during the throes of the great conflict, when Richmond was a beleaguered camp, with the roar of the battle almost incessantly in her ears and the tramp of marching armies in her streets. He somehow found time, amid all his other labors, to edit the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, which happily reflected his devout spirit, scholarly taste, and sturdy good sense. In many other ways he was a bulwark to the cause of religion during that dark and stormy time. He possessed the sympathetic heart of the true pastor. The glazing eye of the dying soldier brightened as he bent above him and pointed him to the Friend of sinners, or knelt at his side and prayed. When the war closed the name of “Jimmy Duncan,” as the soldiers fondly called him, was a household word from the Potomac to the Sabine. His two years’ pastorate in Petersburg was characterized by the same zeal and

success. His foot-prints there are deep and indelible.

In 1868 he was elected to the presidency of Randolph-Macon College. Following many illustrious examples he accepted the position, constrained by a sense of duty. The nine years he gave to this service were laborious and abundantly fruitful. A large body of young preachers came directly under his influence; and besides a great number of young men looking to secular pursuits, whose admiration for his genius made them receptive of his moral influence and responsive to his efforts to lead them to Christ. This college, always remarkable for its evangelical spirit, and often blessed with extraordinary revivals of religion among its students, was a center of spiritual light and power under his administration. Like Fisk and Olin and Pierce and Paine and Wightman, he demonstrated that a preacher of the gospel may be a successful Christian educator. He had no vacations. In the intervals between the college sessions he traveled, preached, lectured, and labored in special services with a zeal that was consuming. The listening multitudes brightened at his coming, and were richer in spiritual treasures when he went away. Young manhood caught fire at his

touch and entire communities were inspired with nobler purposes and stimulated to more generous deeds. Strong and elastic as he was, these labors were too heavy. The too willing worker was overtasked, a severe illness followed, by which his superb constitution was permanently impaired; but he worked on with unabated activity, and with constantly enlarging influence and reputation.

He died September 24, 1877, at Ashland, the seat of the college. A shock of surprise and grief thrilled the heart of the Church, and a profound sorrow pervaded all classes of the people when the news reached them that he was dead. Noble, kindly, princely heart! in his life never by word or deed did he inflict a pang on a sensitive human soul, but he had been a helper, a comforter, an inspiration to thousands. He was buried from the Broad Street Church, Richmond, a great concourse of sorrowing people following him to the grave. Bishop Doggett pronounced a noble eulogy.

Of medium height, strongly built; clad in well-fitting, clerical black garments; with fresh, ruddy complexion, large and bright blue eyes, abundant brown hair; classic features, which in their play gave instant and full expression to every shade of thought and feeling; a kingly

head; ease, dignity, and grace in every movement; the whole man enveloped in an atmosphere deeply religious and yet so truly human as to give a feeling of kinship to all sorts of people; and withal an elevation of thought and a weight of moral presence that gave him a supremacy among his fellows freely accorded by all—James A. Duncan, apostle, orator, evangelist, educator, marked by princely manhood and shining graces, dying in the prime of his life, takes a place that he will hold among our noble and holy dead, and his memory will be fragrant as long as the beams of the rising and setting sun shall gild the Peaks of Otter, or the swift-flowing James roll its silver wave to the sea.



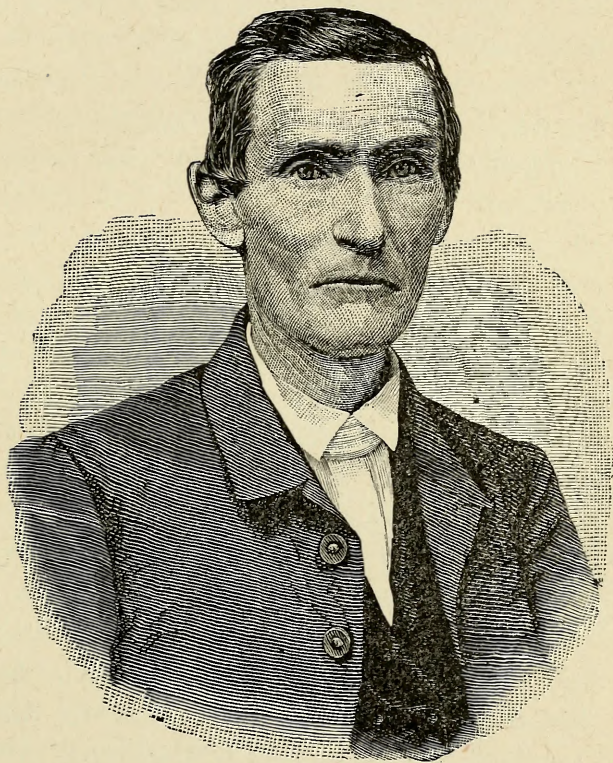
Samuel Antony.

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IRON-WILLED, unbending, uncompromising, yet gracious and tender, fatherly and loving — he was a psychological paradox. Stern, when occasion demanded, as one of the old Hebrew prophets, in his inner heart there was a fountain of feeling deep as an ocean. He could paint the terrors of perdition until the very sky seemed to be darkling above the guilty sinner and he was made to hear the growl of swift-approaching judgment-thunders and to quail in dread of lightnings ready to be flung from the hand of mercy turned into righteous wrath. And he could weep over impenitent souls until his strong frame would be shaken and his great heart seem to be breaking.

He was the product of Georgia Methodism. What he would have been without it, we do not know. Had he gone wrong, he would not have gone only half-way. He was wholly on one side or the other in all things. Had he been a Calvinist, he would have out-Calvined



SAMUEL ANTHONY.



Calvin himself. Had he not been the Lord's servant, he would have been the devil's own. Methodism reached him at a time when all Georgia was ablaze with revival flame. The steel-like elements of his nature were fused and molded into the image of Christ, and his fundamental religious beliefs took a Wesleyan cast which they never lost. The theology of Methodism satisfied his judgment; his experience of divine grace brought peace to his conscience, kindled within him a hope that never grew dim, and was the inspiration of a life of unreserved devotion to Christ and of unceasing activity in his service.

He was born in South Carolina in 1808, but came to Georgia at so early an age that he claimed to be nothing but a Georgian. But there was in his composition some of the peculiar metal that was in Calhoun, McDuffie, and other great Carolinians who were ready to stake all and lose all for an idea. Men of this type are invincible when they are right, and infinitely troublesome when they are wrong.

Among the breezy hills of Middle Georgia, in sight of the Blue Ridge, whose hazy outline met and mingled with the northern sky, the raw-boned, sinewy, hard-muscled, hard-handed boy grew in stature and picked up

such book-learning as the teacher of the "old-field school" could impart. He was not specially quick in learning, but what he got he held. He was high-spirited and a hard hitter; he did not know how to yield when he had once begun to fight. The boy of his own age and size who engaged him in single combat seldom felt like doing so again.

When he was about seventeen years old the Methodist preachers came into the neighborhood in which he lived. He attended their meetings with feelings of mingled curiosity and antagonism—for he had been taught in a different theological school. It was an auspicious season for the tall, thoughtful, earnest youth. He had reached that critical period in life when the soul, glowing with the fires of youthful passion, and reaching out in vague but irrepressible yearnings, is responsive to voices from hell or from heaven. It may not be a wholly irreparable disaster to let this season pass without decisive right action, but somewhat is lost that cannot be regained—the tide of advantageous opportunity, after ebbing, may return, but it will never rise so high again. O reader under the twenties, take heed! The preaching of those flaming Methodists brought the ingenuous youth to a crisis.

It was repentance or resistance, life or death, heaven or hell—now or never. That was the day of overwhelming convictions and conversions that were demonstrably supernatural. The Holy Ghost authenticated his own message as it came from the burning lips of men of God, who, under its afflatus, with startling energy pressed home upon the consciences and hearts of sinners a broken law and a pardoning Christ. It is said that when the great change took place he electrified all within the crowded country meeting-house by such an outburst of hortatory power as they had never heard before. His call from God to preach quickly followed his conversion. The popular expectation took the same direction. Impelled by forces within him that he could not restrain, he began to call sinners to repentance. At nineteen he was regularly licensed to preach. In 1832 he applied for admission on trial into the Georgia Conference. The godly, plain-dealing presiding elder, Andrew Hammill, shook his head doubtfully, fearing the bashful, awkward-looking youngster would never make a preacher. But he was admitted, and for forty-eight years he traveled and preached in Georgia with a fidelity that stood all tests, a zeal that never cooled, a courage

that nothing daunted, and an eloquence that was as unmistakably divine in its inspiration as it was marvelous in its effects. His power in the pulpit was the power of God. He went from his knees to the sacred desk with the burden of souls on his heart, and the touch of the live coal on his lips. The word, as spoken by him, was a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the hearts of his hearers; they were driven from every false hope and refuge of lies, and made to feel that they must then and there decide for hell or heaven. Fifteen hundred souls were converted and brought into the Church during the two years he was on the Ocmulgee Circuit—converted according to the Bible standard—brought in by the strait gate of repentance and faith, and with the assumption of the vow to lead a new life and go on unto perfection. He never cheapened the terms of salvation to gain a proselyte. The work done by him was genuine—the fruit abides. Heaven has garnered a goodly company of his spiritual children, and his influence will remain to bless the Church until the resurrection trumpet shall wake from their slumbers the holy dead that sleep in Jesus among the hills where he preached in his prime, and where his dust rests waiting the

great rising day. The one word that imparts the secret of his power as a preacher is spirituality—a word that has a meaning that will be understood by many for whom this is written. It was felt before he opened his mouth, it spoke in the tones of his voice, it breathed in his words. In prayer he pleaded with God with awful earnestness until the heavens seemed to open above him and the divine glory descend upon him. Rising from his knees with rapt and illuminated face, and a soul surcharged with divine power, he preached sermons that in thought, expression, and manner were so manifestly above the natural plane that the preacher himself was a demonstration of the divinity of his message. If a preacher was wanted to let off rhetorical fire-works or tickle the fancy at a literary festival, he was not sent for; but if one was wanted to lead a desperate onset against the allied and intrenched forces of evil in any community, all felt that he was the instrument suited to the work.

Who that heard it can ever forget the sermon he preached in Macon, in 1851, on the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" It was a matchless piece of pulpit irony. It burned like

caustic, and more than one convicted hearer visibly winced under the terrible indictment. The baseness, the folly of trying to live a sinner and yet die a saint were pictured in such colors that delinquents blushed with shame or paled with alarm. The sin and the doom of Balaam, the son of Beor, were portrayed with awful vividness. "And yet," said the preacher, "with your Bible open before you, and with its warning ringing in your ears, you are enacting the same folly — cheating, overreaching, robbing your neighbor, living in flagrant violation of God's law, and all the time saying in your heart, 'Let me die the death of the righteous!' You are going to hell with the words of the apostate and doomed prophet upon your lips! You would clutch the wages of sin in this world and reap the rewards of righteousness in the world to come! The hell that you feel in your guilty soul this day forebodes the eternal perdition that will be your doom unless you repent, for God hath said the hope of the hypocrite shall perish!" And then he made an appeal so solemn, so melting, so full of the might of impassioned love, that tears flowed like rain, and many heads bowed in penitence before God. That sermon, it was said, produced at least a temporary reform in

the practice of the Cotton Exchange of Macon. During that same pastorate he had a collision with the choir. His notions did not conform to some of the arrangements made with regard to the singing, and he took his stand against them—and held it. “I will not yield,” he said; “I am only exercising my rights as a pastor, and the law of the Church and the Word of God sustain me. I will not yield!” The next Sunday he preached a sermon suited to the situation—a sermon so ably reasoned, so fearless and yet so full of tenderness, that all were either convinced or melted down. “It is a common remark,” he said toward the close, with a choking voice, “that only a mother knows a mother’s heart; and it is just as true that only a pastor knows a pastor’s heart!” The words came forth broken by deep emotion, his chest heaving and the tears running down his cheeks. There was no more trouble about that choir. Every tuneful recusant was conquered. When he stood before a vast crowd in the country on a popular occasion and delivered the message of God, there was often an evangelical unction and cumulative power that broke through all the incrustations of worldliness and indifference, and in the final appeal carried the hearts of the weeping multitude by storm. When,

as presiding elder, he made his rounds on a district, there was a stir in his wake—backsliders reclaimed, loose-living Church-members keyed up to a higher tone, sinners awakened, and new converts starting in the Christian life with the momentum of genuine spiritual life. He subsoiled Immanuel's lands, sowed in tears and reaped in joy. To call him a revivalist might convey a wrong idea of him to such as associate the term with mere excitement and emotionality. He was a revivalist in the truer and larger sense of the word. The Church grew holier and stronger under his ministry, and much people were added to the Lord. The number will be fully known only when the ransomed hosts shall meet on Mount Zion.

He had but one way of doing every thing. He did not know what expediency meant. To him that which was not wholly right was wrong—and that settled the matter; he was against it. More compliant persons thought him obstinate—perhaps he was—but it was the obstinacy of a man who loved truth and right more than he loved popularity or life. He was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. To him, and to others like-minded—Parks, Glenn, Arnold, Turner—Georgia Methodism owes much of the deep-rooted faith, uncompromising spir-

it, and flaming zeal which have given it a place in the forefront of the Methodist hosts as they march onward to the conquest of the world for our Lord Christ.

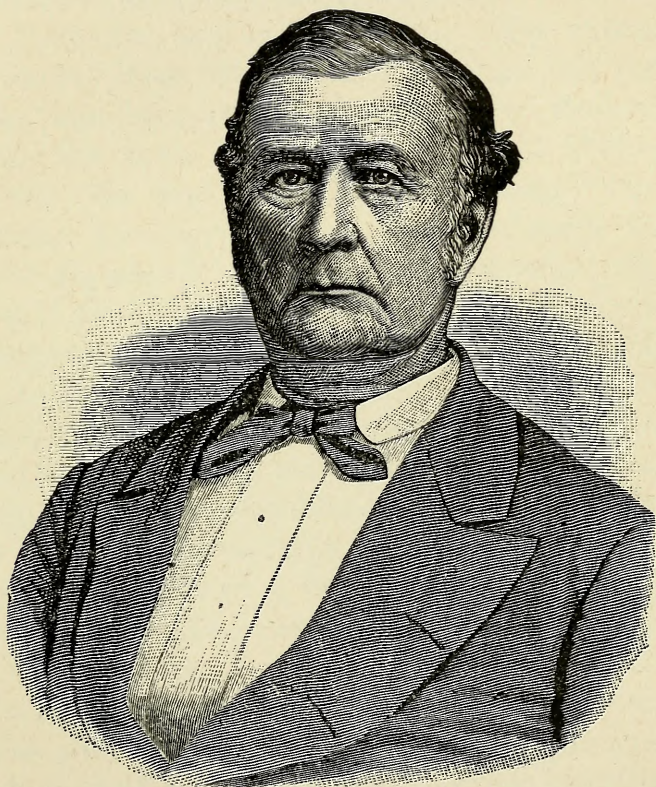
About six feet two inches high, straight as a grenadier, long-limbed and large-boned; clad in canonical Methodist garb, for which he seemed to have been made, with a white cravat without collar; complexion ruddy and clear; cheek-bones unusually high, lips vice-like when closed, forehead square; head with bumps enough to bewilder all the phrenologists—made after its own pattern; under heavy, projecting eyebrows, eyes that were blue when he was in repose, but which seemed almost literally to flash fire and change colors when his brain and heart were stirred; a nose slightly Roman—Samuel Anthony, grand in his severe simplicity, attractive in the symmetrical beauty of his strong Christian character, the warrior fires that naturally burned within him tempered to a saintly glow, stands among his contemporaries like the wonderful Stone Mountain that rises among the lesser Georgia hills, its sides seamed and rugged, its summit storm-beaten and bare, its base fringed with evergreen cedars, and studded with the wild flowers that bloom in the clefts of the rocks.

A. L. P. Green.

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RAND and good Dr. Green! Ample, lofty, self-poised, cool-headed, warm-hearted, far-sighted, and steady-handed, a sage in counsel and a hero in the field, he stands in the midst of his fellows like Mount Shasta that lifts its head to the clouds, white with eternal snow, while the grass grows green and in Californian luxuriance and splendor the wild flowers bloom in the sunny vales below. Never hurrying, yet sure to be in time; seldom visibly excited, yet able to stir multitudes; conciliatory and yielding, yet apt to achieve what he undertook; the companion and counselor of the highest and the wisest, yet loved by little children; blessed with worldly prosperity, yet giving unstinted devotion to the Church of Christ; a prince among pulpit orators and the life of a fishing party; a wise law-maker and a sparkling wit; strong yet tender; affable without loss of dignity—his name is enrolled high among the great men that Tennessee has given to Church and



A. L. P. GREEN.

State; and his fame will outlast the massive marble that marks his grave on the beautiful hill near Nashville, where the last rays of the setting sun gild the sacred spot where the holy dead are sleeping until Jesus comes.

Precocity was in his blood. His mother married when she was fifteen years old, and she was converted and joined the Methodists the same memorable year—in 1776—when the flag of freedom was flung to the breeze by the American Colonies amid the first throes of the conflict out of which the great American Republic was born. The gentle yet energetic Judith Spillmon at that early age was not afraid to intrust herself to the grave, uncompromising George Green, who in his sober way had wooed and won her where she lived among the hills of Albemarle, in Old Virginia. The youthful couple lived long together, and throve in the sort of riches emphasized in the Bible, being blessed with sixteen children, seven of whom were boys, of whom the youngest is the subject of this sketch. The prolific pair emigrated first to East Tennessee and then to North Alabama, carrying their Methodism and little else with them in their westward journeyings. But in their religion they had a treasure beyond all price, and

it was a sacred joy to the mother in her old age that she was honored of God in being the mother of a minister of the gospel. It is a notable fact that at his birth the child that was destined to attain such massive proportions, physically and mentally, was so small that *Little* was given to him as part of his patronymic. The future career in his case was the antithesis to its beginning. The boy grew rapidly, but did not soon stop growing. He was a man in physical stature while in his early teens, and by the time he had reached the twenties he was almost a giant. He was converted when he was nine years old. At a camp-meeting held near his father's house, and at which he was a "camper," his young heart was touched. One night after the public exercises were over a supplemental service was extemporized; the boy and an old Negro woman were the only penitents, he crawling under the seats to "the mourners'-bench." The Lord met him there and spoke to his inner soul as audibly as he did to the boy Samuel as he lay in the dark with ear attent to hear. The next morning the young convert was found in the camp with shining face telling in simple words of the Saviour he had found. The mother's heart was full—she had given this child to

God at his birth, with a prayer that he might be called to preach the gospel. She received this early conversion as the token that her prayer would be answered fully, and there was a new joy in her soul, and there was a new incentive to faith, patience, and energy in the life of the unselfish, saintly woman who carried the burden of a husband and sixteen children on her true and loving heart.

The boy grew in stature and in grace. Two years of schooling, such as the times afforded, among the hills of Rhea county, East Tennessee, gave him the elements of an English education, and furnished him the key with which he unlocked the treasuries of varied and extensive knowledge. Before he was seventeen years old he was a class-leader—a fact at which we may wonder rather than an example for us to follow. In those days a class-leader needed to possess a sound religious experience, a fervent soul, and good common sense; and if he was ready and melodious in holy song, so much the better. There was no great strain put upon him as a theologian—theology, strictly so-called, was left mostly to the pulpit giants and polemic pamphleteers. But it was no common boy who was chosen to lead a class when Christianity in Tennessee was of the sturdy and

heroic type, and religious experiences were clear-cut and thorough, and all superficiality and sham was at a discount with the men and women who exhibited in their fight against sin the decision and energy that were called forth in their conflict with nature and with the wild savages of the new country they were subduing to the reign of civilization.

The young class-leader was soon licensed to exhort. This was then the straight path to the pulpit. As an exhorter he went round with the circuit-rider, the Rev. Barton Brown, making such impassioned appeals to the people as caused them to tremble and weep, and to give to the discerning the conviction that the Lord was opening the way for a man of no common mold to join the itinerant army of American Methodism. The Spirit of the Lord was upon the tall yet smooth-faced young exhorter, whose soul was thrilled by internal voices that called to him, and whose heart was stirred with awe mingled with a solemn delight at the thought that a dispensation of the gospel had been committed to him.

Called of God, he was caught in the whirl of the providential wheel, and was borne onward to his destined work. The decisive test came in this way: One Sunday morning the

kindly and keen-sighted Brown said to him, "Aleck, you must preach to-day at eleven." This brought him face to face with the issue to which he had been gravitating. He decided it on his knees in prayer. Behind a large stump in a field of tall, green corn, not far from the church, he knelt, and, baring his heart before the Lord, sought light at its source. "Not once did he go, but eleven times in three hours; so that he made a beaten path by passing twenty-two times to and fro to wrestle with God." Those three hours from eight o'clock to eleven on that quiet Sabbath-day, in Honey-comb Valley, were never forgotten by him—they settled for life the great question that had so agitated his mind. He preached at eleven o'clock. The decision reached while kneeling among the waving corn under the blue sky of North Alabama was never recanted nor regretted by him. With the joy of full consecration he threw himself without reserve into the work of the ministry, and for more than fifty years he put all his genius, energy, prayer, and love into his high vocation.

He was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference in 1824, and was appointed to the Jackson Circuit (in Alabama). The Rev. William McMahan was his presiding elder—

and it was a fortunate circumstance for the young itinerant that he had the counsel and the example of that strong-limbed, strong-willed, clear-headed, brave-souled pioneer Methodist leader, whose foot-prints will be found in North Alabama as long as the Black Warrior River shall cut its way through its rocky hills. Among those mountains the young preacher rode and preached, and sung and shouted. This quaint entry in his journal (date May, 1826) gives a glimpse of the man and the times: "This was a memorable day to me, for I was very sick all day; and being all alone, I had opportunity for meditation. I had some happy moments in thinking of the joys of heaven. At eight P.M. I reached the foot of the mountain, and stopped with a Mr. Brown. It was to me a disagreeable night, for there were six or seven dark-looking men there, who staid all night, whose principal employment was to drink whisky and argue on Scripture." This was not the only time, nor were the mountains of the Jackson Circuit the only locality, in which theology and whisky have been strangely mixed. All of what was then called the West was stirred with religious excitement; skeptics were confounded; hardened sinners were melted into contrition; the masses

of the people were brought under the spell of the mysterious and all-pervading spiritual influence that was rocking the continent like the throes of a moral earthquake, and thrilling the hearts of the multitudes with the glad news of a free gospel and a full salvation. Here is a vivid touch that puts the picture of the time before us: "October 2, 1826.—I started to a camp-meeting at Winchester, Tennessee. I think there were just fifteen in company, several of whom had professed religion at Honey-comb. When we were about three miles on the way Brother Harris commenced singing; and being very warm in religion, he began to shout; after which several others joined in, which continued for twelve miles and about two hours and a half. I was fearful that a number of young horses would take fright; but it appeared that the good Lord helped them (the riders) to sit on their saddles, for they let go their bridles, clasped their hands, and made motions that made the horses run at full speed; but not one of them was hurt. The people living along the way were very wicked, and as we passed they would crowd to their doors and stare at us as if they thought we were deranged. After riding ten miles we came to the forks of the road, where

the party divided, and a shout went both ways. Such expressions of power I have never seen before, and there was no scoffing among the people." Such a performance now by a company of brethren on their way to a camp-meeting would be likely to elicit a remark like that recorded in the thirteenth verse of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

On the Limestone Circuit he traveled and labored with James McFerrin, a man whose ability, zeal, and courage made him a leader of the itinerant hosts, and the worthy progenitor of the remarkable family of preachers that went out from his household, chief among whom towers John B. McFerrin, perhaps the most unique character that Methodism has developed during the last half of the present century. Under date of November 19, 1827, the young preacher says: "On this day we finished our year's labor, in which I preached two hundred and fifty times. Brother McFerrin and I received two hundred and thirty-five into the Church, and turned out twenty." The next year on the same circuit was much like the first—full of labor and fruitful of success. At one camp-meeting sixty-three persons were converted, and fifty joined the Church. On the Madison Circuit the next

year, with Greenville T. Henderson as junior preacher, his labors were again largely blessed. "Brother Henderson and I had much peace this year. We received into the Church four hundred persons." The next year he was appointed to Nashville—a place with which his name and fame will be identified as long as its marble Capitol shall sit in its classic beauty on the rounded hill above the Cumberland. During his first year in Nashville five hundred persons were added to the Church. Lewis Garrett was the presiding elder. That was a stalwart, alliterated trio—Garrett, Gwin, Green. The last-named and youngest of the three found in the counsel and companionship of the other two the stimulus that favored his rapid mental and spiritual development. At this time he met Bishop McKendree. There was perhaps a little reserve on the one side and shyness on the other at first. The stately dignity of the venerated bishop and the exuberant animal life and irrepressible humor of the rising young pastor was a barrier to near approach on either side. But it did not take long for them to know and love each other. The quiet old bishop soon took delight in the society of his young friend. The charm of his extraordinary social qualities, and his esti-

mate of his genius and character, grew upon him rapidly. The wise old leader saw that beneath the sparkle of wit and humor on the surface there were profound depths of thought and feeling, and that along with a poetic fancy that gilded whatever he touched, and an imagination that at times swept the heavens with imperial wing, he was prudent in speech, of remarkably sound judgment, and possessed of the rare power of doing much work with little noise and apparent ease. Association with such a man as McKendree came opportunely to broaden and strengthen the young man whose mind was yet plastic and whose character was rounding into permanent form in the midst of the new influences and heavier responsibilities of his pastorate in Nashville.

This year he married. His chosen—Ann Elliston—was, like his own mother, a girlish bride, in her fifteenth year, just budded into sweet young womanhood. She was his good angel. With her hand and fortune she gave him a single-hearted devotion that was singularly beautiful. She lived for him as wholly as he lived for the Church. As he rose to fame and influence among his brethren she stood by his side, her true heart responsive to his in its devotion to Christ, and exulting with

a womanly joy in the success that crowned his labors as a master-workman. The slender, graceful, blue-eyed wife survived the strong-bodied husband on whom she leaned for so many happy years; and in ripened beauty and sweetness of Christian character she faded away from mortal sight, and passed on to the light undimmed, in 1881.

In 1832, when he was but twenty-six years old, he was elected to the General Conference which met in Philadelphia that year. The next year he was made presiding elder of the Cumberland District, the territory of which extended from the fragrant cedar-forests of Wilson county to the rich river-bottoms and dry oak-ridges of Stewart county. This was indeed almost phenomenal precocity and rapid promotion. But his advancement did not outrun his qualifications. He is described at this time as "a good preacher—religious, prudent, healthy, and social"—and it is added, "he knew men, and could adapt himself to all classes." These gifts, with a superior knowledge of wood-craft, eminently fitted him for the functions of the presiding eldership. On both sides of the river his district was soon in a blaze of revival. The young presiding elder, with Fountain E. Pitts and John W. Han-

ner, beginning at Nashville, ranged over Middle Tennessee in an evangelistic tour. Rarely in the history of the Church have three such men been thus thrown together, and seldom have such results been witnessed as followed. The strongholds of sin were stormed, and the banners of Methodism victoriously planted upon their broken walls. Green's measured but resistless movement, the power and pathos of Pitts in preaching and the witchery of his music in holy song, and the blended strength and finish of Hanner, the pulpit wizard—it was a matchless combination of diverse yet effective elements. At the same time in and around Nashville could be heard the ringing strokes of the mighty battle-ax of John B. McFerrin, the *Cour de Leon* of the Methodist crusaders, while the voice of the veteran Gwin, now gray-haired and worn, was still heard cheering on the victorious hosts. The powers and the fame of Green increased steadily. From Nashville as a center, his influence radiated in all directions. Settling his family there, he itinerated without hinderance. Possessing an ample fortune, which grew not by speculation but by prudent investments in a growing city, he served the Church at his own cost, and put many a cheerfully given dollar

into its treasury besides. It would be difficult to say whether he was most valued as a man of affairs or as a great preacher. If not a bishop, he was the bosom friend and counselor of bishops. We have seen how McKendree confided in him and leaned on him. He held a similar relation to Bishop Soule, and they stood together shoulder to shoulder in more than one of the great crises of the stormy period of American Methodist history. Even more intimate was his relation to Bishop Paine, whose love for him as a man was only equaled by his admiration for him as a preacher and as an ecclesiastical statesman of the first order. He was the peer of these historic men. His mind moved on the same plane with theirs; he was actuated by the same motives; he gave himself as unreservedly to the same sacred cause, and labored with the same unselfish zeal. And another bishop—McTyeire—who came upon the stage at a later day, found in him his most helpful coadjutor in the work of which Vanderbilt University is the outcome. He was many-sided, and touched the Church and the world with power at many points. As a preacher during the fifty years of his ministry the number who were awakened, persuaded, and won to

Christ by his preaching will be one of the joyful revelations of the judgment-day. Of the still greater number of persons who were beneficially affected by his indirect influence no estimate can be made until then. As a legislator he was clear-headed and far-seeing. He was a masterly parliamentary tactician—he knew how to convince, persuade, and convert minorities into majorities, and to hold majorities in check. It was his masterly hand that guided to a successful issue the great ecclesiastical lawsuit that grew out of the division of the Church. It was the same firm yet gentle and cautious hand that helped to open the doors of the judicatories of the Church to the laity, and to throw wide the door for the admission of its ministry to the halls of liberal learning. His wise and kindly words settled many a needless but hurtful dispute among brethren, and his patience and tact, like lubricating oil, made the machinery of Church business run smoothly over rough roads. He was something of a Richelieu without his guile; a Fabius unstained by blood.

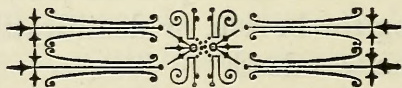
He stood like a massive pillar supporting the structure of the Methodism he loved. Throughout the whole Church and beyond its lines he was regarded with veneration and

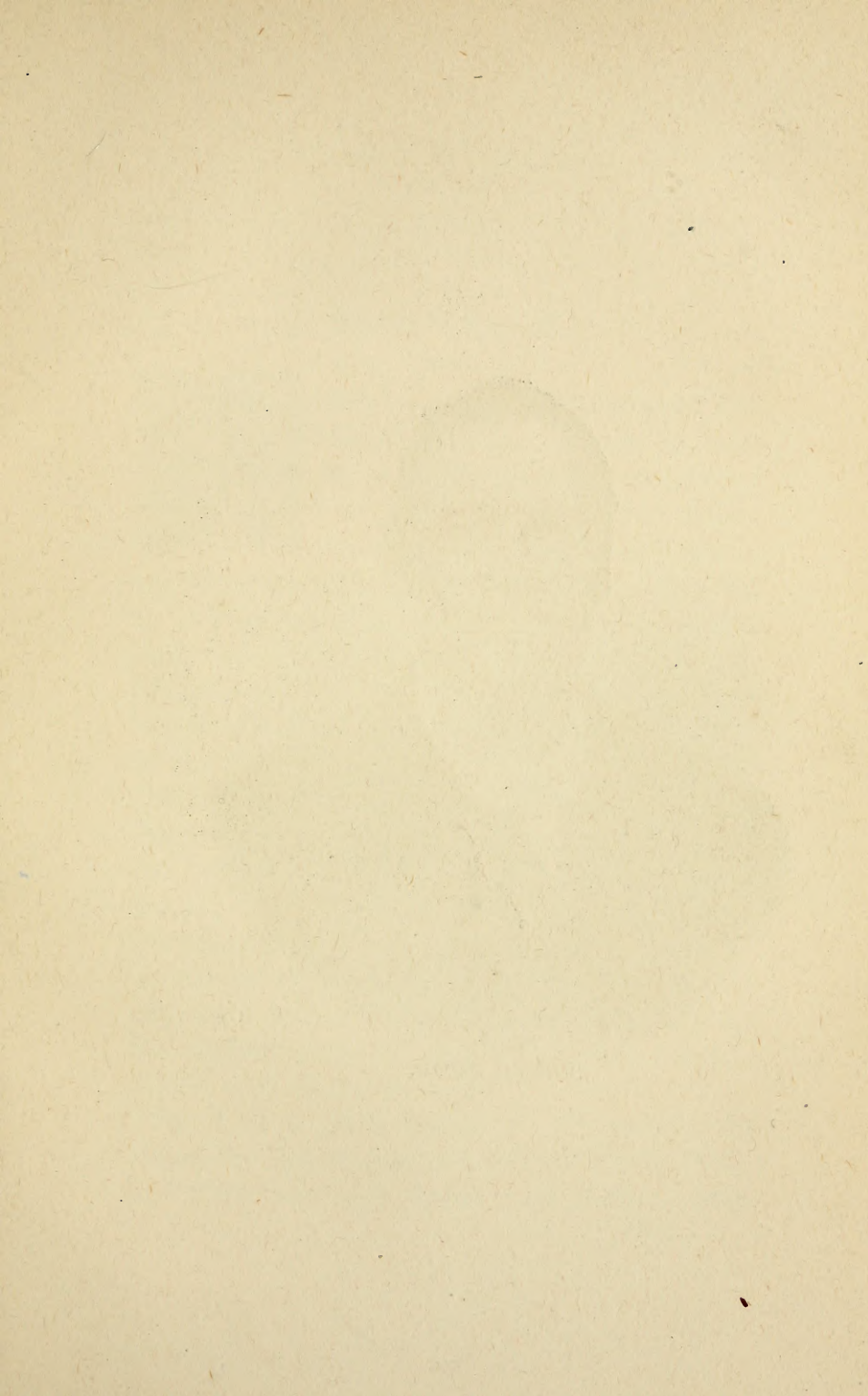
affection. The Tennesseans held him close to their hearts, and were ready to follow where he led. But one other name among Tennessee Methodists of his generation stands as high as his, and they will go down to posterity indissolubly linked together as the uncrowned chiefs of the itinerant hosts.

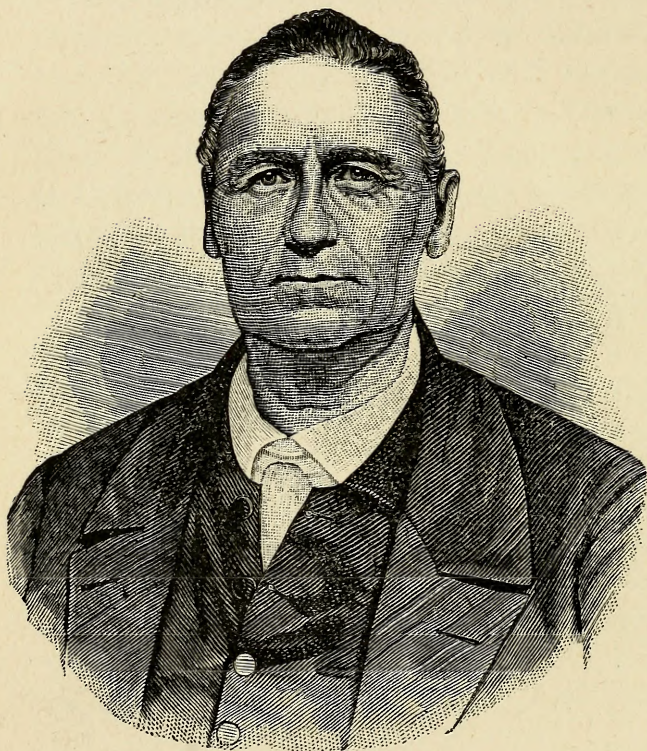
He died July 15, 1874. He had long been a sufferer; his strong constitution resisted the assaults of a disease that obstinately held its deadly grip. To the very last he labored for the Church. The closing words of his last will and testament were: "My children, live in peace, and meet me in heaven." His faith was firm under the final test. "What I have been preaching is true!" he exclaimed as he was about to die. The great soul was gently launched upon the shoreless sea: "he asked his son Frank to turn him upon his side, and without gasping for breath, or death-rattle, or any struggle, he was dead."

Six feet in height, well-formed, deep-chested, weighing about two hundred pounds; noble in figure; of deliberate and easy carriage, with features rather small and regular; the expression of the face that of blended penetration, kindness, and humor; the blue eyes having an introspective look even when in animated con-

versation that hinted of the thoughtful brain that lay behind them; a head whose well-rounded proportions were indicative of his well-balanced intellectual powers; a presence at once dignified and gentle; a voice clear and musical; a personality powerful without self-assertion, and attractive without conscious effort to be so—the figure of A. L. P. Green will tower in the forefront of the moving hosts of our Methodism until they shall lay down the weapons of their militant march and take up their palms and harps.







PETER DOUB.

Peter Doub.

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ARE, rugged, granite-grained Peter Doub! In his day he rode the sea of theological controversy like a Dutch man-of-war of the olden time, heavy-keeled, carrying big guns solid-shotted, with canvas spread to the gale, ready to encounter any hostile craft that crossed its path. Fearless, guileless, blameless, he led the hosts of Methodism from the Narrows of the Yadkin, in North Carolina, to the Culpepper hills, in Old Virginia. He belonged to a band of giant-like men who planted the Church in all that fair and fertile region, and left upon it their indelible marks. They were strong, steady, fervent, deeply grounded in Christian doctrine, and were equally ready to clasp fraternal hands with all who were disposed to be friendly or to take up the mailed glove of any theological knight-errant who wished to fight.

He had a good pedigree. He might be called the spiritual grandchild of Philip William Otterbein—his father and mother were

converted under the ministry of that great and good man. The father was a native of Germany who had gone first to Pennsylvania and then to North Carolina, settling down at last in the picturesque region at the base of the Blue Ridge, where land was good and cheap, the air salubrious, and the water sweet and cool.

The glimpses we get of John Doub reveal a solid old German-American, fond of polemics, regular as a clock, pure as refined gold, with small patience for looseness in doctrine or thriftlessness in business. His favorite books were the Bible and Fletcher's Checks. There was no foolishness about him; his family drill was equal to that of a military school. Eve Doub, the mother, was of Swiss descent, and was a sunny-tempered woman, the light of her home and the benefactress of her neighborhood. They were a well-matched couple—the grave, logical, exact and exacting German husband, and the bright, intuitive, loving wife, with the breath of the Switzerland mountains in her lungs and tingling in her blood.

The Methodists found their way to the Yadin country. John Doub had heard of them, and was strongly prejudiced against them; but like the honest, cautious German that he

was, he went to see and hear them for himself. It was a case of love at first sight. He found that he was himself a Methodist without knowing it! The disciple of Otterbein recognized the family likeness, and was glad. Forthwith he joined the Methodist Church, and opened his house as a preaching-place. That house was long a Bethel among the hills. The incense of morning and evening prayer ascended from its family altar, and in all its spirit and habits in that household was realized the divine ideal of the Church in the home.

Peter Doub was born March 12, 1796, fourteen years after his parents had joined the Methodists. He was the youngest of nine children, and "was early made acquainted with his position," as he rather quaintly puts it. He had to give due deference to his seniors. Family government was a real thing in that family. When precept and admonition failed, John Doub doubtless fell back on the suggestions of the Old Book which was his guide in all things. The result in this case justifies the conclusion that the firmness that insists on unvarying obedience to parental authority is better than the laxity that allows a child in its early years to harden into the willfulness that so often proves invincible alike to human and

North Carolina
State Library.

divine persuasion. The Methodist preachers were frequent visitors to John Doub's. The frank, inquisitive boy loved their company. Among these men of God were Philip Bruce, James Douthet, John Buxton, Thomas L. Douglass, James Boyd, William Jean, and Edward Cannon. His admiration for these men knew no bounds. They were devout, winning, and wise. He had been taught to revere their sacred calling, and to regard them as the special messengers of the great God. He had been taught the Catechism, to read the New Testament through consecutively, and to give his views of a specified chapter every Sabbath. The visiting preachers talked freely to the bright, responsive boy, and thus strengthened the good impressions made upon his mind and heart by home religious instruction.

He was converted at a camp-meeting in 1817. A volume of Benson's Sermons had fallen into his hands, the reading of which, he says, had "produced in him the most awful and alarming convictions." The presiding elder, the Rev. Edward Cannon, preached from Revelation vii. 9: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before

the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." The sermon stirred profoundly the heart of the already partly awakened youth. While the man of God was describing the characters spoken of in the text "an indescribable, fervent, longing desire to be one of the company, and with them enjoy the bliss of heaven, came over his soul; every nerve seemed to be strained to its utmost tension; and ceaseless streams of tears ran down his face." When the invitation was given for such as desired religion to "come into the altar," he made several attempts to go, but was scarcely able to move. A young friend, seeing his condition, stepped forward and aided him. That friend was Moses Brock, who himself became a preacher—a man of eccentric genius and wonderful power, the story of whose life would be strange and thrilling. Together the two approached the altar; as he entered it, the agitated youth suddenly fell to the ground, where he lay struggling until night, finding no relief to his burdened heart. The next morning the camp-meeting was to close. He resolved that if an invitation should be given for penitents to go to the altar he would go, feeling "that he would rather die than give up the struggle." The invitation was given; he

rose and went forward, and with him went fifty-three other young men who fell down before God. "About ten o'clock, while in a deep agony, and while he thought the earth on which he was kneeling had broken from the surrounding earth, and that he was literally sinking alive into hell, the thought arose in his mind, 'Well, if I sink never to rise again, I will try and look up once more, as it cannot make my condition worse.' He did so, and with profound confidence in his Redeemer he asked pardon of his Heavenly Father. It was granted—and amidst the groans of penitents and the shouts of the redeemed, he rose and proclaimed his full deliverance. For the space of two hours or more he alternately shouted, exhorted the congregation, and encouraged the penitents." That was a prophetic and typical conversion—prophetic of the work to which he was called of God, and typical in its characteristic features of that of thousands who were converted under his ministry.

Long before his conversion he tells us he had felt an impression that if ever he should be converted he would have to preach the gospel. Now this impression came upon him with new and startling power. It was the moving of the Holy Spirit upon his soul. He hesitated,

held back, trembled at the thought—being, as he tells us, ignorant, timid, and every way unworthy. But he finally settled the question in his own mind, and came to an understanding about the matter with his presiding elder. Nothing had been said about it to any member of his family. His heart sunk at the thought of breaking it to his mother. Cannon, the zealous and sensible presiding elder, undertook to manage the case. After supper with the Doubs one evening, when all the family were present, he said:

“Mother Doub, I have an idea of taking Peter with me. Are you willing?”

“I understand he is going to the mountains with you,” she answered in her quiet, pleasant way.

“That is so,” he said, “but I don’t mean that; I want him to join the Conference. I have his recommendation for that purpose.”

The motherly heart throbbed violently, the hot tears came—with a choking voice she said:

“Brother Cannon, he is too ignorant; he does n’t know any thing about preaching; he is my youngest child, and”—here the tears gushed afresh—“I did hope he might be with me in my old age. But if the Lord has a work for him to do, I can and will give him up.”

Loving and true heart! When her preacher-son shall be greeted in glory by the multitudes who were brought to Christ by his ministry, and a many-starred crown placed upon his brow, she will not be forgotten by her Lord and his.

His first attempt at speaking in public was an exhortation, and it was such a lame and frightened effort that "he spent the night in deepest agony, and would gladly have hidden himself from the view of men." The discerning presiding elder thought no less of the youth because of his modesty, and feeling sure that the metal of a preacher was in him, encouraged him to go on—and the ministry thus began continued for over fifty years with unflagging energy, unquenchable zeal, and almost uninterrupted success. As to the young preacher himself, he tells us that he viewed this circumstance as one of immense importance to him, as it made him so fully sensible of his weakness and ignorance that the impression was never erased from his mind. He never lost his sense of entire dependence upon God for ability to do the work to which he had called him. His first sermon was preached soon afterward. The text was Mark xii. 32, "For there is one God"—a rather curious but char-

acteristic choice of a subject for a young preacher. The being and perfections of God were subjects of profound study to him through life; but he declared in his old age that human language was too feeble to convey to the mind of another the "astounding views" that he held concerning the Infinite One.

He was admitted into the Virginia Conference on trial, and appointed to the Haw River Circuit. He had but little time for reading or study on his four-weeks' circuit with twenty-seven preaching-places. His aged colleague, Christopher S. Mooring, said to him one day:

"Brother Doub, the people find some objection to your preaching."

"Well, what is it?" asked Doub.

"They do n't find fault with your matter or manner, but they say you are too short." (Happy preacher, happy people!)

"I say all I know," said Doub, "and do n't like to repeat."

"Then," said the old preacher, "read more, study more, pray more, and you will be able to preach more."

The old man's words struck home, laying the foundation of that eager fondness for books and reading for which Doub was noted during life. And his hearers in after years

had no reason to complain that his sermons were too short. At a camp-meeting held at Lowe's Meeting-house, in Rockingham county, North Carolina, in 1830, he preached four hours and a quarter. During the delivery of that sermon and the night that followed sixty souls were converted. From being too short he became too long in his sermons, and then there was complaint on that score. His presiding elder, John Early (afterward bishop), took him in hand:

"Doub, you have sense, and you know how to preach," said he; "but your sermons are too long; you wear the people out. You are like a man fishing up a river, who turns aside to fish in every little creek or branch that runs into the main stream. Keep to the main channel. You need not try to tell all you know in one sermon."

It was a broad hint, and it was enough for the sensible, modest Doub; he took himself in hand. "I had a way," he says, "when I came to a place in preaching where there was a temptation to me to turn aside, of mentally whispering to myself, 'There are fish up that stream, but I must not go after them.'" Grand, docile, old giant! he fished in waters too deep for ordinary anglers, and his line

went down far enough to bring up thoughts from the profound depths unfathomed by shallow thinkers.

After a successful year's work he attended his first Annual Conference at Oxford, North Carolina, Bishop Roberts presiding. Here he met for the first time John Easter, Lewis Skidmore, Ethelbert Drake, William Compton, John Kobler, and Isham Tatum—strong, holy, apostolic men, who gave tone to the body. The impression made upon the young preacher was profound, and his exalted estimate of the dignity and sanctity of the sacred office was not lowered.

On circuits, districts, and stations he labored with unflagging zeal and energy from year to year, growing steadily in the fullness of his Biblical knowledge, in the breadth, depth, and length of his sermons, and in popularity and influence with the people. Great awakenings attended his ministry in North Carolina and Virginia, reminding Bishop McKendree, as he declared, of the wonderful work under the lead of John Easter in Virginia. During the four years he was on the Yadkin District more than seven thousand souls were converted within its bounds, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight of whom were converted at the

meetings he personally superintended. All the circuits were in a blaze of revival; on the Salisbury Circuit alone there were over one thousand six hundred converts in a single year. During the year of his second pastorate on the Haw River Circuit nearly one thousand persons were converted; but of these only about three hundred and fifty joined the Methodist Church. The greater portion of them joined the Baptists, there being, as he tells us, a number of Baptist preachers on different parts of the circuit "ready to lead the young converts into the water." This led him to make a special study of the subjects of baptism, Church-membership, etc., and to preach frequently thereon. His fame as a debater on these questions was spread abroad throughout all the region round about, and proselyting among his converts was checked. He was a lover of peace, and did not enter the arena of theological conflict from choice. But he had taken a vow to "put away all erroneous and strange doctrines," and when he saw the truth perverted and his work hindered by opposers, he prepared for battle, and stood ready to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and which he felt must be defended by the saints. Arminian theology has seldom

had so able a champion, and never one more loyal to New Testament truth. The effect produced by his controversial sermons is illustrated by an incident that occurred at one of his camp-meetings. A man sat down against a tree at eleven o'clock one Sunday forenoon to listen to one of his discourses, which proved to be one of his mightiest and longest efforts. Its effect upon this hearer was so overwhelming that he did not leave his seat until sunset, when the Rev. Moses Brock approached him and asked:

"Do you desire religion?"

"Yes," said he; "but I am afraid I can't keep it; for Doub has proved that we can lose it."

"Doub proved also," answered Brock, "that if we lose it it is our own fault—we are not obliged to lose it."

"True; but I must go home," said the man.

"You must come back again," said Brock.

When the man reached home he told his family to get ready and go to meeting. As soon as they could they came to the campground, and marched right into the altar, and the whole family was converted that night. The next morning they all joined the Church. There was something like a recoil from that broadside discharge, but the issue was satis-

factory. His defense of Methodism was usually aggressive, and when his cool German blood did take fire nothing could withstand his systematic and energetic onslaughts. His style as a preacher was expository rather than hortatory, logical rather than emotional; he moved along the lines of discussion with a steady, measured march, fortifying as he advanced with Scripture proofs and arguments; but there were times when his great mental furnace burned with seven-fold heat, and his mind which had moved slowly and heavily, now all aflame and with every power aroused, bore down all opposition and carried the thrilled and wonder-stricken multitudes by storm. His logic caught fire from its own momentum, and set on fire all within its reach. Put him up to preach at eleven o'clock on Sunday at a great camp-meeting where, gathered under a spacious arbor among the thick-standing and wide-spreading oaks, the assembled thousands sat eager to hear the word of life from his lips—the Sabbath hush resting upon the place, a cloudless sky above, and the songs of Zion floating on the balmy air—he would survey the upturned faces of the multitude, and with deliberate and solemn manner enter upon the service. He read the

Scripture as if he felt that it was indeed the word of life, and he prayed as if indeed he was talking to a present and listening God. His texts on such occasions usually referred to judgment, eternity, heaven, hell, or some similar sublime and awful theme. With inexorable logic, infallible proofs, and cumulative power he addressed the intellect and consciences of the spell-bound people, until at the last he turned loose upon them such a vehemence of expostulation and such intensity of pathetic appeal that a universal "break-down" would follow. There would be no room for the penitents who pressed their way to the altar, while the Christian men and women present, upborne on the mighty tide of spiritual power that had broken forth, sung and prayed and exhorted as if a new Pentecost had come upon the earth. And so indeed it had come! That camp-meeting preacher was as truly a recipient and dispenser of its power as was the seventy in the upper chamber at Jerusalem who first felt its heavenly breath and saw its fiery tongues. The Pentecost! it will not pale until it is lost in the effulgence of the latter-day glory. Its promise is for the last days—all of them—and is not to be taken retrospectively or with unbelieving limitations.

Clarke's Commentary was his treasury of exegetical riches, but he thought independently on all the fundamental facts and principles of Christianity, and took wide ranges of thinking that were all his own. He tells us that his growing popularity was a source of trouble to him; he felt, he says, that "the people caressed him too much," and feared it might become an occasion of stumbling to him. He was not spoiled; and now we are prone to smile as we think of the possibility that flattery could have turned a head so hard and clear, or tainted a heart so true as his. But he knew what was in human nature, and was wise in feeling that where such sparks were flying there might be tinder to catch fire. He preached a thousand times while he was on the Yadkin District, and held one hundred and forty-four Quarterly Conferences, and not less than fifty camp-meetings. It is estimated that altogether not less than forty thousand persons were brought into the Church under his official administration, directly or indirectly. Of these many moved westward, carrying with them a pure type of Methodism to make the wilderness blossom, and a great company went on before him to the skies. Though ready and persistent as a polemic, he

was so transparently true and fair-minded that he made no enemies. Throughout all North Carolina and beyond he was venerated and loved as a father, and there are thousands still living whose hearts grow warm with tender recollections at the mention of his name. The Church bestowed its unsought honors upon him freely. Four times he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, and he was a member of the convention which organized the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Louisville, Ky. He was not a talker in such assemblies; his speeches on the floor of the Annual Conference averaged about one in ten years. But he was a close observer and a good counselor, and he voted the vote of a wise and godly man. He was as modest as he was great.

The Methodism that was developed under his ministry was deep-rooted, reproductive, and wide-spreading. The men and women converted and nurtured under his guidance could give a reason for the faith that was in them, and transmitted their beliefs, their usages, and their spirit to children's children. One of his controversial tractates fell into the hands of a pale-faced youth in Missouri, in whose bright eyes flashed the fires of genius. It changed his whole life. The reading of that

stray piece of polemics made the youth a Methodist in belief; he was converted and called to the ministry; became a preacher of wonderful power, an author whose books have sowed the seeds of truth in thousands of souls; and died a bishop in the Church of God. Enoch Marvin was doctrinally the Methodistic child of Peter Doub. Who can measure the influence of that one production of the logical, sure-hitting old North Carolina polemic?

There was some talk of making him a bishop. Every man of his power and prominence is sure to be talked of in this connection by a circle more or less wide. The Church never called on him to serve in that capacity. When the angel of elections stirred the General Conference waters, another stepped in before him. The serene, reticent old thinker was not pushed to the front—and if not pushed by others, it was certain he would never think of pushing himself. Little did he care for titles or honors. Had he been elected a bishop he would have assumed the duties of the office as he did those of the presiding eldership of the Yadkin District, with modest misgivings; and it is likely that he would have made as good a record in the one office as in the other. His last, quiet days among the beloved Carolina hills

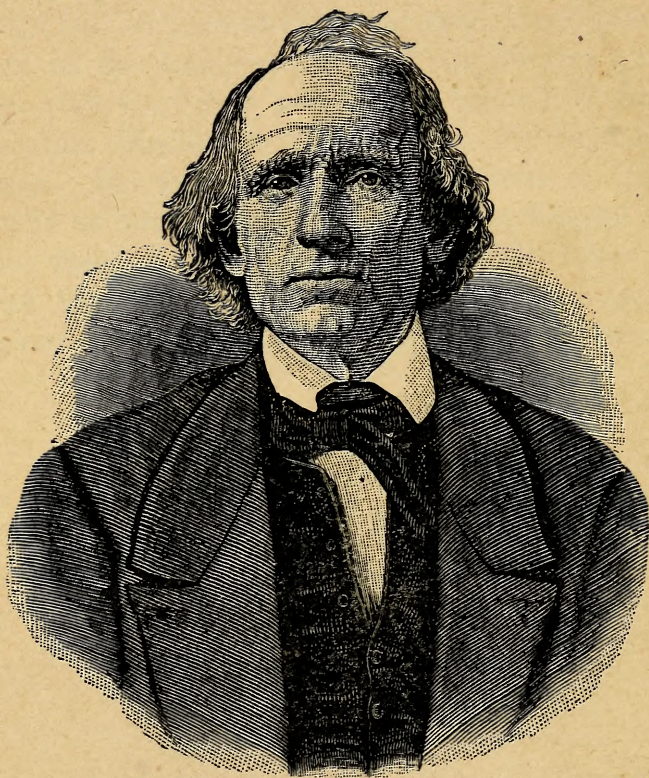
where he was born were none the less happy, and his reward when he was called up to join the glorified hosts on the eternal hills was none the less abundant, because he was not called by the Church to the chief pastorate. It is supposed that the Lord specially directs in matters of this sort, though human agency sometimes makes curious eddies in the current of ecclesiastical history.

He died in Greensboro, North Carolina, August 24, 1869. His dying-message was: "Tell the brethren at Conference to preach the same gospel"—words that fitly close the testimony of a man who had tested the power of that gospel in the experience of his own grand and beautiful life, and who had witnessed its efficacy in the salvation of so many thousands of souls.

About six feet high; dark-complexioned; long-bodied and short-limbed, standing flat-footed and steady; large-framed, heavy-built, square-shouldered, with a thick neck supporting a powerful head; heavy under-jaw; firm mouth; large nose; blue eyes that look straight at you with friendly inquiry; raven-black hair in early manhood, but gray and thin in later years, rising tuft-like above the noble forehead and drawn forward in thin wisps over the temples; arrayed in garments of the true

Methodist-preacher cut, including the white neckcloth and turned-down collar—Peter Doub, sturdy, unaffected, saintly, manly, human, with a capacious brain full of great thoughts and a heart full of love to God and man, stands before us the impersonation of simplicity, purity, and Christian nobility: a typical North Carolina Methodist preacher of the earlier times. His epitaph might be written in the words of his favorite text: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." The Church he loved and served will hold his memory precious forever.





THOMAS STRINGFIELD.

Thomas Stringfield.

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SOLDIER blood was in his veins. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, and was at the battle of King's Mountain, one of the band of immortal patriot-heroes who, in that bloody fight, struck the enemy a stunning blow, and turned the tide of war. He was a hearty friend and a fearless antagonist. His mother had some of the same martial metal in her composition, though it was tempered by womanly grace and tenderness. From both his parents he inherited a courage that was uncalculating and dauntless. He always took sides quickly, following his honest impulses and clear convictions. He might be rash, but never cowardly. If any cause he loved was imperiled, or if any truth dear to him was assailed, he did not ask what were the odds for or against it, but threw himself at once into the fight. And once in he fought it out. He was a volunteer soldier, but went in for the whole war, as sure to hold out as he was quick to start. With his hot blood there

was also a clear head and a strong will. Daring, aggressive, yet unselfish and true-hearted to the core, he was a pioneer and path-finder in Methodist journalism and a valiant champion of Methodism at a time when only brave men were willing to enter the field and only strong men were able to keep it. He blazed the ways that others have since opened more fully, and fought battles and gained victories that make it less needful for us to fight now. His knightly figure stands out boldly among the heroes who bore in triumph the Methodist colors in the militant period of the Church, and will hold its loving and admiring gaze as long as the breezes blow or the sunshine rests upon the Holston hills.

He was born in 1796 near where now stands the town of Bowling Green, Kentucky. His parents were Methodists, and their home-life was such as to commend their religion to their children. Next to his mother his sister Delilah was his good angel. She daily took him with her to secret prayer. It is a picture upon which to linger—the fair-faced, loving, saintly girl and the impulsive, active, manly boy with clasped hands kneeling side by side at the feet of God. The habit of daily secret prayer thus formed he maintained through life, and we

cannot doubt that under God it was a potent factor in giving unity, consistency, and power to his Christian life. The family was visited by the strong and fervent Methodist preachers who at that time gave tone to Methodism in that garden-spot of Kentucky. It is not strange that the quick-witted, ardent-tempered boy was converted when he was only eight years old. He was converted as a child, and found it as easy to be a child Christian then as it was for him in after days to lead the vanguard of the Methodist forces and to bear the heaviest burdens in the service of the Church. Child religion is as real as adult religion, and bears the same relation to it that the buds and blooms do to the ripened fruit in the harvest season. When he was twelve years old the family removed to Alabama, and settled near Huntsville. Here he grew up rapidly, and got some book-learning from the country schools, which were not then noted for the breadth of their courses of study nor for thoroughness in teaching. He was apt to learn, and kept what he acquired. The literary instinct was irrepressible in him. He loved books, and eagerly devoured all the reading that came in his way, from a family almanac to a well-thumbed copy of the old *Arminian*

Magazine. His parents had taken their religion with them into their new home in Alabama, and here, as in Kentucky, the Methodist preachers were frequent visitors. In contact with such men as Thomas L. Douglass, William McMahon, James McFerrin, and others like them, the impressions made by Stamper, Crouch, Gunn, Lindsay, and others in Kentucky were deepened, and the impressible youth molded more completely into the spirit and form of Methodism as held, taught, and practiced by those full-statured evangelists. But his education and the peaceful current of his life were rudely interrupted. Alabama became the seat of an Indian war—the last of the fierce, desperate struggles of the red men against fate and the white man, out of which they came decimated, broken, and despairing, but like a storm-cloud that had spent its fury still emitting sullen lightning-flashes as it vanished westward. At the call of the fiery-souled Andrew Jackson for volunteers the father and his two sons enlisted, Thomas being not yet sixteen years old. It was not in their nature to be quiet when the notes of fife and drum fell on their ears, or to hold back and let others defend their homes against the Indians. Three braver soldiers never fought

under that dauntless chieftain, who was invincible alike in war and in peace. At the battle of Camp Lookout his horse was shot under him, but he himself escaped unhurt. In the fight at Emuckfaw he was shot in the forehead by a sharp-sighted and close-shooting Indian while standing within a few feet of General Jackson. The brother was at once sent to him, and he tells us that "it was impossible to describe his feelings when he saw Thomas, as yet but a stripling, leaning on his rifle and literally covered with blood." The wounded youth fainted from intense pain, and was carried to a private tent and tenderly nursed. On regaining his consciousness he found General Jackson himself standing by him. "My brave boy!" exclaimed the kind-hearted yet iron-willed hero. The young soldier had a quality higher than physical courage: he possessed the Christian heroism that withstood all the temptations of camp-life; he fell into none of its vices, and maintained his habit of regular private devotion. Their contact during the war was the basis of a life-long friendship between General Jackson and the boy soldier. As long as the General lived his former companion-in-arms visited him; and when the one had risen to be President of the

United States and the idol of the nation, and the other had become an honored and trusted leader in the Church of God, they would turn fondly to the stirring scenes of the earlier days. In their last interview at the Hermitage the zealous minister of God turned the conversation to the subject of personal religion, and solemnly put to the aged warrior the question: "General, how is it with your soul?" It was this element of unflinching fidelity and straightforwardness that was the bond of cohesion between the illustrious soldier and the faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Soon after the close of the Indian war he was enlisted and commissioned for service in a higher and holier warfare. His ardent soul burned with pity for sinners; he felt inward movings of the Holy Spirit that could not be quieted, and a voice sounded to his inner ear the command, "Go preach the gospel." After due examination he was licensed to preach, and with characteristic fervor and energy he entered upon his sacred vocation, and for forty-two years he labored on until he at once laid down his commission and his life.

He was admitted into the Tennessee Annual Conference November 10, 1816. He first labored on the Elk River, Tennessee Valley,

Cahawba, Limestone, and Flint circuits, and the Nashville and Huntsville stations. In all these fields of service he was zealous, untiring, and successful in winning souls and building up the Church. When the Holston Conference was "set off" from the Tennessee and Baltimore Conferences, he cast in his lot with the new Conference, and gave to it his labor and his love to the end of his life. As presiding elder, station preacher, circuit preacher, college agent, Bible agent, and editor, he served the Church with extraordinary zeal and ability, and with steadily enlarging influence and reputation. From the southern slopes of the Cumberland Mountains, in Tennessee, to where the French Broad River leaps down the mighty canyons in the Land of the Sky, in North Carolina, he traveled, preached, defended the faith, and edified the Church. His fervor kindled the cold-hearted, his strong faith buoyed up the desponding, his splendid courage rallied the wavering. At that time Methodism was fiercely opposed in all that region. It was looked upon as an intruder where it was not wanted and could not be tolerated. It was misunderstood by good people, and misrepresented by men blinded by bigotry. Forced to defend his Church, this fear-

less yet generous, chivalrous champion of the truth shrunk from no antagonist, and left not the field until the victory was won. He did much to give Holston Methodism the type it bears unto this day—a Methodism that is friendly and hospitable to all who reciprocate friendliness and hospitality, yet ready to give a fair fight to any open foe and to meet all exclusivism and pretentiousness with good-natured contempt. It is a Methodism that responds with equal alacrity to the long-roll that calls to battle when the truth they hold and love is assailed, or to clasp an honest hand in fraternal greeting when the battle is over, and the white flag of peace is afloat. It is a Methodism whose cradle was rocked by storms and that has had a sturdy growth, and now stands strong in that beautiful land where sparkling waters flash along the valleys that smile among the mountains that pierce the skies.

He was the projector, editor, and publisher of the *Arminian Magazine*—first issued from Huntsville, Alabama, and then from Knoxville, Tennessee. It was patterned in some degree after its English namesake and prototype—a repertory of sermons, religious essays, and polemics, with a little necrology and a spice of polite literature now and then. He

was a pioneer in this line—and in some sense Doggett, Bledsoe, Summers, Harrison, and Hinton have been his successors. He sunk some money by the venture, but had the subjective satisfaction of working in a field congenial to him, and of giving errorists and opposers some hearty and heavy blows. If he did not find magazine-making a money-making business, his ink-spilling brethren have usually fared no better. Knowing his literary tastes and aptitudes, we are not surprised that, in 1836, he was elected editor of the *South-western Christian Advocate*—the forerunner and, we might say, the beginning of the *Christian Advocate*, now published at Nashville. He stands at the head of this editorial succession—Stringfield, McFerrin, Henkle, McTyeire, Summers, Fitzgerald. Honor to the man whose bravery was equal not only to fighting Indians, but to pioneering in the religious newspaper business! He bore on his body the scar that showed that he had been hit by the Indian's bullet at Emuckfaw, and a depleted purse showed that he had battled with delinquent newspaper patrons and other perils incident to the operations of an editor and publisher. By his pen, as by his voice, he defended the doctrines and usages of Methodism, which were still under

fire. As a newspaper controversialist he was direct, trenchant, and convincing, relying on simple truth and sound logic rather than skill in verbal quibbling and appeals *ad populum*, as the manner of some is in all the differing religious camps. Hence it was that his victories were real, and conquests made by him were maintained. He captured the enemy's posts, fortified them, and held them.

He was a many-sided man, and was put to many kinds of work. His tracks are visible in all these fields of service, and in some of them his were the first.

His mother lived long enough to feel a mother's sacred joy in his success. She had gone to the then distant West, but her loving heart always turned to him, and her prayers daily went up to God for him. "Never leave nor forsake the flock," she wrote to him from Illinois in 1828, "but persevere until death." Then in a burst of grateful joy she exclaims: "Bless the Lord for religion! It can make us happy when all earthly prospects fail:

Though bleak the wind and cold the rain,
And earthly prospects all be vain,
And death be drawing near,
If Christ be with me all is well
I'll disregard the rage of hell,
And will not yield to fear."

This ringing note suits the mother of a Christian hero, and suggests to us whence came the principles and the impulses which were the inspiring and propelling forces of a noble and beneficent Christian life. It was his good fortune to be touched at every period of his life by gracious womanly influences. In 1826 he was married to Sarah Williams, step-daughter of the venerated Thomas Wilkerson. She was very young, but first getting the consent of her mother the ardent lover won her pure and loving heart, and they were married while yet she was in her early teens. For fifteen happy years she was the light of his home. Her spiritual insight, quick womanly intuition, invincible patience, and undoubting faith put sweetness and power into his life. When she died in 1841 he felt that all his earthly joy was buried with her in the grave. In 1843 he met Mrs. Mary H. Cockrill near Courtland, Alabama—a cultured, lovely, faithful Christian lady, who had known a sorrow like his own. They were attracted to each other by the subtle power that interprets soul to soul, and they were married. These second marriages often jar upon sensitive hearts, and sometimes sow the seeds of endless discord in the sacred circle of the home. But it is not always so.

There are sweet and holy women who seem to be born for step-motherhood. They are mothers of motherless children, the rebuilders of shattered homes. Blessings on all good step-mothers! No brighter crowns than theirs will be worn in heaven. Mary Cockrill was one of these, and every one of the eight children she took in charge bore the impress of her Christian influence and loved her with a love scarcely less than that given to a real mother. Blessings on all our holy Methodist women! If the real springs of the power of our best and greatest men could be found, on the same page that records their names in shining letters would stand those of their praying mothers, their gentle, loving sisters, and their patient, uncomplaining, self-forgetting wives. From Susanna Wesley to Harriet Marvin this gracious womanly succession has never failed.

He died at Strawberry Plains, East Tennessee, June 12, 1858. His path had been rough toward the end of his journey. But his consecration had been complete, and so was the victory of his faith. In the world he had tribulation, but in Jesus peace. The text of his last sermon was from 2 Corinthians i. 12: "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity,

not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." It was the triumphant challenge of a great soul in the retrospect of the earthly life and on the border of eternity.

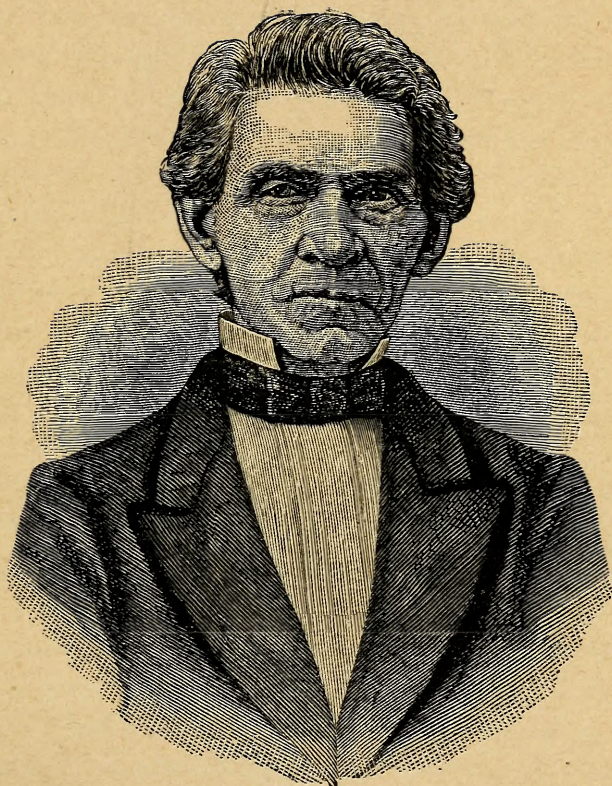
Medium-sized, compact, elastic, and full of energy; of sanguine complexion; deep-blue eyes that were very bright or very sad; hair rich auburn and abundant until silvered and thinned by time; features regular and handsome; the slight drooping of the under-lip suggesting easy good nature, while the firm compression of the upper hinted of intense energy and will-power; a high, commanding forehead; bearing graceful and pleasing; with an effluence from his personality of that indefinable yet unmistakable power that belongs to men who hold habitual communion with God—Thomas Stringfield, the boy soldier, the eloquent preacher and able polemic, the pioneer Methodist journalist, the open-handed benefactor of every good cause, and the warm-hearted friend of every good and friendly man and woman, won and holds a conspicuous place among the many men of marked individuality, superior abilities, and exalted Christian character that have illuminated the annals of the Holston Conference.

Edward McGehee.

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INGLY grace and dignity and a rare humility were fascinatingly blended in him. In his generation he was unique. He dominated and charmed his fellowmen. No man in his sphere could be or wished to be his rival. He was the munificent patron of Christian learning, the helper and protector of widowhood and orphanage, the strongest pillar of the Church, the patriarchal head of a household modeled after the pattern exhibited in the ages when angels in bodily form entered the tent-doors of holy men and spoke to them in the words of human speech. He had as many servants as Abraham, and was like him the friend of God. He was the product of a civilization that had its peculiar perils for bad men, but which touched the good with a peculiar grace and nobility. It was a civilization that demanded a forethought, restraint of the passions, guidance of the ignorant, protection of the weak, and a patience with the slow and the stolid, that developed a type of char-



EDWARD McGEHEE.

acter scarcely attainable under other conditions of society. If all slave-holders had been like him, slavery might still have passed away; but it would have been by the sure working of moral forces rather than in a national baptism of blood and fire. To such as he is owing the influence that enabled the Negro race to come out of bondage into freedom without an act of violence to sow the seeds of wrath to spring up in harvests of bitterness and sorrow in after generations. Posterity will not withhold the credit due to these Christian men who made the best of a difficult situation, and who wrought this miracle of history. Under the reign of reason and fraternity in the new era, its just verdict is already anticipated by clear-sighted and truth-loving men. And men of his spirit in the South will contribute largely to the solution of the race problem in its present and prospective phases in this republic. African slavery is dead in these United States of America; few are sorry, and millions are glad. The fathers of the nation bequeathed it with all its embarrassments to their descendants, and upon this generation was visited the consequences of the blunders of a century. Divine purposes now unfolding before us when fully worked out

will bring compensations to all. The good God meant only good to all in what he permitted: he knows how to overrule for good even the crimes of the wicked and the blunders of the ignorant. In the retrospect of the next hundred years, those who come after us will see what is now hidden from our eyes, and the golden thread of providential purpose will be visible in all the warp and woof of the history of the Negro race in America. The movement of humanity is onward, and the pillar of cloud and fire guides its march.

Royal-hearted Judge McGehee! His environment furnished a fit setting for such a jewel. . He was endowed with a multiform genius—a genius for government, a genius for money-making, a genius for liberality, a genius for winning love and for loving, and a genius for religion.

He was born in Oglethorpe county, Georgia, November 8, 1786. This part of Georgia has been prolific of great men. Many of the early settlers were of the best blood of Virginia and the Carolinas. The mild yet bracing climate, the open-air life, the plain, good living, the traditions of a heroic ancestry, all contributed to develop a brawny, brainy, courageous manhood, and a womanhood to match. The sons

of these noble pioneer fathers and mothers, in field and farm, on the bench and in the pulpit, have enriched the annals of their native State with great names, and made large contributions to the glory of the younger commonwealths that have sprung up in the West and South-west. At an early age the large-framed, clear-headed, well-mannered, ingenuous boy felt the touch of Methodism, and it left its gracious impress for time and eternity. Hope Hull and others of his fervent and robust type sowed in his soul the seeds of saving truth; it fell on good ground, and the harvest was abundant. Dr. Lovick Pierce was his contemporary and early friend, and there was a close friendship between them during life. They loved each other strongly, and though opposite in temperament they were fully agreed in their doctrinal beliefs and in the maintenance of an exalted theoretical and practical standard of Christian experience and practice.

He carried with him from Georgia to Mississippi the impress of the great and good men who planted and nurtured the fair flower of Georgia Methodism. Their religion was of a kind that gave them great thoughts of God and small thoughts of themselves. Under their teaching and influence he had re-

ceived the kingdom of heaven as a little child, and throughout his life the grace of humility adorned his character. The self-poised, self-acting, masterful man of affairs was humble, docile, teachable. Moving as a born leader among men, he walked humbly with God. He went forth daily from communion with the Father of spirits, and his gentle and reverent bearing revealed the august companionship to which he was admitted. General Taylor voiced what everybody thought when he said that he was the best man he ever knew: "I have known him," said the General, "to lift a drunkard from the road into the buggy and take him home." Sweet-souled disciple! He had learned his lesson at the feet of Jesus.

As a cotton-planter he prospered wonderfully. He had the good judgment that brings what the world calls good luck. The seasons seemed to come and go to suit his wishes; his laborers were more faithful than others; he got the best prices for his crops. He cultivated his cotton-fields on true Arminian principles: he had faith in God, but that did not prevent him from plowing deep, planting early, and keeping down the grass. He prayed to God for every thing; but he did not expect to secure desired ends without the use

of means when the means were at hand. His possessions increased until his fields stretched out as wide as a feudal estate, and his servants exceeded a thousand in number. His public spirit and liberality kept pace with his temporal prosperity. His strong and friendly hand touched the springs of enterprise and benevolence all around him. The State of Mississippi was indebted to him for its first railroad and its first cotton-factory. He was the munificent benefactor of his own Church. Centenary College was the child of his love. He originally purchased its buildings from the State of Louisiana, and his gifts to it were not less than seventy thousand dollars. He was also the chief patron of the Woodville Female Seminary. The Carondelet Street Methodist Church, in New Orleans, is a durable monument of his beneficence. He gave largely to the building, and when finished it owed him forty thousand dollars. This debt he offered to cancel if the Church would pay him sixteen thousand dollars in cash. When payment was tendered he declined to take any thing at first, but finally accepted two thousand dollars, which he applied toward building a church in Wilkinson county, Mississippi. "There was," says Bishop Keener, who was

present, "a tremulous emotion and modesty in the manner of his making this gift that surpassed the beneficence of the gift itself, for he seemed to be the obliged party in the transaction." His love for the Church and his princely way were pleasantly illustrated on one occasion when the Mississippi Annual Conference met at Woodville: he gave horses to several of the preachers, and equipped every member of the body with an elegant traveling-blanket. No full earthly record could be made of what he did to equip, send forth, and sustain the ministers of God and for the support of the institutions of the Church in the South-west, but it is written with his name in the book of life, and will be known in "that day." He somehow found time—it would be better to say he took time—to give attention and service to all the interests of the Church. While cultivating six or seven plantations at once, and taking a prominent part in all matters affecting the material interests of society, he was always punctual in the discharge of his duties as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He was spiritually-minded, "a man of much devotion and private meditation." A beautiful picture is presented of him at even-tide walking alone and communing with God in

the grand forest of oaks and birches which were the most attractive feature of "Bowling Green," his family residence. He loved the songs of Zion, and to the last the old melodies of early Methodism fired his heart. He delighted in the worship of God and in the communion of saints. He loved the class-meeting. With rare good sense and glowing fervor he bore testimony for his Lord, and instructed, exhorted, and comforted his fellow-disciples. He was the farthest possible removed from a weak and watery effusiveness, superficial and emotional, and he was no less free from the icy stiffness and dumbness of a barren intellectualism and lifeless formalism. He did not feel that he had outgrown a means of grace providentially developed among Methodists that had nourished the spiritual life of its noblest men and women, that was rooted in human nature and in the word of God, and imbedded in the law of his Church. He could no more outgrow his need of the class-meeting and his relish for its exercises than he could outgrow his yearning for Christian fellowship and his aspiration for the fullness of the life of God in his believing soul. His habits were formed at a time when a holy ministry called the people to holy living and led

the way. He seemed to be as incapable of falling below the measure of what he owed to God as of rendering a fellow-man less than his due. He wished to be honest with God as well as man. This sentiment of honor was thus exalted into a Christian grace, by the transforming touch of the Holy Spirit. "Had he been charged by his Lord with special care of the poor and of widows and orphans," said one who knew him intimately, "he could scarcely have been more attentive to their interests. He accepted the care of estates and watched over the education of youth with fatherly sympathy." In him the grace of hospitality was personified: his manner was the perfection of delicacy and refinement and of an engaging sincerity that at once put the visitor at ease. "Toward his guests, or the workmen sitting at his table, or to his servants at a log-raising, his courtesy was uniform; no matter how busy he might be, if a child entered the room it was always received with a smile and an extended hand." On the occasion of introducing General Zachary Taylor, then President elect, at a reception given him at Woodville, this noble and imitable self-obliviousness was conspicuous. On the return home one of the servants exclaimed: "Others

may have seen General Taylor, but I saw only master—he was so polite and grand!”

He was a thoughtful and prayerful owner of slaves. At one time he thought seriously of going himself to Africa to superintend a colony of his own servants planted by himself. He was an early and generous supporter of the schemes of African colonization. Good and wise men are still looking in that direction, and what was an unfulfilled aspiration to him may find its realization hereafter. All possible effort was made by him for the promotion of the religious and social welfare of his servants. At family prayer—which was maintained by him all his life—the servants were called in, and it was no uncommon thing for one or more of the most trusted and honored of them to be called upon by him to lead in the prayer after he had read the morning or evening lesson from the Bible. When the slaves were freed at the close of the civil war, he felt that a heavy responsibility was lifted from his shoulders; but his interest in the well-being of the Negro race did not abate. No unmanly whinings or unchristian murmurings were indulged by him. His pecuniary loss was enormous—but he never cared for property for its own sake; he was one of few who

could make it rapidly and use it wisely without harm to himself. He bore himself with characteristic magnanimity amid the political convulsions of the time, and his noble qualities as a Christian never shone more brightly than then. His beautiful mansion, "Bowling Green," was burned by a regiment of Negro troops at the close of the war. He made no complaints. Leaving the ruins of the former house undisturbed, he built a second house just by its four blackened walls and pillars, which remained as a monument of the troublous times now happily past. Exalted goodness gives no exemption from temporal calamity when the red devil of war is unchained.

He had no relish for public life. He demonstrated that an American citizen may be public-spirited and patriotic without seeking official position. He served several terms in the Legislature of Mississippi at the earnest demand of his fellow-citizens, who knew that he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities that make a good law-maker. His legislative career was most honorable and useful; but as soon as he could follow his own wishes without disregarding the obligations of citizenship, he returned to private life. President Taylor offered him the Secretaryship of the

United States Treasury, but he declined, preferring the independence of a private gentleman, and shrinking from the glare of high official station. The fires of political ambition that have burned so fiercely in so many men, and burned out what was truest and best in them, had no place in his soul—a holier flame had been kindled there by the touch of a heavenly spark.

Such a life was naturally rich in noble Christian friendships. He had an apartment in his house called “the Bishop’s room,” which was occupied by Bishop McKendree and most of his successors. The two Pierces, of Georgia—the father, phenomenal in mental force and physical vitality, and his brilliant and consecrated son; the intellectually massive and sinewy Dr. William Winans; the wise and sweet-spirited Benjamin Drake; the godly and sagacious John Lane; the scholarly and noble Dr. William H. Watkins; the wiry and witty Thomas Clinton, and many others, both dead and living, of the servants of God, have occupied that prophet’s chamber; and every one of them entertained the sincerest admiration and affection for their princely host. “It was indeed,” says Bishop Keener, “as a blessing from the Lord to have been his bosom friend,

as a heavenly benefaction to have rested with him for a night, and to have merely carried a note and delivered it, and caught the impression of such a presence, was to the young scarcely less than a benediction. I count it one of the mercies of God to have seen Bunting and Newton, of England, and Olin, and Fisk, and Hedding, and Soule, and Capers, and Winans, and Drake, but also to have known Edward McGehee." The blessed world where such spirits shall meet is worth living for. The promise of it is the only adequate explanation of a grand and beneficent earthly career. Terminating here, it would be the most pitiable tragedy: linking itself to immortality, it is a fit beginning of high and enduring fellowship and never-ending progress.

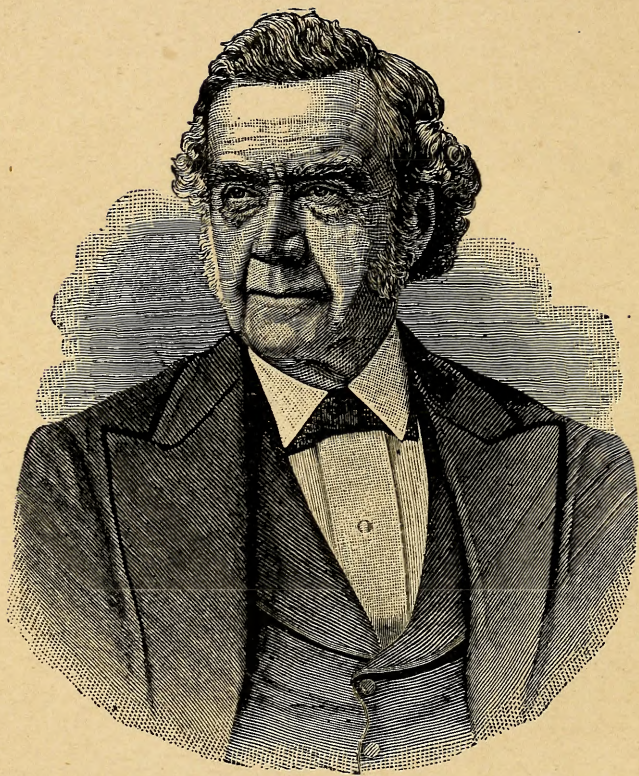
He died at his home in Woodville, October 1, 1880. His last days were serene and beautiful, but not without the pathos that gathers around age and sorrow and death. The ties that held him to earth were loosed one after another. A dear son who was tenderly nursing him in his last sickness died suddenly. It was the snapping of the last strand that tied him to life. "My heart is breaking—let me go," said the dying patriarch. "I am called, I am called—and must go"—and the white, kingly soul was

caught up to the presence of the King of kings and to the company of the just made perfect.

Above six feet high, large-framed, erect; with calm, dark eyes whose kindly magnetism none could resist; straight black hair; a nobility of countenance and dignity of mien that led many persons after meeting him to say that he reminded them of General Washington as he is portrayed in history; a voice singularly gentle and yet commanding; modest as a village maiden yet grandly brave; a brain of immense power, and a heart tuned to the finest emotions; a prince in all the elements of leadership among his fellows; a patriarch in the fatherliness of his great, affectionate nature; the strongest pillar of the Church, and the perfect model of a citizen; the friend of the widow and orphan, the builder of churches and of colleges, the white man's exemplar and the black man's protector, the benefactor of all accessible humanity, and the humble, adoring disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ—Edward McGehee may be taken to type one side of the civilization of the Old South in the midst of which good men and women, while as God's instruments they were training the lowly for whatever better things he has in store for them

hereafter, bloomed into a peculiar grace and dignity, and reached heights attained only by those who being tried in the fires come forth as gold.





WILLIAM KENDRICK.

William Kendrick.

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LEAR-CUT in Christ-likeness, solid and shining as fresh-minted gold, he lived a life in Louisville that made it easier for every man and woman in that city to believe in his Master and in human goodness. He revealed to such as could discern the real springs of human action what it is that puts into a man's hand the key that unlocks every door of earthly opportunity. Blessings on his name! It lingers in the loving memories of men of all creeds and of no creed in that fair city; and it will not be forgotten in the homes into which he carried consolation and help, while the Falls of the Ohio shall continue to sing their nightly lullaby to its resting thousands.

He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, February 11, 1810. His parents were English, stanch members of the Established Church. They were of good stock—well bred, self-reliant, religious. To them he was indebted for something more than a vigorous physical organization and an attractive person: "They

taught him Christian principles, industrious habits, and the manners of a gentleman." The spice of adventurousness that first brought his father to the New World took him to Texas at the time when the Mexican nation was offering extraordinary inducements for its settlement. Before the consummation of his personal plans, the Texan Revolution broke out, and he died (in September, 1822). Ten days previously his faithful wife had died in Louisville, whither they had removed in 1818. By the death of their parents, William Kendrick and his sister Margaret were left moneyless orphans among strangers. But the promise of the Father of the fatherless did not fail them. A happy and romantic marriage settled the fortune of the comely and loving sister. About the same time the brother was one day standing in a thoughtful mood on the sidewalk. A stranger passing by looked at him and was struck with his resemblance, real or fancied, to his own dead boy. A tender chord was touched within him. "My son, will you go home with me, and live with me, and be my boy?" Looking into the kindly face turned upon him, the frank, confiding lad replied, "Yes, sir, I will." And he went, and found a happy home on the farm of his foster-father, a few miles out of the

city. He was a healthy, active boy, and took to hunting, fishing, skating, swimming, and other country sports with intense relish. A boy bred wholly in the city is to be pitied. He loses the freedom, the amplitude, and inspiration of nature, and is stunted and narrowed. To look up at the awnings over the sidewalks instead of the high, capacious sky; to gaze upon dusty streets and brick and mortar instead of grassy fields and stately forests; to look at street-corner lamps instead of the shining stars at night—all this is cramping and dwarfing to a boy. If possible, let every boy have at least a few years in the country. He may be sharpened and polished in the city afterward, but the years spent in the country will be likely to leave the largest deposit of healthful influence on body, brain, and soul. The boy's life at this time was happily touched with another gracious influence—that of a saintly Christian woman. The motherly heart of Mrs. Jane Shively was drawn toward the manly, handsome lad, and she sought with all womanly tenderness and tact to lead him to Christ. In all his after life the image of this good lady held its place in his grateful heart. A curious little bit of history comes in here. His foster-father having decided to send his

son to college at Bardstown, expressed a wish that William Kendrick should accompany him. The plan was that the orphan boy should find employment in the town, and while supporting himself "enjoy important advantages from his association with men of learning in the place." This idea was original enough, but it did not work well. Finding nothing else to do, and feeling anxious to please his benefactor, William undertook to work for the village tavern-keeper. He soon learned that he was expected to spend much of his time behind his employer's bar. That settled the question with the brave, pure-minded boy. He promptly gave up the place. Bardstown and Kentucky lost a bar-keeper, but neither has suffered for the lack of such functionaries from that day to this. The genius of William Kendrick did not lie in that direction. Turning his back on Bardstown and bar-keeping, he struck across the country with his face toward Louisville, without a dollar in his pocket. He got lost on the way, but the people were kind to the modest, prepossessing lad, and he made the journey safely. If his heart was a little sad and lonely on the way, he was strengthened by the testimony of a good conscience that told him he had done what was right. After

a short experience as a merchant's clerk, he entered a jeweler's establishment in Louisville to learn that business. His physical and mental development was steady, and his business education was rapid and thorough. He was honest, skillful, prompt, and affable. Truthfulness was his characteristic quality. He had the keen, sagacious intellect that leaped to swift conclusions and right ones by the intuitive processes peculiar to the best women and the most finely molded men.

In his eighteenth year came the great crisis and revolution in his life—his religious awakening and conversion. The instrument was Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, then a young preacher, but already giving forth flashes of that genius that in coming days illumined the whole Church with its brilliancy. It was a sermon after the old-time Methodist pattern, and full of the old-time power. That plain old church on Fourth street seemed almost to be rocking under the impassioned appeals of the thick-set, rugged-faced, bristly-headed young pulpit orator. As was his habit through life, he gave first the law, and then the gospel. He painted the sinfulness of sin in such a light that the ingenuous young man was stricken with shame and terror. The word spoken was

in demonstration of the Spirit. Upon the preacher descended the afflatus that in after days so often awed and thrilled the hearts of his hearers. And when, with glowing face, heaving chest, and tenderest pathos, he presented the crucified Jesus as the present and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, the agitated penitent was enabled to believe, and was then and there born of God; his soul was filled with light and love, and the tears of silent joy that welled up from his overflowing heart told the secret of the great change that had taken place. His conversion was clear; he never doubted it, nor did anybody else doubt it who knew him and his manner of life afterward. It was an instantaneous conversion by faith— instantaneous, and yet the sequel of a process whose links stretched back to the prayers and teachings of his dead mother and father and the gracious touches of Jane Shively. Without delay he united with the Methodists, among whom he was converted, and then for fifty-two years he followed Christ in a life of singular spiritual beauty and extraordinary fruitfulness. His early marriage to the gentle and lovely Maria Schwing fortified him in holy living, and inspired him with fresh hopefulness and energy. In the atmosphere of Louisville Meth-

odism as it then was, his whole spiritual nature burst forth into a quick and luxuriant growth. He had many gifts that blossomed out under the touch of divine grace. There was a peculiar power in his prayers. He prayed so much in secret that he went forth among men tuned for intercessory prayer; it was only necessary to strike the chord to evoke the music. "Any one who looked into his face would know that he prayed." He was a sweet singer. In the great congregation, in the social meetings of the Church, by the bedside of the sick and the dying, he sung the songs of Zion, swelling the triumphant doxologies of the sanctuary, comforting the heart of sorrow, and soothing the ear of death. He was a good class-leader. For many years he met a Sunday morning class composed largely of elderly ladies and widows. A beautiful picture is given of him and his class walking slowly into the church at the hour of the public service, their faces aglow from communion with God; the preacher, kindling with the presence and upborne by the faith of the praying band, felt the touch of the anointing Spirit, and swung out with full "liberty" in delivering the message of salvation. He lived to see most of his class "safely off to that better

country." The abodes of poverty and pain rejoiced at his coming, and the chamber of death brightened with his presence. His own early struggles and sorrows taught him how to feel for the struggling and sorrowing ones around him, and his native kindliness of heart was exalted into a steadfast principle of benevolence by the grace of God. He had the mind that was in Christ Jesus. He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and visited the sick and them that were in prison. He was the treasurer of his Church, and the official dispenser of its charities; but his philanthropic zeal was not measured by perfunctory obligation. He did good to all men as he had opportunity—and the life of such a man is full of blessed opportunities every day. The Church, knowing his worth, placed him in the front of its working forces: he was steward, class-leader, trustee, Sunday-school superintendent, and a member of nearly all the Conference Boards. He was called by his fellow-citizens to fill other public trusts, and discharged his duties with a fidelity and good judgment that elicited universal admiration.

His business career was a remarkable one. He was diligent, skillful, and punctual. After a hard preliminary struggle, these qualities

brought him success. He conducted his jewelry business on New Testament principles. His yea was yea, and his nay was nay. He had but one price for his goods, and that was a fair price. "Have you but one honest jeweler in Louisville?" asked a visitor of a citizen. "Why do you ask such a question?" replied the citizen. "Because," said the visitor, "I have asked half a dozen men to give me the name of an honest jeweler, and every one told me to go to William Kendrick." Transparent, truth-loving, truth-telling follower of the Lord Jesus Christ! the ethics of his Master compelled the homage of all sorts of men. But he was to be tested more sharply. In the great commercial crash of 1838 to 1842 his business was wrecked. He gave up every thing to his creditors. It was not without a pang that he and his sick wife walked out of the door of their house with their two little children; but they felt rich in their love for each other, and knew that they were doing right. His creditors had no legal claim to the property—the lot had belonged to his wife at the time of their marriage, and the title had never passed to him—but that made no difference with the Christian merchant and his like-minded spouse. He started again at the

bottom, his unspotted character his only capital. During long years of unremitting toil, close economy, and patient waiting, he worked on with one supreme object in view. In April, 1850, his long-cherished desire came to fruition: he found himself able to replenish his stock of goods with a surplus sufficient to pay principal and interest on the old debts that more than seven years before had been settled by bankruptcy. It was a glad day for the Christian tradesman—the day for which he had prayed and toiled all those years. He paid every dollar of the old debts, principal and interest. Now he felt that, with his faithful, self-denying wife, he could celebrate their jubilee. The responses from his creditors in New York and Philadelphia expressed a surprise and admiration indicative of the fact that such conduct was rather uncommon in the business world. There was a generous contention between him and some of these noble merchants. “This money does not belong to us,” they said to him; “we long since charged it to profit and loss; and besides, by our sales to you before and since your former settlement, we have made several times the amount. We cannot keep this money, Mr. Kendrick.” “Gentlemen, this money is justly

due to you, and you must take it," persisted the high-minded merchant. The dispute was at last happily ended by turning over the money to certain orphan asylums. There is a chivalry even in trade, when it is regulated by Christian ethics. This Louisville jeweler was himself a jewel, flashing the splendors of a Christ-like character before the eyes of men.

He was now forty years old. The thirty years that followed were prosperous and fruitful. Having been at first faithful over a few things, he was made ruler over many. His own Church crowded upon him labors and honors, while Christians of other Communions came to regard him as the representative of what was best and highest in the Christian life of the city. His goodness was of the manly, clear-headed, practical type. The smile that lighted up his honest face did not conceal the strength of character that spoke in every line, and the glance of his eye was keen as well as kindly. He was as simple-hearted as a child, walking unsullied amid the pollutions of the world, serene in the midst of its perturbations, guileless in the midst of its deceptions.

It is an instructive fact that late in life he was subjected to fierce and long-protracted

temptation. Inviting an intimate friend into the rear-room of his store one day, he locked the door, and with deep feeling told him that for some time past he had been strangely tempted by the Evil One. The enemy had come in upon him like a flood, and the strong man staggered under the assault. The friend was astonished. Could it be that this man, upon whom so many had leaned for support, was himself trembling in the storm? that this man, who had been a comforter to so many troubled hearts, was himself sinking down into the depths of spiritual despair? After a painful struggle he came out of this trial triumphant. Ever afterward there was a still deeper tone in his Christian life. He had wrestled and prevailed, and was thenceforth stronger forever. This experience will surprise no one who is deeply taught in the things of God. The kingdom of darkness is a real thing, and the holiest men invite its fiercest assaults.

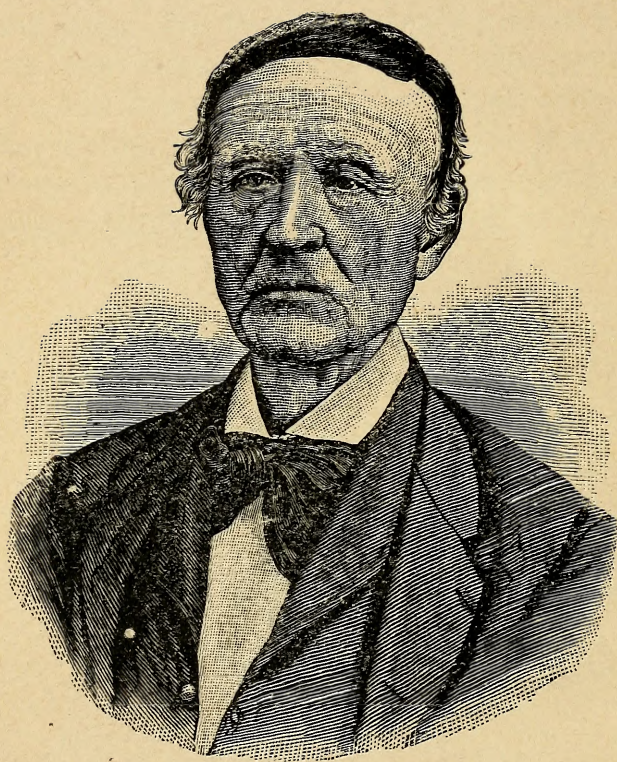
He died suddenly March 16, 1880. His last day on earth was a busy one; his last act of Christian service a visit to the sick. Returning to his home at nine o'clock at night, he was stricken down, and in less than an hour, with one sharp convulsion, his pulse ceased

to beat, the calm of death spread over his noble face, the chariot of God swung low, and his joyful spirit was taken up to join the ransomed hosts in glory. All Louisville mourned him as a father. A citizen's memorial-service was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, and the immense building was filled by all classes and conditions of men, women, and children. The clergy of all denominations joined in the service, and one after another gave eloquent and touching expression to the love and grief that swelled in every heart. The leading newspaper of the city headed its notice of his death with the words, "Our Purest Citizen," and thus concluded its eulogy of the man: "The young as well as the old will feel his loss, and his memory, like a perfume, will linger long after his example, with his name, has passed behind the shadow of the generations that come and go."

As they read this too imperfect sketch, his image will come back to those who knew and loved him. There he comes! a firmly-knit, well-formed man, of medium height, neatly dressed, quick-stepping and erect, the magnetic steel-blue eyes scintillating in quick yet kindly flashes, the heavy dark eyebrows and positive nose and chin giving an impression of decis-

ion and forcefulness, while the smile that was on his lips, and that beamed from his whole face, illumined it as a burst of sunshine does a bed of golden California poppies on a May morning. He was an embodied benediction, and the influence of his holy and beautiful life will live on until the end shall come, and the trump of God shall wake the dead that sleep on the crest of Cave Hill that lifts itself eastward above Louisville, the city of his love.





GEORGE W. D. HARRIS.

George W. D. Harris.

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IS noble bearing would have attracted attention in the courts of kings. His eloquence would have given him high rank among preachers in any capital in Christendom. His wisdom in counsel would have given him weight in any cabinet. His administrative genius was such that he was kept in the presiding eldership in his Conference during all the formative period of its history. He was so in love with truth and so fearless of men that the boldest sinners trembled at his rebukes, and the most flippant were awed into silence if not into reverence when he stood in the sacred desk to deliver the message of God. Yet he was so gentle, so guileless, so affectionate and easy of approach, that all classes of persons loved him. He was the father as well as the leader of his Conference. The young preachers leaned on him while they looked up to him; little children broke through the dignity that hedged him round and nestled upon his knee; the reverend doctor of divinity be-

fore whom the learned and the great bowed with veneration was also the "Uncle George" whose name in thousands of homes was a benediction. He was one of the three brothers—the Judge, the United States Senator, and the Preacher—and the greatest of the three. He lived not for himself, but for others; he worked not for fame, but for the glory of God and the good of his kind; but his memory will be fragrant as long as the cotton-fields bloom in West Tennessee. Symmetrically great and good, he stands before us, tall and straight, without knot or twist, like a great oak of the Forked Deer forests near which he sleeps in Jesus.

He was born in Montgomery county, North Carolina, January 25, 1797. He was converted at an early age. The details of this important event are not at hand, but that it was a thorough work was never doubted by any one who knew him. He knew the process, and could tell it in a way that proved to all initiated souls that he knew it. He had the white stone and the new name.

He was admitted on trial into the Tennessee Conference in 1824, and at once took a high place among the giant-like preachers who then came upon the stage. He was naturally elo-

quent, and he stirred up his gift by prayer, study, and practice in preaching. His English was remarkable for its purity and rhythmic flow from the start, but the channels of his thought were cut more deeply and the current steadily grew in volume. He was a diligent student. More, he was a prayerful student, and it was felt by his hearers that behind the great thoughts uttered by him in the pulpit there was a man whose lips God had touched with heavenly fire. He was himself a demonstration of the power of the gospel he preached, a living epistle seen and read of all men. During the sixteen years of his ministry in the Tennessee Conference he was among the foremost of its men in zeal, ability, and success. He did full work and good work in every place he filled. Methodism as taught and exemplified by him made its way among all classes of the people. Charmed by the graces of his style and convinced by the force of his logic, cultured men and women were led by him to the cross, while the humble and unlettered were won by his fervor and unfailing common sense.

When in 1840 the Memphis Conference was organized he took a leader's place in it, and held it for thirty years. Transcendent ability

as a preacher, purity of motive, dauntless courage, untiring patience, and a loving heart were his credentials of leadership. Thousands of souls were converted under his ministry, and many more were helped by him, as by no other man, on their way to heaven. He did much to mold the type of Memphis Conference preachers, a body of strong, consecrated men whose toils have made that fertile region spiritually fruitful as a garden of the Lord. Their admiration was so blended with love that the younger men of the Conference caught not only the inspiration of his grand thought, but his heroic and unselfish spirit. His influence still lives among them. There is not a preacher of that Conference who is not more of a man because this superb Christian gentleman so long went in and out before them. A Christian gentleman: the words mean much, but this brave, pure, courtly itinerant answered to all that they imply. A Christian gentleman! In the pulpit, in the council-room, in the family circle, in unbent fellowship with brother preachers, he never sunk below this high character. He had a vein of chastened humor that enlivened his conversation, and at times flavored his sermons. On rare occasions he exhibited a power of sarcasm that was never for-

gotten by its unhappy object. He never had need to deal a second blow. But it was seldom that this element was roused within him; and it flamed forth only against error and sin. Benvign as strong, tender as true, the weakest brother only felt the strength of his arm as it clasped him with fatherly and protecting embrace. The impressive dignity of his presence and the force of his character were illustrated by an incident of the civil war. An enemy caused him to be arrested on some false charge and carried to Fort Pillow. While waiting for trial, Sunday came. An officer invited him to preach; he consented to do so on condition that the chief in command would extend the invitation, and promise to be present with his subordinate officers to see that due respect for the worship of God was observed; and also that nothing he might say should prejudice his case on the trial which was to take place the next day. Thus the matter was arranged, the polite soldier telling him to consider himself in full command for the occasion. In due time all were assembled for the service. The venerable man of God rose and said: "Soldiers, your chief has put me in command for the present hour. My order is, that you be quiet and hear what I have to say." He sol-

emly announced the text: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Those bronzed and bearded warriors heard a message that day they did not soon forget. No one among them had the hardihood to make the least disorder while God's faithful servant fearlessly warned them of the inevitable ruin that must overtake and overwhelm all impenitent sinners. After this he was treated with marked courtesy. At his trial he was promptly discharged, and his prosecutor was severely rebuked for having him arrested on so frivolous a pretext.

The larger part of his ministerial life was spent in the presiding eldership. In this office he found full play for all his powers. He disciplined and led the itinerants to battle and to victory. It was the day of great camp-meetings. Some of his grandest efforts were made on these occasions. Before these great popular assemblages, under the inspiration of his theme, "without any seeming effort at oratory he would move immense crowds like the surges of a storm-tossed sea." Even in these most impassioned efforts his periods never lost their rhythmic movement, nor his logic its connections; like a mighty army, with disciplined legions and waving banners, keeping step to the thrilling strains of martial music, these grandly

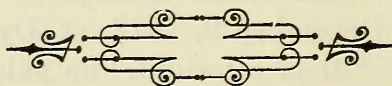
eloquent discourses swept the whole field of gospel truth and carried all before them. He made but few speeches in the Conference-room, but he was watchful of all that was done, and was always ready to throw the whole weight of his great influence against any unwise measure.

There was in him a love of adventure and a touch of the cavalier as well as of the sage and the saint. He loved the woods and the open air. For many years it was his custom, after the Conference-session was over before starting around on his district, to spend a week or more with some chosen friends in a camp-hunt. He was a sure shot, and no one more enjoyed the excitement of a bear-chase. There was a humanness in the grand old preacher that brought him close to the hearts of the people. Those days and nights in the woods, his annual recreation, were not thrown away.

He died December 9, 1872, at Dyersburg, Tennessee. "It is all right," he said in the midst of intense suffering; and, victor through faith, the veteran soldier of Jesus Christ went up to receive his crown. His aged, patient, faithful, loving wife died in a few short hours afterward, and rejoined him in paradise.

In his prime he was a tall, straight, well-formed man of dignified and graceful bearing,

dressed like a gentleman, with a thoughtful, benignant face, lighting up and changing with varying emotion while speaking; a dark brown eye that seemed to invite scrutiny of every thought and feeling within his honest soul. George W. D. Harris, the father of the Memphis Conference, will be honored and loved by his spiritual children and their descendants as long as the voice of prayer and holy song shall continue to be heard in their homes, and the itinerant hosts he once led shall keep making their rounds in West Tennessee.





MARGARET LAVINIA KELLEY.

Margaret Lavinia Kelley.

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HER motherly heart throbbed with pity for every human being; she was wise with the wisdom that is love, and she won many first to herself and then to her Lord.

The blood of the Scotch Campbells coursed through her veins. She had a touch of the imperiousness of that fiery clan, but it was softened by the humility and gentleness born of a higher kinship. She was as strong and elastic as finest steel. She could bend to the needs and caprices of childhood, and she could carry the heavy burdens laid on her with a might born of true faith in God. She magnetized souls by the indefinable power that is given to some holy men and women above others. They are often but half-conscious that they possess this power, but they can no more fail to exercise it than light can fail to shine.

She was born at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, April 30, 1806. Her father, Col. David Campbell (son of Scotch David Campbell), was a soldier in the Revolutionary War,

and was one of the heroes of the battle of King's Mountain, where the fiery volunteer patriots struck a blow for liberty that made the place and the day immortal. Her mother was a Montgomery—a sister of Major Lemuel Montgomery, who fought and fell at the battle of the Horseshoe. Thus we see that she had Scotch-Irish blood from both sides; and there is no better for the making of both heroes and saints. Her family were Presbyterians, "true blue," spiritual descendants of John Knox and the Covenanters.

She grew up among the East Tennessee hills, giving early indication of unusual strength of character. While she was in her early teens John Kelley, a young Methodist preacher, came into the neighborhood. Unlikely as it might seem, his coming changed the destiny of Margaret Campbell. The young itinerant himself had but recently been caught in the sweep of the great revival movement that was spreading over all the land, and was all aglow with religious enthusiasm. His intense zeal, common-sense and direct way of putting things, got him a hearing for his Master's message. The strong-willed, thoughtful, affectionate girl heard him preach. She was just at the age when the whole spiritual nature

is most responsive to the divine touch. She listened, was convinced, wept, prayed, believed, and on a tide of gracious impulse and opportunity was borne into the new life. Naturally enough, she joined the Methodists, an older sister keeping her company. If there was any opposition to their action on the part of the hard-headed, tenacious Campbell family, it was not strong and did not last long. When she was about sixteen years old her father removed to Wilson county, Middle Tennessee, and settled among the oaks, sugar-maples, and cedars near Lebanon. Soon after, she was placed at the Nashville Academy, then conducted by the celebrated Mr. Hume. Under his tuition and influence her mind developed rapidly. That wise and honest educator knew how to touch the springs of intellectual life, and to waken the moral forces that slumbered in the souls of his pupils.

With a mind well furnished and disciplined, and with a lofty ideal and purpose, she left school, and entered upon a life of Christian service that widened and brightened to the close. In an old vacant store-house belonging to her father she opened a Sunday-school, gathering around her the neglected children of the vicinity. At first the brave, earnest girl had no helper in

this holy service, but the work was blessed of the Lord. She felt within her a burning desire to make money, and opened a day-school. The money thus earned she devoted to a sacred purpose that lay near her heart: she used it to build a house for the Lord, a brick structure which still stands as a monument of the love and zeal of a young woman who put her Master's cause above all the pomps and pleasures of the world. In the eye of God this little church is more beautiful than the Indian Taj Mahal, for it is the expression of a higher and more enduring love.

It was perhaps a surprise to some when she married the Rev. John Kelley in 1833, but it was in the book of destiny that their lives should meet and flow on together—the deep-toned, steady, well-poised preacher, and the high-mettled, far-reaching, magnetic woman who ten years before had been won to Christ by his ministry. The hand of God was in it; it is in every marriage in which his will is consulted. Their home, "Itinerant's Rest," became a center of Christian influence for all that region, a light that shone afar. It was the stopping-place for the aged traveling preachers in their rounds, and their prayers and songs made it a Bethel among the Wilson

hills. It was also a modest school of the prophets; young men seeking education and preparing for the ministry found there a home and counsel and help in their studies. It was a miniature Biblical school without faculty or endowment. In the faith and zeal of one praying woman are wrapped up potentialities that are immeasurable.

A wider field of Christian service opened to her when her son, her only child that lived, was ready to begin his collegiate course. She removed to Lebanon, the seat of the Cumberland University. First and last not less than one hundred young men and one hundred and fifty girls were inmates of her house in that place. But one young man and not a single girl left her roof without professing Christianity. The family life was interpenetrated with a subtle influence emanating from the gifted and loving woman who presided over it. Under her inspiration and guidance the table-talks were made tributary to growth in grace and knowledge. Her womanly tact enabled her to invest these conversations with a social charm that held each young soul until it was drawn fully into the current of spiritual power that bore it to the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. She had not only the womanly intui-

tion that looks deeper than mere externals, but the spiritual sympathy and insight that drew yearning hearts to her and gave them the word they needed. Among the beneficiaries of her Christian influence was her own son. By her he was led to Christ while yet a boy, and when in after years he went as a missionary to China it was with her full consent, the natural outcome of her teaching and training. She kept back nothing from her Lord—not even this only child. She was the mother of a missionary family, and was one of the mothers of the woman's missionary movement among the Methodists of the South. While the hearts of Lucretia Davidson, Juliana Hayes, and others, were burning with missionary fire in Baltimore, the holy flame glowed in the heart of Margaret Kelley in Nashville. How wide is the illumination kindled from these lighted torches! In 1870 she organized the Woman's Missionary Society of McKendree Church, Nashville, of which her son, the Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley, was then pastor. She originated also a home for fallen women in Nashville—a benefaction which has afforded a refuge and given a new hope to many sinners like her to whom the pure and pitying Jesus said, "Go in peace, and sin no more." Gentle, motherly heart!

no jewels in her crown will be brighter than these. She threw herself into all the work of the Church in Nashville as she had done elsewhere, with intense zeal and untiring activity, walking in the by-ways of the city among the poor and the friendless like an angel of mercy. When in 1877 her oldest grandchild was married to Dr. Walter R. Lambuth, a missionary to China, she saw in that event only the fruit of her teaching and the answer to her prayers. There was gladness in the sadness with which she looked to the parting.

She died October 29, 1877. During her illness she imagined her missionary grandchild and her husband were by her bedside, and constantly talked to them. When told they were to sail on a given day, she said: "I, too, will go home then." From the first she often talked of going, many times saying to herself, "I want to go home." When asked what message she would send to the young missionaries so dear to her heart, she replied: "Tell them to hold out to the last for Jesus." Pass the word along all our missionary lines! It has the inspiration of faith and the ring of victory. Her spirit was released near midnight. At that very hour, lying in her stateroom in the steam-ship on the Pacific Ocean on

its way to China, her granddaughter Daisy Lambuth saw—or thought she saw—her face gazing in upon her through the window. It is not difficult to conceive that before taking its upward flight to the skies her spirit was permitted to visit that ship as it plowed its way across the wide Pacific seas, carrying the messengers of salvation to the dying millions of Asia.

A figure trim, compact, and elastic, vital in every fiber; dark, tender eyes in whose glance there was a hint of slumbering fires; a strong, square chin; a mouth in whose lines might be read the traces of pain mingled with undaunted courage and womanly affection; a short nose of Grecian mold; a broad and beautiful forehead, silver hair rippling around the noble head; her whole presence at once dominant and winning—this is Margaret Kelley, the counselor of youth and inexperience, the friend of the outcast, the mother of orphanage, the busy woman who did the work she found ready to her hand with all her might, with a heart aflame with love to Jesus, and an eye that discerned the dawn of the brighter day that was coming upon the world.

THE END.

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